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# SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

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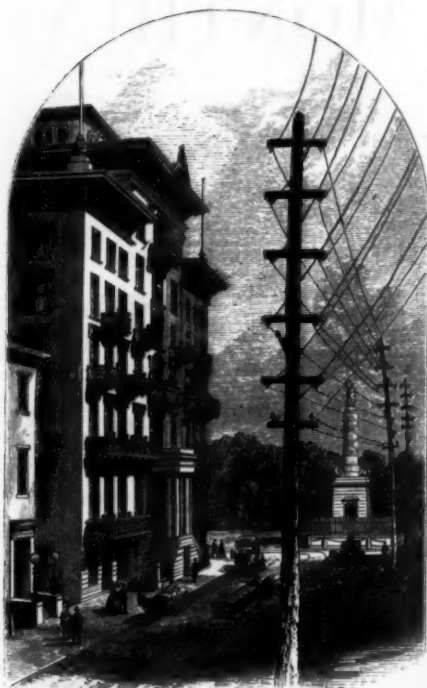
MAY, 1872.

No. 1.



## NORTHWARD TO NIAGARA.

MORNING on Arlington Heights, after a frosty night; season, Indian summer. The broad reach of the Potomac, curving from Georgetown to below the mouth of the Eastern Branch, sleeps under the slant rays of the haze-tempered sun, unreached by the puffs of wind which rustle the crimson foliage that still clings to the oaks on the Heights, or send the fallen leaves chasing each other by fits and starts, like flocks of yellow-birds frolicking over a patch of thistles. The air is crisp and cool; the sunshine just warm enough to be inviting. Both together act like a tonic, filling body and mind with a healthy glow that gives a zest to mere existence. The view from the Heights is not imposing. It is not particularly beautiful. Yet it would be hard to look



BARNUM'S HOTEL AND BATTLE MONUMENT, BALTIMORE.

on it with indifference on a day like this, when all the sunshine of the ripened year seems to have got into the blood,—when the mind dances with the overflow of animal spirits (*pace* Huxley and the rest—"nerve-vibrations!"), and we are eager to find pleasure in everything.

Did you never envy the perfect abandon of some plump little chip-munk, as he lay stretched along the sunny side of a rail, alertly lazy, rippling his tail and chippering from very gladness? We share his careless joy to-day, his utter surrender to the delight of living. A tardy vacation has given us a respite from the rush and worry of every-day life, and we have followed the example of Nature, giving ourselves up to a brief period of æsthetic loafing.

The budding and blooming activity of spring, the panting toil of summer, the hurried ingathering of early fall, are past. Mother Earth has finished her year's work, has put on her holiday garb, and entered upon a fortnight of do-nothing enjoyment. She enjoys herself handsomely. There is no fretting over the mistakes and mishaps of

the year, untimely frosts, occasional hail-storms, and too frequent droughts; no borrowing trouble from the immeasurable bundle that winter is bringing. "Let by-gones be-by-gones," she says: "let the future take care for itself!" It is the holiday of the year, and for the nonce Nature's sole business is to have a good time. We have a chance to do likewise: we will do it!

Thus meditating, we sit at the foot of the old flag-staff and drink in the influence of the season and the scene. Before us, almost beneath us, lies the ample plain of Washington, rimmed by low hills and a placid river. Through an opening in the trees we look down upon the Heights of Georgetown, but the distance is too great for us to distinguish the handsome dwellings which give that ancient city so honorable a fame. In Washington everything is eclipsed by the magnificent proportions of the national buildings. The Treasury building and the Patent Office gleam in the sunshine like mammoth blocks of marble, and over all rises the noble dome of the Capitol, a mountain of light.

Behind us is that relic of plantation grandeur, Arlington House, an imitation Grecian temple, with a double row of clumsy columns sustaining nothing and shutting out half the view. Behind the house endless rows of painted head-boards mark the resting-places of thousands of boys in blue and boys in gray who lie in peace awaiting the Final Reveille.

Sauntering about the garden, enjoying the sunshine and the flowers, or wandering through the deserted rooms of the old mansion, vainly trying to re-people them as of old, when their walls rang with merriment or glowed with generous hospitality, when culture and comfort, fame and fashion made the old house their abiding-place, we fall in with a party from Baltimore, pilgrims like ourselves to this historic spot. Fortunately, there are no ladies in either party to keep up the bars of formality. We meet, mingle, and by the time the circuit of the grounds is completed, the two parties are merged into one.

At last the doubled party stands on the grassy mound in front of the house. The artist closes his sketch-book, and we begin to speak of returning. Our coachman brought us by a roundabout road through Georgetown. "Why not return by the Long Bridge?"

"Impossible," is the reply of one of our new friends; "it has been torn down. That is the Alexandria and Washington Railroad

Bridge," he goes on, noticing our look of surprise toward the long black line crossing the river below us. "By the side of it the Baltimore and Potomac Railroad Company are putting up a splendid bridge, with carriage-ways, on the site of the old Long Bridge, to connect with the Alexandria and Fredericksburg Railroad; but it is not passable yet."

"Baltimore and Potomac! Never heard of that road before. Something new, isn't it?"

"Quite new,—indeed, not completed yet. There has been a great deal of heavy work to do here at Washington and at Baltimore,—tunneling, bridging, and so on. When we get that done the rest of the road can be put through rapidly."

"Some very interesting cuttings at this end of the line," interposes another (railroad men, all of them, it is easy to see). "If you care for such things, you'll find them well worth a visit."

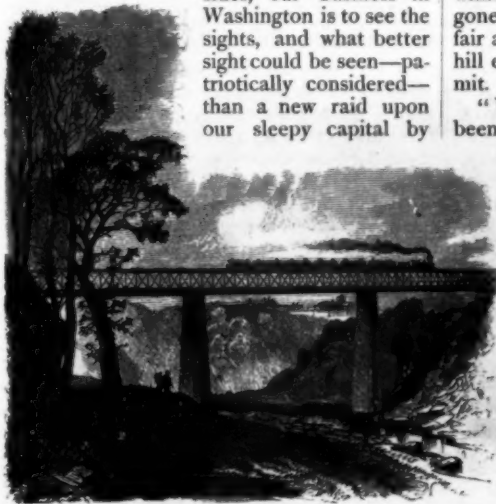
"How deep are they?" eagerly queries our scientific companion, whose geological proclivities are incessantly leading him and us into dirty places.

"Forty or fifty feet, perhaps."

"Splendid! singular formation here at Washington; calico-clay,—very curious, you know—"

"No! we don't know, and don't want to," Artist interrupts, with some acerbity. Artist never did admire clay-banks.

But science carries the day, as it always does, sooner or later, against prejudice. Besides, our business in Washington is to see the sights, and what better sight could be seen—patriotically considered—than a new raid upon our sleepy capital by



HIGH BRIDGE OVER GWYNN'S FALLS, BALTIMORE AND POTOMAC RAILROAD.



CLAY-CUTTING, UNION RAILROAD, BALTIMORE.

the army of progress?—particularly when we should have for (volunteer) chaperones such entertaining captains in that army.

The spell of reverent silence that falls on us as we drive slowly past the white field where

"... Glory guards with solemn round  
The bivouac of the dead,"

wears away as we descend the hill, forgetting the sorrowful Present of the old mansion, while our thoughts recur to the happy years gone by, to the joyous companies of the fair and the famous who climbed this historic hill ere the dead took possession of its summit.

"What a glorious place this must have been for lovers' strolls!"

The remark comes from the back seat, as the line of carriages winds round a charming curve through a deeply-shaded dell.

"That shows how your mind runs," is the mild rebuke from the opposite side; and we all look at the offender as if shocked by a thought so out of keeping with the character of the place.

"And what were you thinking about so seriously?"

"I?—I—I—was thinking what splendid tie-timber these oaks would make."

"Sacrilege! You railroad men would dig the hill down, if it stood in



CUTTING ON UNION RAILROAD, SEEN FROM TUNNEL.

your way, and use the bones to ballast your road!"

"But what is this new road you were telling about? What is the need of it? Isn't the present road sufficient?"

"Quite sufficient."

"Is yours any shorter?"

"A trifle longer, if anything."

To our abject ignorance of railroad matters the idea of building a new road by the side of an old one, when the old road is capable of doing all the work, seems the height of absurdity.

"I see you don't understand these things. The construction of this Baltimore and Potomac road has been compelled by the dog-in-the-manger policy of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company. Controlling the only line between Washington and Baltimore, that corporation has naturally sought to use it so as to send all the travel and traffic between Washington and the West

over their main road. It has carried its efforts in this direction so far as to refuse to extend even the ordinary courtesies to other roads, to the great inconvenience of the public."

"How so?"

"Suppose you wish to go to Chicago by way of Harrisburg or the Falls. You go to the station here and call for a through ticket. You can't get it. The Baltimore and Ohio Company will ticket you only to Baltimore. There you are put to the delay and trouble of buying a new ticket, and transferring yourself and baggage across the city to another station before you can fairly begin your journey. Passengers from the West are subjected to the same inconvenience, none of the great East and West lines north of Baltimore being able to check beyond our city.

"The main competition being with the Pennsylvania Central in connection with the Northern Central, these Companies have undertaken the construction of the Baltimore and Potomac line. When it is finished, passengers will be able to check through from Washington to any part of the country, and trains will be run to accommodate them. Besides, the monopoly of the B. and O. Company broken, competition will naturally benefit the public by a reduction of rates, which might be considerably lowered and still give a reasonable profit, as well as by a saving of time and trouble."

"A tender regard your great Railroad corporations have for the dear public, truly,—when it pays!"

"Of course, 'when it pays.' You surely do not imagine that men build railroads and



ROCK-CUT, JONES'S FALLS, BALTIMORE.





LAKE BOLAND.

run them from pure benevolence, or for the fun of the thing. Self-inte-

rest is at the bottom of every work, except, perhaps, missionary work,—and no one pretends that railroading is of that sort. Under a monopoly, self-interest may be and generally is grasping and unwise. But, with plenty of competition, the truest self-interest is that which studies to give the public the greatest return for its money consistent with legitimate profit. In railroading the main returns are safety, speed, economy, and comfort. The road which excels in these will get the most custom, and presumably will make the most money. Here self-interest compels the study of public interest, and the public reap the benefit of the improvements thus suggested. What those improvements have been you can easily estimate, by comparing the facilities for intercourse enjoyed now with those that existed fifty or even twenty-five years ago."

Our first lesson in the science of railroad-ing is interrupted by the superior attractions of the Potomac as seen from Georgetown bridge. With one accord we stop our horses to look about us and enjoy the prospect.

A pretty picture the river makes, with its bushy shores and rocky islands above the bridge, its broad expanse broken only by small craft below. The scene on the shore is quite the opposite. For picturesque dilapidation the lower streets of Georgetown

deserve the palm. And the mud is fearful. Half a regiment of new-made citizens, as picturesque in their raggedness as the tumble-down buildings around them, are digging up the road and carting soft dirt upon it with a degree of alacrity and vigor that corresponds well with the general aspect of the place. But worse than the appearance of the

houses and negroes is that of the wretched horses and mules, plastered with mud and overweighted with the broad bands and plates of rusty leather that do service in this region for harness.

How we follow our enthusiastic guides from river to river, trying hard to affect the air of railway magnates, but without any desirable impression on the workmen; how the geologist is enraptured by "splendid exposures" of variegated clays; how the artist, plodding along with the aspect of a martyr, brightens up now and then at the sight of an extra bit of color, or something that vaguely suggests the banks of the Yellowstone,—is not essential to the telling of our story, though the story hinges on its muddy adventures.

"You have seen how railroads are made," our chief guide says, as we stand leaning over the fence on the brow of the hill overlooking the Eastern Branch; "would you like to see how we run them?"

"To put the question in another way," he continues, "will you accept the hospitalities of the Northern Central Railway Company, and spend the rest of your vacation on a run through some of the finest scenery in the country?"

"What do you mean?"

"Simply this: it is necessary for certain officers of the company to make a business trip over the road and its branches once or twice a year. We intend to make such an excursion next week. Our custom is to combine pleasure with business, and take a party of friends along. We shall have a special train, and everything to insure a pleasant time, taking the whole week for it. Will you join us?"

Baltimore—Philadelphia—Harrisburg—up the Susquehanna, among the coal mines—over the Alleghanies—through the Glen region—to Niagara Falls! The programme is too tempting to be lightly treated; and there is no mistaking the frank heartiness of the invitation. We talk it over on our way back to our carriages, which have been left half a mile behind.

"Beautiful scenery," says the artist, who has spent a summer along the banks of the Susquehanna. "There's not another river in the country like it."

"Then there are the coal mines," says the geologist. "I've seen pretty much every kind of mining but that."

"And the Alleghany wilderness," says another. "Next to the Adirondacks, I'm told."

"And Watkins' Glen," say we all. "That's the latest rage, and we haven't seen it."

"And the special train!"

The Potomac may have its attractions; but it can offer no "special train."

About face! for the North!

"Remember," urge our seductive friends, as we scrape the red and yellow clay from our boots: "Calvert Station, eight o'clock Monday morning. Don't disappoint us!"



GETTYSBURG MONUMENT.

Three or four oblong osier baskets, and a case or two, crowd the passage-way of kitchen and lunch-room: a jar of pickled oysters, a pine-apple cheese, and a small brown-paper parcel on the table.

"What's that, Robert?"

"Crackers, sah!"

"All that, and only a dozen of us! Too much bread, Robert,—too—much—bread!"

Farther on are a number of compartments, a pile of traveling bags and great-coats on the sofa of one, a table with morning papers, writing materials, and so on, in another. Beyond is a good-sized room, cozily fitted up with easy-chairs and other luxuries of modern travel. But the characteristic feature of the car—a directors' car, specially constructed for excursions like this—is the rear section. In place of the usual platform is a recess six or eight feet deep, roofed, and furnished with campstools. Here, as we leave the station, the most of the company gather to enjoy the scene as it unrolls behind us. The genial sunshine—a touch



THE JOLLY MAN.

of Nature—makes kinsmen of us all, and strangers of the moment before fall to chatting with the frankness and freedom of ancient friends.

"Jones's Falls will not find it easy to carry away *that* bridge," and the speaker points with pride at a handsome iron structure as we rumble over it.

"That innocent-looking stream carry away bridges! It doesn't look much like it now."

"Wait till next spring, and see the difference. It's the pest of Baltimore. 'What shall we do with it?' is the problem that our city officers find hard to solve. One engineer proposes to sink its bed; another to shut it in between high walls; another would make a new channel for it altogether, and turn it off in another direction. And while the doctors disagree about remedies, the impatient patient rises in fury, floods the lower part of the city, and plays the mischief generally."

"Bridges are numerous along here," the Artist remarks, as we pass another a few rods from the first.

"We have two more to cross before we pass the city limit, all new," our host replies.

"Were you ever over this line before?"

"Not to my knowledge."

"Our track used to follow the side of the hill, above there, on a steep grade. To avoid this, and the risk of accidents at the street crossings, we have lately shifted our line, at great expense, so as to run closer to the Falls and under the intersected streets. These costly bridges and embankment-walls are part of the price we have had to pay for the change."

"Baltimore has the name of being slow; yet there appears to be a good deal doing in this direction in the way of building, grading, and other improvements."

"A very great deal. All this part of the city is new, and to the west of us the city is stretching out toward Druid Hill Park at a rate that would surprise one acquainted with Baltimore only as it was before the war."

"So we saw yesterday: we were up that way,—spent the afternoon in the Park, in fact. The morning we devoted to your new

churches—that is, the outsides of them. Handsome buildings. But we were chiefly interested in the Park. It will take our Central Park a century to grow trees such as you have to begin with; and for variety of scenery you have the lead for all time."

"One characteristic of the new part of Baltimore," observes the junior guest, "pleases me more than the Park or the churches. You build houses for homes [junior was married recently]—homes that people of ordinary incomes can live in; and all the streets are clean."

"The lay of the land insures a thorough scouring of all the streets with every rain, and a rapid drainage, except for a few streets down in the marsh. It's healthy,—but these hills have given us a world of digging. There's some the Union road is doing."

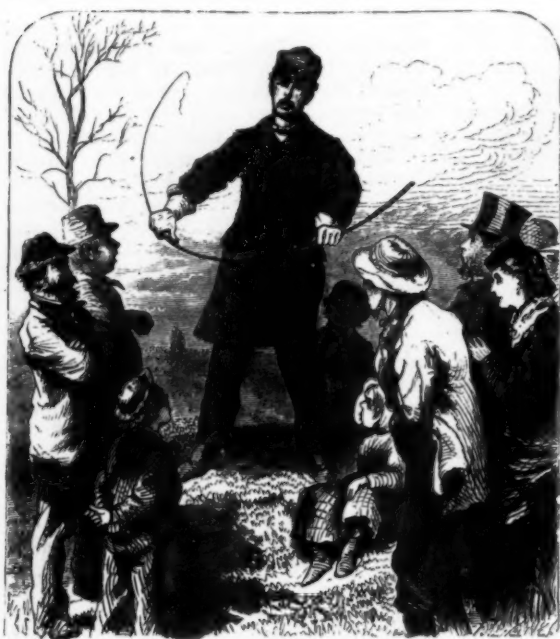
"Another new railroad?"

"Yes; but a short one. It runs only to Canton, a suburb of Baltimore, connecting the Northern Central, the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore, and the Baltimore and Potomac roads with each other and the new harbor that the Canton Company are making at that place.

"But the Union tunnel, great as it is, is rivaled by the Potomac tunnel, which we are coming to directly. There's the mouth of it, just this side that handsome bridge across our track—Boundary Avenue Bridge it's called. Here we join the Baltimore and Potomac road, a connection that will save



MARYLAND HILLS.



"THIS WHIP, GENTLEMEN, IS THE UNION LINE."

through passengers, from the east or west, nearly an hour in passing our city. This tunnel runs directly under the city for a distance of a mile and a half, in some places fifty-five feet below the level of the streets. It's an immense work, as you may judge from a single item,—thirteen million bricks for the arches, besides a vast amount of stonework for the abutment walls. It's progressing rapidly, and will be finished in about a year, at a cost of nearly two million dollars. Beyond the city line, to the west, the road crosses Gwynn's Falls over the highest bridge in this part of the country."

Approaching the Park our attention is called from the massive dam of Druid Lake to a broad plateau of fresh earth.

"Two years ago those eighteen acres were covered by a hill a hundred feet high, a third of it solid rock," our host said, proudly. "We have leveled it to make a site for our workshops, round houses, turn-tables, and sidings,—the most expensive part of our work at this end of the improvement."

We try to enter into the professional pride with which our friends look on this work of theirs; but our attention is distracted by the movements of a group of Park deer, startled from their quiet feeding by the shriek of the

locomotive. For a moment they sniff the air with pristine wildness, then bound tumultuously toward a sheltering grove. But suddenly remembering that they are at home in the midst of civilization, they stop short and look about them as though wondering why they were scared.

The Veteran goes on, his talk as full of facts and figures as an official report.

"The tonnage of our road has increased 500 per cent. in six years. With the outlet which the Union Road gives, this gain must be immensely augmented. Already Baltimore ranks third in the United States for importations and fourth for exportations. Her new tide-water connection with the great Pennsylvania Railroads, new docks for the shipment of coal, petroleum, and other staples, her—"

"Lake Roland!"

The enumeration of the coming glories and successes of Baltimore is suddenly cut short,

and we all climb down to *terra firma* to stretch our legs.

"Shall we look at the Lake?"

"Can't stay long," conductor cautions; "8.30 mail's due in twenty minutes; must keep out of her way."

In the shadow of the hill the fallen leaves are crisp and frosty. The air,—but every reader knows the indescribable purity, the exhilarating quality of November air at half-past eight of a sunny morning. Should any one suggest the possibility of a sweeter atmosphere or a fairer scene than we rejoice in as we straggle along the hill-side, among the scattered oaks and chestnuts, his reputation for good taste would vanish instantly.

The lake—the chief reservoir of the Baltimore water-supply—nestles among the low hills as naturally as if it had always been there, and as complacently as if it had no other purpose than to add to the beauty of an already beautiful landscape.

But the warning whistle of the locomotive hurries us back to the car.

"What's our programme for to-day?"

"We run by telegraph—to Harrisburg—shall take the day for it."

All day for a three-hours' ride—by tele-



DINING—FORTY MILES AN HOUR.

graph! The incongruity is a little comical, to say the least. But the Veteran does not appear to be conscious of it.

"Usually a special train is run by special schedule," he explains; "but as we could not tell where or how long we might stop by the way, we have arranged to run by special orders from our office in Baltimore. At each station the conductor will receive a dispatch, telling him what trains to look out for, what to keep out of the way of, how long he can be in making the next station, and so on. If we wish to stop longer at any point, we telegraph the fact, and the road is kept clear for us."

There is a peculiar charm in this free-and-easy railroading, with no other object than to see all there is to be seen, and enjoy one's self generally. The present moment, the present scene, receives undivided attention, regardless of what is to come, and undisturbed by any desire to get anywhere. It has all the freedom of a sauntering tour on foot, with none of the fatigue, and with the delightful ability to hurry over a commonplace region a mile a minute if we want to. As yet we have had no occasion to hurry.

"Shall we stop at Cockeysville?"

"What's to be seen there?"

"Only a quaint old town, with its rough stone tavern, looking as though it had been

transplanted bodily, with its surroundings, from some English village."

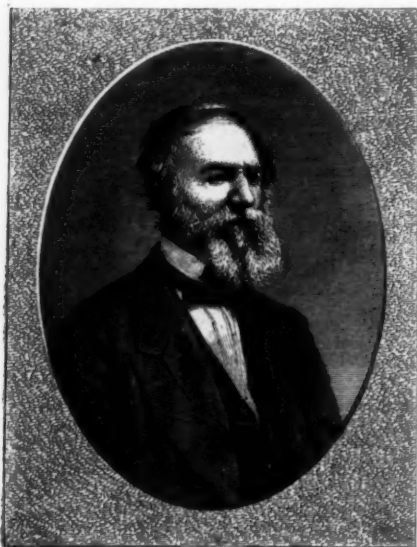
"And the marble quarries, where the monolithic columns of the Capitol at Washington came from,—the only place in the country where such large blocks could be quarried."

We see the town from the track. The quarries lie to the west, half a mile or more. We shall have enough to see without going out of our way.

Thus far our course has been through a rolling country, the shallow valleys richly cultivated, the ridges clad with handsome growths of oak, hickory, chestnut, and maple. Near Ashland, with its reeking furnaces, long lines of flat cars, laden with iron-stone from the neighboring ore-banks, occupy the sidings. Just beyond we strike the valley of the Gunpowder, a pretty and peaceful stream, which we follow to its source, near the State line. The valley is narrow, and the stream wriggles from side to side so rapidly as to be half the time under the road, to the annoyance of the road-maker, no doubt, but to the great delight of the traveler, to whom it brings an infinite variety of scenery.

As we approach Parkton, the rounded, massive shoulders of serpentine, gneiss, and lime-rock give place to narrow ribs of olive slate in vertical strata. The hill-sides, hitherto





THE VETERAN.

smooth and gracefully curved, become curiously rugged, scored by parallel gashes between thin, close-set, jagged walls of slate, which project like saw-teeth in some places, and in others like long sharp knife-edges. Gray with lichens, and black-barred by the slanting shadows of the naked tree-trunks, these ragged ridges stand out sharply against the dark-green laurel-covered background, giving the landscape an aspect as fantastic as one might wish to see. Farther on the country becomes wilder, with a corresponding change in the appearance of the people and their habitations.

The nature-loving members of our company occupy the rear section. There is little conversation, but what is said reveals character more than any amount of mere talk. The artist revels in scenic effects. The man of science sees every tree and shrub and stone, and rejoices in them like one who meets old friends in un-

expected places. The wiry business man develops a Nimrod, breaking our dreamy, sun-steeped luxury of thought with—"By George! what a covert for birds!" or, "What a charming stream for trout!" While the jovial man lays off his mask of jollity, forgets to flirt with the "cherished idols" in the wayside windows, and thanks God that the sweetest joys of life,—appreciation of nature and art, sunshine and trees and flowers and children,—are not to be measured by one's bank account.

"Think of the poor boys and girls shut up there over their spelling-books on a day like this!"

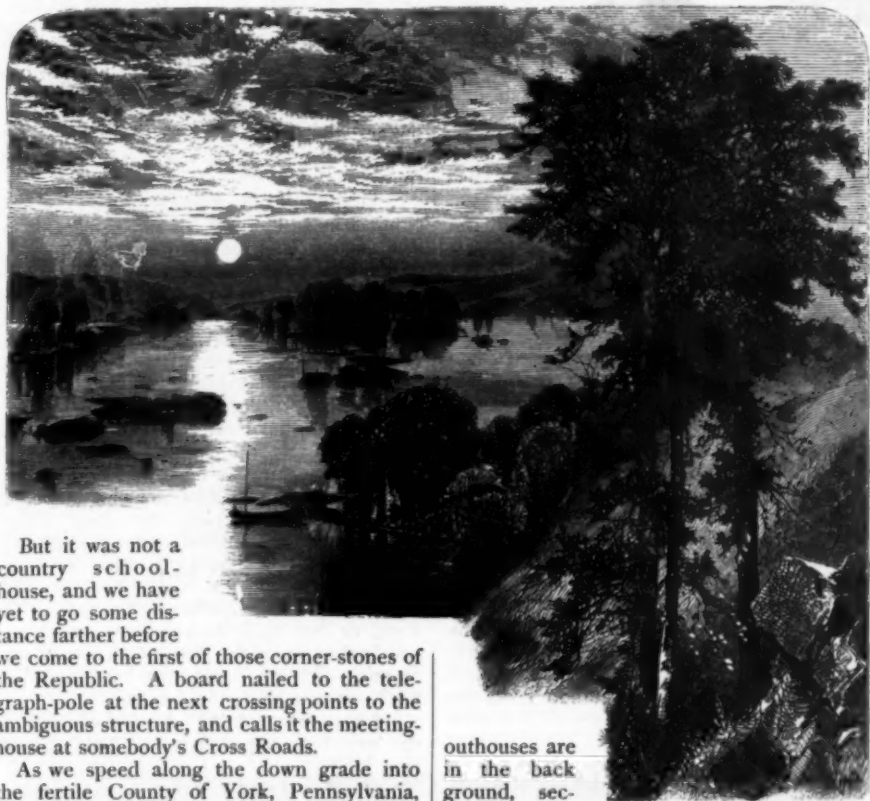
We are thundering along through the rough, uncleared country near the State line,—rough by contrast with the fairer region we have just left. It is the old border-land between conflicting systems, and seems to have been left pretty much uncared for. The pitying exclamation was called out by the forlorn appearance of a rude board house on a brushy knoll near the track. All around are pleasant woods, steeped in sunshine and dashed with scarlet from the ripening leaves of belated bushes; but round the house only dead brush and stumps. There is not another building in sight.

"Don't you think you'd find it hard resisting the temptation to take to the woods sometimes, if you were shut up there?"

"Not at all. I should be like the honest Scotchman in the matter of salmon-fishing on 'Sawbath' day. 'Na, na,' he said, 'I's na' razeest at a,—I just gang!'"



PENNSYLVANIA BARN-YARD.



THE SUSQUEHANNA, NEAR HARRISBURG.

But it was not a country school-house, and we have yet to go some distance farther before we come to the first of those corner-stones of the Republic. A board nailed to the telegraph-pole at the next crossing points to the ambiguous structure, and calls it the meeting-house at somebody's Cross Roads.

As we speed along the down grade into the fertile County of York, Pennsylvania, churches and school-houses become more frequent and of a less doubtful aspect.

On every side are evidences of our passage into a new State, with a different population, different history, different modes of life. One who had never heard of the famous line of Mason and Dixon, might discover it by the sudden contrast in the appearance of things on either side. In physical characteristics the better portions of the Counties of Baltimore and York are not much unlike; in all that shows the hand of man they are strikingly different.

The well-to-do old-time farmer of Maryland sprang from a high-bred, aristocratic race. The very location of his residence shows it. The first requisite seems to have been a commanding prospect. He shunned the valley, choosing rather the highest point accessible, away from the highway, and overlooking a wide reach of country. Here he built a cream-colored Grecian temple, and surrounded it with trees. The barns and

outhouses are in the back ground, secondary, and concealed, if possible, from general view.

The Pennsylvania settler nestled in a hollow on the sunny side of a hill, and as near the highway as possible. He built him a small house of stones or logs, surrounded it with sheds and cattle-yards, cut away all the trees, and spent the rest of his life improving his little farm and erecting an immense barn, which he painted red, and ornamented with as many windows as the frame-work would admit of. What purpose he had in lighting up his hay-mows like a five-story cotton-mill it is impossible to conjecture.

"Perhaps a sash-factory was one of the first manufacturing enterprises in this region,—and you know the Pennsylvanians are strong for encouraging home industry!"

"Or the fashion once started became a craze, like that of Yankee farmers for lightning-rods," suggests another.

Close by, sometimes attached to, the old



"THE SUBSCRIBER."

homestead, the thrifty descendants of the original settlers have erected a more pretentious, yet comparatively small red-brick house. In some cases the front yard is fenced in and planted with shrubbery, or a few flowers, but as a rule the æsthetics of life appear to be but little regarded. The farms, however, show admirable care and culture, while solid wealth and homely comfort are visible on every side.

"Pennsylvania milk, Robert?"

"No, sah; got dat at a station 'cross the line, sah."

"Very rich milk."

"Have another glass, sah?"

"Thank you, yes. We don't get such milk as that in the city."

"Delightful flavor, don't you think?"

"Delicious. What do they feed the cattle with over there, Robert?"

"C'on, sah, mostly; rye sometimes, sah. Dere's nothing better'n a little ol' rye, sah, for dat purpose."

"Evidently not;" and the man of science empties the second glass abstractedly, reconsidering his first impression that the peculiar flavor must have been due to something in the soil.

The English Captain and one or two others purpose leaving us at Hanover Junction, to visit Gettysburg, and the question is whether the whole party shall not go with them, special train and all.

"Can it be done?"

"Oh, yes; it can be managed easily enough,—take another cigar,—that is, if the Superintendent's at home. It's off our line, you know."

Only thirty miles,—an hour's run. We

can see all there is to be seen and get back to the Junction by three o'clock,—time enough to reach Harrisburg before sunset."

The guests are eager to go, and the hosts obliging. The telegraph must decide.

The Captain goes on with his stories of life and adventure in India, and we wait patiently the result of the correspondence over the wires.

"All right!" our chief executive exclaims, coming in with a slip of paper. "But we shall have to wait ten or fifteen minutes for a freight-train which has the track."

Soon the way is clear, and we are speeding over the level country toward the little town, so unexpectedly, so terribly raised to historic eminence.

"Whew! what a dust!"

"Dirt ballast, you see."

"So I do; but I can't see much else. Let us go in."

All the morning we have been riding outside, undisturbed by dust, amusing ourselves at times with watching the dead leaves spring after us, snatched up by the whirl of wind that follows the car. Like so many dogs, they would take up the chase with sudden impetuosity, follow in hot pursuit for a rod or two, then slacken their speed and whirl off to one side, giving up the race with seeming despair. But here the road-bed itself seems whipped into the air.

"I have noticed the absence of dust all the way, but supposed it had been raining here lately."

"On the contrary, it has been very dry; but that makes no difference with a road well ballasted with stone."

At Hanover we are joined by the courteous Superintendent of the Hanover and Gettysburg Road. The railroad men fall to talking business. The rest of us talk over the incidents and issues of the terrible struggle that made Gettysburg one of the focal points of our country's history.

Every part of the country—East, West, North, South—is represented in our small company; but there is no partisan feeling, no recrimination, no exultation. The conversation turns rather upon the gallantry, the heroic courage of the opposing forces,—upon personal reminiscences, and those personal amenities which, even on fields of slaughter, are frequent enough to demonstrate the inherent grandeur of pure humanity.

Carriages are in waiting at the end of the line, and as our time is short, we are soon climbing the hill toward Cemetery Ridge, passing along the main street of the village,—

a thriftless, torpid-looking place, seemingly oppressed

With the burden of an honor  
Unto which it was not born.

We go straight to the central position so opportunely fortified after the disastrous retreat of the shattered Eleventh Corps on the afternoon of the first day's fight,—the sharp curve of the ridge on the edge of the town, to the left of the cemetery. From this low mound, against which the tide of war broke so furiously and so vainly, we survey the battle-field. Whip in hand, our intelligent driver traces the approach and disposition of the opposing forces, and with amazing graphicness describes the progress of the battle. The peaceful valley and quiet town swarm again with invading hosts, drawn on by a power they knew not of, to decide the fate of the nation here. Beyond the town, to the westward, Seminary Ridge smokes again, and the cheer of victory is raised. The re-enforcing host pours through the mountain gap, and the victors of the morning are hurled in disastrous retreat through the village. At our feet the pursuit is strangely stayed. By morning the ridge is blue with fresh troops, and the line that could not have been held at sunset is impregnable at sunrise.

"This is the Union line, gentlemen, on the morning of the second day. The butt of the whip is Round Top,—you see the crest of the hill beyond the monument. Sickles

holds the low ridge there by the peach-orchard. We stand at the sharpest point of the curve. To our right is Culp's Hill, the end of the lash."

The terrible assault on Sickles's unfortunate line follows; we see it broken—then driven back upon Cemetery Ridge. From distant Round Top the roar of fierce assault comes up, but the point is held. So too the wooded slope and crest of Culp's Hill, the loss of which would leave the "coign of vantage"—this narrow promontory whereon we stand—almost an island. A night of agony,—a morning of suspense. Culp's Hill is re-assailed. Then there follows that storm of concentrated fire upon this point of the line, the simple thought of which makes us shrink and tremble; then those terrible charges in the face of a fire that swept regiments away like mist. It is vain,—and the war-cloud rolls sullenly away.

"Astonishing!" exclaims the English officer, who had followed the driver's description with rapt attention. "Who is this guide?"

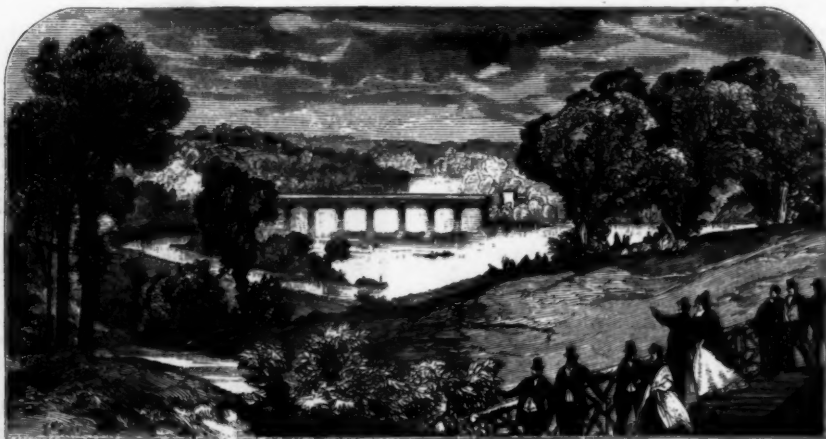
"Only an uneducated hackman, who has been over the field until he knows every inch of it."

"But how intelligent his description, how pertinent his answers! It is not a story that he has learned by rote."

"No; he has picked up his knowledge here and there, partly by his own observa-



VIEW OF THE SCHUYLKILL FROM LAUREL HILL.



COLUMBIA BRIDGE, FAIRMOUNT PARK, PHILADELPHIA.

tion, but mainly from conversation with officers he has accompanied over the field."

"He's a wonderful fellow!"

We return to our carriages, ride slowly through the cemetery and around the monument, cast a look of regret toward Round Top, which we have not time to visit, and hurry back to our car, to get ahead of the one-o'clock train.

"I say, driver, is there any place in town where one can find any views of the battle-field—or relics? I should like to take something of the kind home with me," the interested Captain explains.

"We passed a little shop, where they keep such things, above there a bit."

"Have we time to go back?"

Executive looks at his watch.

"Yes, if you're quick about it."

"To the shop, driver!"

Small boy weighing a pound of sugar; shop plainly not used to a rush of customers. We fill it to overflowing.

"Got any views—or relics?"

"Yes; there in the case behind you."

"What's the price of this?"

"Don't know."

"And this?"

"Don't know!"

"Who does?"

"Mr. Keeper."

"Where is he?"

"Somewhere around,—went out only a minute ago."

"Find him."

Boy evidently in great tribulation. He can't leave the shop, lest we carry it off in

our pockets,—and he can't sell the relics for lack of knowledge. Bystanders sympathize, and they are numerous. Three carriages at one door are enough to make a sensation in such a quiet place, and all the idlers have gathered to see what's going on. They take up the call.

"Where's Mr. Keeper?"

The excitement grows as the word is passed along the street. It's as arousing as a dog-fight.

"Where's Mr. Keeper?"

"Here he comes!" And Mr. Keeper rushes in, hatless and coatless and out of breath.

"What's the price of this?"

"Ten cents."

"And this?"

"Five cents."

"Must be genuine; couldn't afford to make 'em at that rate!"

The variety is as small as the prices, and we are soon satisfied. The excitement subsides, we bear away our trophies, and the startled proprietor sits down to reckon his sales, which must have reached the sum of one dollar.

Was he disappointed?

If he was not, another was. When news of the arrival of a special train reached the ears of the enterprising proprietor of the new Gettysburg Springs House, he straightway prepared a dinner that should do justice to the occasion. But, unhappily, we could not stay to eat it. We dined on the road.

Robert's provision does not allow of any regrets for the dinner left behind; and eating



at the rate of forty miles an hour is a new sensation, at least to some of us. It is none the less an enjoyable one. But it is indescribable.

At Hanover Junction the original Gettysburg party are left behind to take the next train for Baltimore.

We are nine :—

1. The Veteran.
2. The Chief Executive of the Party.
3. The Quiet Man, who sees that everybody has a share of all the good things going.
4. The Little Man, who takes a joke hard,—and enjoys it.

[These four are railroad men; the next five are guests.]

5. The Man who had been Abroad.
6. The Jolly Man.
7. The Man who has been up the Yellowstone, (Artist).
8. The Man who hasn't been Anywhere.
9. The Man who has an Eye for Rocks.

"Where's that ore going?" asks the latter, as we pass a long train of flat cars on a siding. "To Baltimore?"

"Yes; but not to stay there. It's all shipped to Europe."

"Coals to Newcastle!"

"Fact, nevertheless. We are carrying large quantities of it for exportation. It's the most remarkable iron-ore—or rather *steel*-ore—in the world. It was discovered by Dr. Nes, of York, two or three years ago. The hills along the Codorus are full of it. Smelt it and you have—not pig-iron—but steel, better than the best English steel, at a third the cost."

"You see that knife?" The Little Man exhibits a pocket-knife. "It was made direct from the ore."

"By the Bessemer process?"

"No; without any extra manipulation. It's silicon-steel."

"Oh, I've heard of that," said the Geologist, "but I never took much stock in it."

"If you ever had a chance 'to take stock' in it, and didn't, you may wish you had. It's going to revolutionize the iron business of this country."

"How much stock have you to sell?"

"None, I'm sorry to say, to sell,—or to keep. Seriously, it's a wonderful discovery."

"The process of making steel with it is very simple. An ordinary puddling furnace is used. After charging with pig-iron, twenty per cent. of this new ore is added, and the compound is treated like ordinary wrought-iron, only the result is steel. Or, by the addition of fifteen per cent. of this ore a fine



HESTONVILLE, NEAR PHILADELPHIA.

quality of Bessemer steel can be made of ordinary pig-iron. Large quantities of the ore are now used thus in making both wrought and cast steel. The Elmira Rolling Mills made 10,000 tons of steel rails with it this year. Those we are using on this road wear remarkably well. The Erie Railway and a number of other roads are using the same rails with the greatest satisfaction. For files, lathe tools, fine cutlery, indeed for all purposes for which steel is used, this silicon steel is pronounced—by those who ought to know—superior to the best English steel,—and it can be made as cheap as common iron."

All this time we are speeding down the beautiful valley of the Codorus. As we approach York the valley widens, the slate and sand-stone (silicious iron-stone) give place to lime-rock. Everywhere are evidences of a rich farming community, rejoicing in fertile fields, immense barns over-filled, and comfortable houses. York is a worthy center to such a region. It is a handsome, thriving, wealthy borough. We shall not see a more beautiful or busier place in the whole breadth of the State. To the north, the fertile lime-stone country extends to where we



EVELYN MAWLE.

strike the Susquehanna near the double mouth of the Conewago. A long island stands across the mouth of the creek and deflects its waters north or south, as the main stream is low or high. Its rocky course is up-stream now. At this point we enter a region of red-shale, much broken by dikes of trap-rock, which cut up the river-bed and cause the water to rush tumultuously through deep sluices hemmed in by black and jutting reefs. Above York Haven the river is full of slender islands, with occasional reaches of still water, whence long lines of wild-ducks rise and spatter away as we thunder past.

Awaiting orders at Goldsboro, we admiringly study the new locomotive that has served us so faithfully to-day. Polished, massive, magnificent, it stands a triumph of human genius,—a type of beautiful strength.

"Could we ride with the driver?"

"You won't find it so pleasant as you imagine, but you can try it."

The conductor signals, the engineer grasps one of the mysterious levers which put him *en rapport* with the modern behemoth, and the docile monster whisks away as if rejoicing in the lightness of the play-day train behind him. As our speed increases we become painfully aware that we are not on springs. The easy swing of the car does not pertain to the locomotive, which jumps to its work with a rioting, trampling, trip-hammer energy that disdains the thought of ease and softness. We cannot keep our feet, and find it hard to keep the high and narrow slippery seat, with nothing to hold on to. The speed

seems terrific. The country no longer glides away from us with a drifting motion,—it rushes on us like a thunderbolt. The trees and houses have a whirling motion, fierce, tumultuous, maddening, as though hurled towards a vortex from which we are momentarily escaping. Instinctively we shrink as the track cuts under us, and the huge rocks by the way-side seem flying at us.

Ahead is a curve. What is beyond it? We watch the disclosing line with peculiar fascination, for terrible possibilities are ever just out of sight. Gradually our senses become used to their new experience, and we are willing to forego our useless vigilance. On the right the river flows like a river in a vision,—noiseless, swift, and strangely calm. On the left the hills waltz and reel, bearing down on the track like an endless avalanche. Above, the fiery clouds betoken the close of a brilliant day, but it makes us dizzy to look at them. It is pleasanter to study the steady poise of the driver. Alert, self-possessed, unpretending, he sees every inch of the track by flashes of observation, lets out or restrains the heedless energy of his all but living engine, and holds the lives of us all with a grasp as true as it is seemingly unconscious. We plunge into the shadow of Kittatinny Mountain, pierce the point of rocks that projects into the river, and stop amid a confusion of backing trains, shrieking engines, and the shouts of trackmen. We are at Bridgeport, and as soon as the bridge is clear we shall cross to Harrisburg.

"I shall have a realizing sense of my obligation to the engine-driver, after this," re-

marks the untraveled man, as we climb down from the locomotive; "and a wholesome respect for his skill and courage."

The red flames of the Lochiel iron-works gleam on the water as we roll slowly over the long bridge. The islands opposite are but vague shadows on the smooth surface of the river; and, by contrast with the roaring, tumultuous, headlong speed of the past half-hour, the quiet, gliding motion of the car seems to drift us into the night as into a dream.

Morning finds us in the City of Brotherly Love.

We had a jolly run last night over the road, to be retraced to-day, but it was not by telegraph.

The forenoon is well advanced before our hosts have finished the business that called them hither, and the "special" is headed once more toward the Susquehanna. At the last moment the Executive enters with a representative of the Pennsylvania Railroad,—“the Subscriber.”

“And where is the Poet?”

“Could not get away to-day.”

A chorus of regrets testifies the disappointment of all at this announcement, for the poet had proved a delightful companion on their midnight run from Harrisburg.

“But he sends these verses in commemoration of our ride last night. I propose that the Quiet Man be appointed reader.”

The appointment is made by acclamation, and the charms of Fairmount are forgotten while the reading goes on.

#### THE RAILWAY RIDE.

In their yachts on ocean gliding,  
On their steeds Arabian riding,  
Whirled o'er snows on tinkling sledges,  
Men forget their woe and pain;  
What the pleasure then should fill them—  
What the ecstasy should thrill them—  
Borne with ponderous speed, and thunderous,  
O'er the narrow iron plain.

Restless as a dream of vengeance,  
Mark you there the iron engines  
Blowing steam from snorting nostrils,  
Moving each upon its track;  
Sighing, panting, anxious, eager,  
Not with purpose mean or meager,  
But intense intent for motion,  
For the liberty they lack.

Now one screams in triumph, for the  
Engine-driver, grimed and swarthy,  
Lays his hand upon the lever,

And the steed is loose once more;  
Off it moves, and fast and faster,  
With no urging from the master,  
Till the awed earth shakes in terror  
At the rumbling and the roar.

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THE MIDNIGHT RIDE.

Crossing long and thread-like bridges,  
Spanning streams, and cleaving ridges,  
Sweeping over broad green meadows,  
That in starless darkness lay—  
How the engine rocks and clatters,  
Showers of fire around it scatters,  
While its blazing eye outpeering  
Looks for perils in the way.

To yon tunnel-drift careering,  
In its brown mouth disappearing,  
Past from sight and passed from hearing,  
Silence follows like a spell;  
Then a sudden sound-burst surges,  
As the train from earth emerges  
With a scream of exultation,  
With a wild and joyous yell.

What the chariot swift of Ares  
Which a god to battle carries?  
What the steeds the rash boy handled  
Harnessed to the sun-god's wain?  
Those are mythic; this is real;  
Born not of the past ideal,  
But of craft and strength and purpose,  
Love of speed and thirst of gain.

Oh! what wildness! oh! what gladness!  
Oh! what joy akin to madness!  
Oh! what reckless feeling raises  
Us to-day beyond the stars!  
What to us all human ant-hills,  
Fame, fools sigh for, land that man tills,  
In the swinging and the clattering  
And the rattling of the cars?

“To judge from the station-houses along this part of the line,” remarks the Traveled Man, breaking in upon the lively discussion of the poet and his art that followed the reading, “one would think himself anywhere but in America. I have seen nothing prettier in England or Switzerland.”



NEAR WEST CHESTER INTERSECTION.

"The Pennsylvania Railroad prides itself on leading America in this as in every other praiseworthy enterprise."

The Subscriber rounds the period with Jacksonian emphasis, contracts his face in personation of the sphinx-like majesty of a great corporation, meditates a moment, then goes on to explain the company's policy in this matter. And the policy is a good one.

For twenty miles in this direction the country is but a suburb of Philadelphia. Handsome country seats and pretty cottages are on every side. The high land, beautiful scenery, and delightful climate make the region extremely attractive to those whose business permits a daily escape from the confinement of the city. The railroad company adds to the attractiveness of the region for suburban residence by providing at convenient intervals station-houses that for beauty and comfort have no rivals this side the Atlantic.

"All the new stations are to have buildings after this fashion," remarks the Subscriber, as we are admiring the substantial elegance of Bryn Mawr; "and as fast as circumstances warrant it, all the old wooden station-houses along the line will be replaced by stone ones. They are the cheapest, in the long run."

"It goes against the grain of our independent Americans," resumes the Traveled Man, "to have any one interfere with their freedom to be killed when and where they choose; but I hope to see the day when every railroad station will have a foot-bridge over the track, and everybody be compelled, English fashion, to use it."

Near Radnor the line runs through a beautiful estate. We stop to admire, and are courteously invited to inspect it.

"What time can we spend here, conductor?"

"Twenty minutes, at most."

"Time enough to see the green-house and the grounds," urges the gentleman in charge, recognizing the Superintendent of this division of the road, who

had joined us at Bryn Mawr.

As we hastily visit the chief attractions of this charming property, the Superintendent explains how Mr. Askin, the wealthy owner, is gathering around him a community that shall do honor to the place—a city in the midst of a garden. He has built a number of substantial brick houses, furnished them with water from the large reservoir that supplies the estate, with gas made on the premises,—in short, all the conveniences that city and country can afford. These houses he rents at a low rate of interest on the cost of construction, to picked families, for whose use he has built a handsome school-house and a church. For beauty of situation this model village is unsurpassed; and if it does not prove a model morally and socially, as well as materially, it will not be the proprietor's fault.

Fifty Alderney cows furnish the principal revenue of the estate. The other stock is equally choice. The barns and stables are constructed with loving regard for the health and comfort of their occupants; while the thrifty care and scrupulous neatness manifest on every side show that, in this respect at least, the rules of the establishment are as strictly enforced as they are wisely framed.

"Straightening the road, you see;" the

Division Superintendent observes, as, when under way again, we wind and twist first to one side, then to the other, of a broad plain of fresh earth. "It will be a great improvement when we get rid of these sharp curves."

The contrast between the old and the new in road-making could not be more forcibly illustrated. The new line, not quite finished, sweeps with noble curves, piercing hills and filling valleys, while the old track tamely hugs the hillsides, winding along like a country wagon-road.

"This is one of the oldest bits of railroad in the country," the Superintendent goes on to say; "It was originally graded for the Lancaster and Philadelphia horse-railroad, an experiment that no one felt like spending over much money on. Besides, the engineer argued, a train would run better on a crooked road—there would be so much more friction!"

"Fact?"

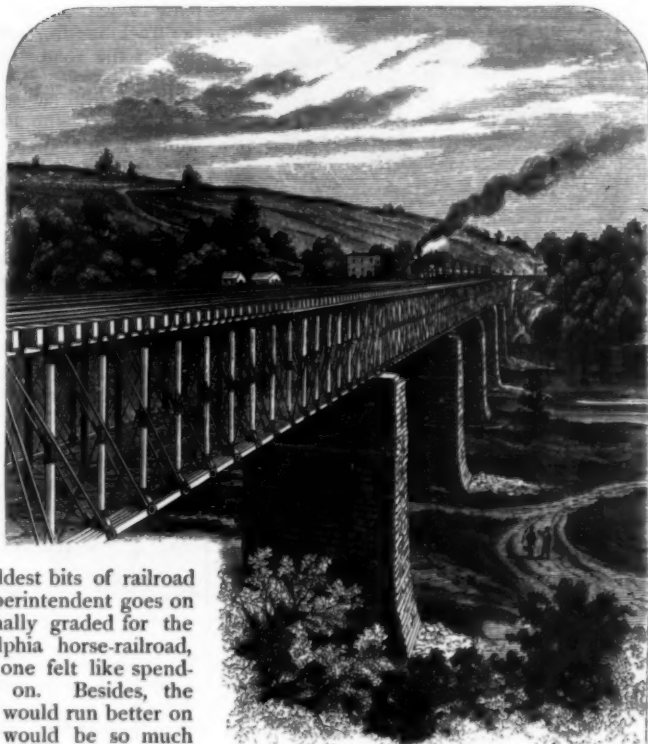
"Yes, truly; and not so absurd an idea either, when we remember how the lack of friction bothered the first experimenters with tramways. The first locomotive put on the road—one of the earliest used in the country—was advertised to run regularly "when the weather was fair." When it rained they had to fall back on horse-power. The driving-wheels slipped as they do now when the rails are wet; and nobody had the wit to sand the track."

"Is Cap. Hambright still on the road?"

"I believe he is, as he has been from the first. Wonderful changes in railroading since he took the first brigade of horse-cars over this road, forty years ago!"

"This is one of his inventions." The Executive is signalling the engineer as we approach a station. "Simple as this cord and bell contrivance is, it was a stroke of genius that could not have been bettered."

To the patriot the region we are riding through has, however, a deeper interest than arises from any railroad associations. Valley



COATESVILLE BRIDGE.

Forge is just beyond the low hills to the north. South and west lies the valley of the Brandywine, and on every hand are places whose names are on the saddest page of our country's history. Wayne station recalls the dashing "Mad Anthony," whose home was near the village we are passing,—Paoli,—where a monument commemorates the massacre of a detachment of his soldiers, unluckily surprised and captured.

Soon we pass the intersection of the road that runs to the pretty village of Westchester; then cross the low ridge which forms the southern boundary of the beautiful Chester Valley. As we approach Downingtown the view up the narrow valley is lovely in the extreme. Farther on the ridges are broken into rounded hills with swelling outlines, sweeping down from wooded crests to richly cultivated fields. At Coatesville we strike the West Branch of the Brandywine, and stop to look at the long bridge that crosses the valley, seventy-five feet above the grade of the Wilmington and Reading





BIRTH-PLACE OF ROBERT FULTON.—(FROM OLD PRINT.)

Railroad, which runs below. For half an hour the Artist has been feasting his eyes on the billowy curves, the feminine grace and loveliness of the Garden of the State, and now finds it hard to sympathize with his hosts in their admiration of the bridge's rigid lines.

To a genuine railroad man there is nothing so pleasant to look upon as a new bridge,—the newer and straighter the better. The artist may call it an ugly bar across a beautiful landscape, but his opinion is regarded with pitying surprise.

The Coatesville bridge is an imposing, indeed a beautiful, structure—as a bridge; but the Artist cannot help thinking what a lovely scene the valley might present if the bridge were only out of the way.

While the lighter footed are scrambling down the bank to view the bridge to better advantage, the Subscriber remains above, in earnest converse with the occupant of an adjoining shanty.

"Discriminating old lady, that," he remarks, with his usual Hickory formula, when we return. "She took me for the Superintendent of the road!"

"She went for the tallest hat; that's all."

"And the most dignified looking personage of the party. And ver-ry properly! [Here the Subscriber rolls out his customary bit of Jacksonian rhetoric.] I assured her I was only Superintendent of the Oil Regions, but she was not to be put off; so I had to compromise the matter—and myself—by promising speedy attention to her complaint."

"Husband killed? or baby?"

"Worse,—far worse! She wants the com-

pany to pay for or rebuild an edifice that the trackmen have demolished for encroaching on the road. A cow-shed she calls it. You see—"

The shrill whistle of the locomotive drowns the beginning of the story of the old woman's grievance, and its continuation is forgotten in our hurried retreat to the car. As we sweep out of sight, the confiding matron stands at her door, beaming with satisfaction that her complaint has at last gone to headquarters.

Alas for the uncertainty of corporation promises!

Immense iron-mills roll up their clouds of smoke from the valley as we cross the bridge. At Parkesburg we pass another group of foundries, with machine-shops, car-works, and so on. Christiana has more of a like sort; indeed, all the thrifty towns of this region give evidence of a vigorous appropriation of the mineral wealth the country abounds in.

At the Gap we pierce the long wooded ridge which separates Chester from Lancaster County. Tall columns of smoke, rising like trees in the still air, mark the site of the celebrated nickel-mine to which we owe our smaller coins—the only mine of the kind in the United States. Beyond, to the south-east, is the rich chrome region along the Octorara, branches of which we crossed at Penningtonville, Christiana, and the Gap.

For the next twenty miles our route lies over the fertile plain watered by the Pequea and the Conestoga, with a monotony of excellent farms, plethoric barns, substantial dwellings, and all the other tokens of rural wealth and comfort.

"Tame? So it is," the Traveled Man admits; "but so much the more delightful. You may talk of beautiful scenery, of sublime scenery; I have seen the best, and it is all well enough in its way; but for solid satisfaction there's nothing can equal the sight of happy human homes."

If the homes of this region are not happy, the fault lies with the inmates, not the surroundings.

Dinner at Lancaster, a city worthy of a longer visit than we can give it. Here, on the Conestoga, the boy Fulton made his first paddle-wheel; here, before Fulton was born, a citizen of Lancaster, Mr. William Henry, made the first recorded experiments in steam navigation—experiments which probably set Fulton's active mind working in that direction. To this center of intellectual life the young Vermonter, Thad.

Stevens, wandered; here he fixed his home and found his final resting-place. Here, too, Buchanan lived; his old homestead, Wheatland,—or rather the noble grove of hickories which surround the house,—lying to our left as we leave the city.

Till we reach South Mountain—the first of those long earth-waves that stretch from the Potomac to the Hudson—the country repeats the familiar characteristics of Lancaster Valley. Then we suddenly enter a region thickly strewn with huge boulders.

"Were they dropped here by some stranded iceberg, in the drift period you geologists tell about?"

"They have a traveled, water-worn appearance, surely," the Geologist replies, "but they are natives. We shall see enough of them for the next ten miles."

At the tunnel the interpreter of the rocks points out the dike of trap whence all the boulders of this region came. The higher slopes all the way to Middletown are strewn with a plentiful crop of them. At this place we strike the Susquehanna again. For the remaining ten miles of our course the road runs close to the river, but its wooded banks allow only occasional glimpses of the water.

Sweeping over the level river plain near the end of our day's ride, we pass a lofty furnace-stack, which pours its sooty products into the still air.

"The Lochiel Iron Mills that we saw from the bridge last night?"

"We haven't come to them yet. These are the Baldwin Steel Works. The most of our rails are made here."

"Have we time to see the operation?"

A hasty consultation among the railroad men ensues. It is decided that our preparations for to-morrow can be made after business hours, and the order is given to return

to Baldwin Station, which has been left behind.

Our visit is fortunately timed, for preparations are already making for charging the huge converter. With but a passing glance at the preliminary storm of fire that roars from the mouth of the converter, we follow the superintendent past the hot piles of ingots lately drawn from the moulds; past the great receivers wherein Æolus is imprisoned and forced to do fiery service; past the engines which generate the power used in the Cyclopean operations going on all around, and stop to watch the gigantic steam hammers under which the glowing masses of steel are forged by blows that may be twenty tons or twenty grains as the forger wills. Just beyond the forge is the rolling-mill where the white-hot bars of steel are seized and drawn into rails with a rapidity that bewilders. But it is time for tapping the furnaces, and we hasten back, with scarcely a look at the various piles of rails awaiting shipment.

This is no place for the philosophy of the Bessemer process: no place for describing all the steps by which crude iron is now so quickly converted into steel. Our attention is absorbed by the scenic effect, and that is beyond the power of words to describe. Even the pencil of a Weir would fail to do it justice.

"What are those circular artists driving at over there?" queries the Subscriber, pointing to a number of men on a raised platform, each with his hand on a wheel like that of a car-brake.

The Superintendent explains how their movements control the almost resistless force of the hydraulic presses, and we



CONESTOGA BRIDGE.

stand amazed at the magic by which a turn of the wrist is made to manipulate the ponderous converter, with its charge of melted metal, as easily as a man might handle a glass of water.

A whirlwind of sparks pours from the converter's mouth and rolls along the vaulted roof, sending sudden gusts of fire almost into our faces. The converter comes to rest and the fiery blast is turned off. In a moment streams of molten iron creep along the conduits from the row of furnaces, and pour a flood of scintillating metal into the converter. The charge complete, the blast is turned on again with augmented force, and through a hundred openings air is forced into the liquid metal burning out the carbon and sulphur and other impurities, and sending the dross up the chimney—a coruscating metallic fountain. Our eyes are blinded by the brightness, yet fascinated by the play of colors that mark the progress of the purification. The prevailing hue is a rose-tint of exquisite loveliness, lost in the dazzling whiteness when we look steadily, but reappearing as often as the eye is rested by looking away for a moment.

"We have pure iron now," remarks the Superintendent, as the flame suddenly ceases. "In a moment will be added the compound, which is to change the iron into steel."

The converting mixture pours a fiery cascade into the converter, and a magnificent eruption of many-colored scintillations shows the intensity of the chemical action going on. It ends abruptly, and as the huge retort is canted over to pour its contents into the moulds below, we follow the Superintendent's suggestion, and look in at its shining mouth.

"You know what white-heat looks like now," he says; and we confess that thus far we have had no adequate conception of its perfect whiteness.

On our way back to our car we stop to look at the crushing-machine for pulverizing the refractory lining of the converter.

"If you only had jaws like that, Subscriber," remarks the Little Man, "you wouldn't have had to send back the chops they offered you at the hotel this morning."

The Subscriber watches the machine a moment, working his mouth with unconscious envy, as the blocks of quartzite crumble to sand in its restless bite: then keeping time with the machine, he ejaculates,—

"With—a—masticating—apparatus—like



CRAZY DICK CLEARING THE TRACK.

—that—a man—might *live*,—yes, sir!—a man might LIVE—in a second-rate boarding-house!"

An express train follows us into Harrisburg. As we press through the waiting throng that crowds the platform and overruns the road-way,—for the station is sadly lacking in capacity,—a wild-looking son of Ham sweeps down the track, hustling men and women right and left, clearing the way for the approaching locomotive.

"Crazy Dick," says the Executive, as the apparition speeds past, now dashing forward to shoulder from the track some heedless loiterer, now falling into a reckless dog-trot, scarcely a foot ahead of the cow-catcher.

"There seems to be method in his madness."

"Indeed there is, and a useful method too. Dick saves a good many lives in the course of a year."

"In the employ of the road?"

"No, on his own hook. It's a craze he has."

The train passes on, and Dick slouches away, looking as if he never had a thought or a purpose in his life. His whole mind seems absorbed by a single object—to keep people from being run over, and nothing but

an approaching train can rouse him to activity. Then his zeal flames out in a magnificent burst of action, to be followed by abject listlessness until the next train is due.

"Live! Oh, Dick is one that takes no thought for the morrow. The men about the station see that his board is paid at the lunch-counter; and the engineers, conductors, and other roadmen club together now and then and rig him out with a new suit of clothes. He sleeps anywhere."

Among many incidents in Dick's career, recounted on our way to the Superintendent's office to make arrangements for to-morrow's run up the river, one especially illustrates the intensity of his life-saving instinct.

Two or three years ago a company of Harrisburg firemen succeeded in enticing Dick away from his self-elected duty—not an easy thing to do—and took him off with them on an excursion to Altoona. Arrived there, Dick straightway forgot his compan-

ions and fell to guarding the track, as at home. Like many another public benefactor's, Dick's motives were misjudged. His zeal was attributed to the wrong spirit, and before his friends could explain matters he was marched off to the police-station on the charge of drunkenness. Naturally, the simple-minded fellow took his arrest very much to heart; but that was nothing to his distress on his return to Harrisburg, to find that during his absence a boy had been run over and killed—the first accident of the kind that had occurred since Dick came upon the field.

"I done knowed su'thin' would happen if I went away!" the poor fellow cried, deploring his remissness in a storm of weeping. Since then nothing can induce him to desert his post; and so plainly beneficial is his mania, that he is allowed to pursue his mission unchecked, although it is only too evident that it must some day come to a tragic end.

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### MY BROTHER.

I WILL not ask my neighbor of his creed,  
Nor what he deems of doctrine old or new;  
Nor what the rites his honest soul may need,  
To worship God—the only wise and true;  
Nor what he thinks of the anointed Christ;  
Nor with what baptism he hath been baptized.

I ask not what temptations have beset  
His human heart, now self-abased and sore;  
Nor by what wayside well the Lord he met;  
Nor where was uttered, "Go and sin no more!"  
Between his soul and God that business lies:  
Not mine to cavil, question, or despise.

I ask not by which name, among the rest  
That Christians go by, he is named or known;  
Whether his faith hath ever been "professed,"  
Or whether proven by his deeds alone:  
So there be *Christhood* in him, all is well;  
He is my brother, and in peace we dwell.

If grace and patience in his actions speak,  
Or fall in words of kindness from his tongue,  
Which raise the fallen, fortify the weak,  
And heal the heart by sorrow rent and wrung;  
If he give good for ill, and love for hate—  
Friend of the friendless, poor, and desolate—

I find in him discipleship so true,  
So full, that nothing further I demand.  
He may be bondman, freeman, Gentile, Jew,  
But we are *brethren*,—walk we hand in hand!  
In his white life let me the *Christhood* see:  
It is enough for him—enough for me!

## FANNY WINTHROP'S TREAT.

"WELL, Bertha, is Fanny all ready?"

Now that is just like papa,—to have some idea distinctly clear in his own mind, and labor under the illusion that it is just as clear to everybody else.

So when papa startled us with this utterly disjunctive inquiry, mamma patiently waited for further light, which not forthcoming, I remarked in my usual dutiful manner to my wrath-provoking parent: "Certainly, papa, all ready; but is it for dinner, or to be married, please?"

The dazed expression of his eyes was suddenly transformed into a comical mingling of astonishment and delight at our obvious ignorance.

"How strangely forgetful you are growing, Bertha! You can't say anything more about my little slips of memory. I told you yesterday that I would take Fanny to New York with me to-night if you would get her ready in season."

I sprang three feet into the air, came down on my toes, and swung dear old bothersome papa around the room in my delight, for—don't sneer, girls—I had never seen New York in my life, and my brain fairly turned with the kaleidoscopic visions which the mere name brought into view.

No fears vexed me that I must lose the trip because father had neglected to speak of it until just two hours before the train would leave the station, which was itself two miles from us. No, indeed: was not that long-suffering, quick-achieving mamma of mine equal to greater emergencies than this? Had I not seen her during the seventeen years of my life, at sundry times and in divers manners, set right poor papa's blunders, bring order out of his confusion, and make things that were not appear as if they were?

So, although the precious little woman looked grave, after a single glance at my beseeching eyes, I was not surprised to hear her reply gently to father's outburst: "Of course, dear, she will be ready for that;" and then she briskly summoned me above stairs to a grand dress-parade.

The result of this ceremony was a skillfully packed hat-box, and a trimly costumed little maid tapping impatient boot-heels at her father's failure to put in an appearance when the carriage was brought around. But mamma finally unearthed the sinner, and where do you think she found him? Calmly seated on his own bed, clad in overcoat,

gloves, and hat, with his traveling-bag and umbrella at his side and our tickets securely set in his hat-band, while his own precious exasperating self was utterly absorbed in reading the last *Nation*!

It required some time and eloquence on mamma's part to convince him that he was not on the train, well under way for New York, and she the peace-destroying conductor.

Now mamma was quite too loyal to her liege lord to admit his besetting weakness even to me, but it was evident, as she hurried the somewhat shame-faced culprit into the carriage after me, that she regarded the trip as a most dangerous experiment. I even overheard a playful—though serious enough on her part—little altercation between them in the hall, in which papa successfully resisted her attempt to tie a string around his finger, that he might be sure to remember to bring me home with him!

"Do I not well to be angry?" at a father with whom such precautionary measures are no joke, but a dire necessity? However, no knight of old could have been more pronounced in his devotion than was father to me throughout that journey. Although most of its hours were to be spent in a sleeping-car, yet he purchased a stock of reading-material, and of the usual corky apples, stale pop-corn, and swindling candies of railroad commerce, sufficient for a wakeful week's consumption.

When bed-time came, and our berths were in readiness, he assisted at my very cursory toilet. Nobody could have exceeded the highly careful manner in which he held my brush, comb, hand-glass, and hair-pins for me while I braided my long locks. There was but one drawback to his brilliant success as a dressing-maid, and that was his utter inability to remember which of all the things in his hands was a reflecting medium, so that he was quite as apt to present to me the back of the brush or the points of the hair-pins as the mirror, when I wished to see myself as others saw me.

Finally, he tucked me into the berth as if I had only as many months of age as I had years, and then woke me at irregular intervals through the night by his anxious inquiries as to whether I was asleep or not.

We arrived at New York in the morning, and drove at once to the Fifth Avenue Hotel.



After a late and lingering and luscious breakfast, papa made ready to keep an appointment he had with Judge Coates to meet him at his office down-town.

Such profuse regrets as that good, but alas! most fallible, man expressed because he was forced to leave me alone in a strange hotel in a strange city! Such minute charges as he gave me as to what I might or might not do in case a fire or a revolution should break out during his absence!

At last, after providing me with a new novel and a box of *marrons glacés* for companions, and promising to return and dine with me at five o'clock, he tore himself away.

As for me, the day passed pleasantly, what with the solaces already mentioned, and the strange panorama of gay, bustling New York visible from my windows.

The only drawback to my complete enjoyment was my frequent thought of how poor papa was grieving over the necessity of leaving me, and worrying over my lonely estate! Poor papa, indeed!

Five o'clock came, but no father. I knew his business was of great importance and might easily have detained him later than he had intended, so I felt no real alarm until seven o'clock.

After that time, as the evening dragged its slow length along, and instead of seeing Jefferson's Rip Van Winkle, as we had planned for our first "lark" together, I found myself doomed to loneliness, hunger (for I had declined to dine until papa's return), and fast-multiplying fears, I was indeed a pitiful contrast to the enviable little maid whom her father had left purring luxuriously over her book and *bombons*.

My terrors, at first vague, took on more and more definite form and blackness, until fire and burglary for myself, and apoplexy and garroting for my father, became hideously familiar to my tortured vision.

It is a remarkable psychological fact that, so lulling had been the effect of my father's recent gallantry, no suspicion of his having relapsed into his normal state of forgetfulness came to lighten my gloom by kindling my filial rage.

It must have been long after midnight when at last I cried myself to sleep in my chair, for I dared not venture into my bedroom.

I was awakened from a horridly vivid dream of the Nathan murder (the scene of which was visible from one of my windows), with personal variations and grotesque com-



FANNY MANIFESTS HER DELIGHT.

plications, by a violent knocking at the door of the room in which I ought to have been peacefully lying.

Trembling as I was with exhaustion and terror, I could not have gone so far even had I dared. Presently the knocking was transferred with increased vigor to our parlor-door, and after a time I made out my father's voice, broken as it was with fatigue and anxiety. At this I managed to drag myself to the door, and, after removing the table, and a sofa, and three chairs, with which I had barricaded it, unlocked it and let in the most remorseful, heart-broken creature you ever saw. It makes me laugh to this day, grieved and even angry as I was and am, whenever I recall papa's absurd appearance, and how thoroughly wide awake he was, for once, to my existence and to the dangerous liabilities of his besetting sin.

After a hail-storm of tears, hugs, and kisses he made a clean breast of it, for there was nothing else to be done under the circumstances.

It seemed that he had found Judge Coates at his office, and the interview had developed some very important complications of the case they were engaged upon, which drove all other interests out of mind. Accordingly, when the Judge had said, "Come home with me to-night and we will talk it all over after dinner," he had consented.

"But I told the Judge," said he, looking



"UTTERLY ABSORBED."

at me deprecatingly through eyes full of penitent tears, "I told him all the time that I was sure there was something that I ought to go back to my hotel for. So you see, darling, I didn't really forget you, only that wretched business was uppermost for the time. But the Judge talked me out of this fancy, and off to Brooklyn I went, and we ate a capital dinner (unkindest cut of all), and smoked our cigars, and smoothed out that whole case, so that old What's-his-name himself couldn't ruffle it again. It was after midnight by this time, and, everybody else in the house having gone to bed, the Judge himself showed me up to my room. Just as he was bidding me good-night he said, 'By the way, Winthrop, why didn't you bring down that pretty' [*Did Judge Coates say 'pretty,' or was that a stroke of inspiration on papa's part?*] 'little daughter of yours, whom we met last summer at the White Mountains, to make us a visit?'"

"I am afraid, my child," said poor papa, thoughtfully, "that Judge Coates may think I left him somewhat abruptly, for of course I came away at once."

Somewhat abruptly, I should think.

There he was, still wearing a pair of gayly

embroidered slippers which had been lent him when his boots were given to the servant for brushing; in his hand was a little gray hat, which he had snatched as he rushed through the dark hall at Judge Coates's; and around his neck was a week's accumulation of pocket-handkerchiefs of various materials and complexions, and—as truly as I live—Judge Coates's night-gown (which he had just handed his guest when he took flight so mysteriously), all of which, however, made a sorry substitute for the overcoat he had left behind him. Altogether he was such a *bizarre* figure as even New York cannot often show.

One of my weaknesses is that I cannot stay vexed, no matter how great the provocation may have been: so I actually forgave that guilty man, and sent him to his bed to sleep the sleep of the just.

While we were breakfasting amicably together the next morning Judge Coates came in, so anxious was he to learn the fate of his eccentric guest. His version of the night scene was not unlike father's. No sooner had he uttered his inquiry after his daughter than papa, clutching his hair like a madman and rubbing his face, wet with the moisture of sudden fright and sorrow, on the borrowed night-gown, shrieked out, "What a fool I am! THAT is the very thing I told you I ought to go back to the hotel after;" and then, plunging out of the room and down the staircase, he had drawn the bolt of the street-door and vanished from sight before his host could recover from his astonishment.

When father had reached the ferry and found how long he must wait for a boat to New York, he fairly raved with frantic apprehension for me, according to his own representation; and it is one of the marvels of the policing of a great city that he was not seized and locked up as the desperado he certainly looked.

But, to make a long story short in the ending, it all came out serenely after all. Judge Coates sent a dispatch home about me which brought over his wife and only son, the owner of the gray hat, to dine with us that night and take me to the opera. The next morning they sent the carriage for me and took me bodily to their house, where I finished my visit triumphantly. As for father, he gave me the daintiest set of pink

coral he could find at Tiffany's as a peace-offering, and while we remained trotted after his injured daughter wherever she went. Indeed, he was, I might say, omnipresent and devoted to a fault, since Charley Coates and several of his friends stood ready to relieve his overburdened mind of such a responsibility.

All pleasant things come to an end, and my visit was not an exception. It was not what my fancy had painted when papa had proposed my going to New York. Indeed, it was not New York at all; but it had been a "treat" of the first quality, and I had hard work to keep the tears back when I said good-bye to the charming family who had entertained me so delightfully.

As papa had some last business to attend to in New York, it was arranged that we should meet in the waiting-room of the Twenty-seventh Street station, whither Charley Coates had, promised to take me at the proper time.

On our way over from Brooklyn Charley laid a wager of half a dozen of Jugla's two-buttoned gloves, number five and three-quarters, that father would not be there to meet me, which was very impertinent in the

young man (I allow nobody to make game of poor papa's besetting sin but myself), and he lost, as he deserved. Papa was at the station before us, and we arrived just in time to catch him in the act of conveying a frumpy-looking miss out of the waiting-room into the train. It may have been all very well for him to say, by way of excuse for himself, that "all girls look just alike in these days," and that this creature had yellow braids and a blue veil just like mine, which were all he looked for; and that when he asked her where Charley was and if she was ready to get into the cars, and took her handbox (as if I ever would be guilty of a handbox!) out of her hand, she had never said a word (which silence he ascribed to "grief at parting with Charley"), but had trotted dutifully after him and her handbox.

"He ought to have known by the style, even if you'd both been done up in mummy-cases just alike," muttered Charley Coates, indignantly. "Mr. Winthrop is the greatest man in the United States for a tough law question, and even for melting a jury; but he is no more capable of taking care of such a daughter than, etc., etc., etc.;" all of which made it necessary for me to be awfully severe

with the youth, so that I got through with the parting far better than I had feared I should.

However, when the train was fairly off, and I found myself seated directly behind the creature with the yellow braids and the handbox, so that I could not have forgotten my last grievance if I had tried, I cried a little behind my blue veil.

Papa found me out, for a wonder, and dragged out of me my opinion that I was mourning in secret over the fact that I was the unfortunate daughter of an unnatural father who didn't even know his own only child by sight, although there were



MR. WINTHROP MAKES HIS APPEARANCE.

people who thought that she wasn't just like everybody else! (sniff, sniff, sniff). Then he pronounced judgment on the case in his most wide-awake and impressive manner, and affirmed that it was not "the nice-looking (such taste!) girl in front" of me, "or the nice-looking boy" I'd left behind me (the idea!), that had thrown me into "this maudlin state," but that I was a "dear little tired-out girl" who had had quite too much gayety and dissipation during the last two or three days for such excitable nerves. And then he told me stories of the good times he had when he was young (and nobody can be more entertaining than my father if he will only keep present-minded) till I forgot my troubles, and we "made up" beautifully, and I fell fast asleep on his shoulder and only waked when we stopped at the junction where we were allowed time for refreshments.

The frumpy young woman had left the train long before at some way station; and papa had turned over the back of her seat

so that we could be comfortable, and taken out the shawls from the strap to wrap around me as I slept, for it was getting late on a cold winter's day.

I was still half asleep, but hurriedly rolled my wraps together, not strapping them, and followed father into the eating-room. The change of air, and a few sips of strong coffee woke me sufficiently to recall that this most confusing of all junctions was the place where we were to change cars for home, and that very possibly our traps, which we had left to keep our seats for us, might already be on their way back to New York, or any other destination than the right one. Father rushed frantically off into the midst of shrieking whistles, jingling bells, shouting porters, and crashing luggage, but soon emerged with the statement that all was right, and finished his oysters complacently.

"Your hand-bag was black, wasn't it, pet?" he asked, with his last spoonful.

"No indeed, papa! It was beautiful Russia-leather, and you gave it to me yourself, last Christmas!"

"O—ah—y—e—s—I remember. A pretty dark color, wasn't it?"

"Father, you haven't made another blunder?" cried I.

"No, no, child! It's all right, as I told you. There was no one in the car we left but a poor little woman in black, and she had chosen to get into your seat and go to sleep there; how she managed to do it so quickly I can't imagine. There must be something soporific in that situation, mustn't there, Fanny? I just picked up the things as quietly as I could, so as not to disturb the poor soul, who looked as if she had cried herself to sleep over tougher sorrows than yours, my girl, and put them on board our train. I have taken a compartment in the drawing-room car this time, as I thought you would want to finish your nap. It is well you brought so many wraps (I had no idea they were so heavy till I moved them into



"POOR PAPA CLUTCHED HIS HEAD, AND STAMPED HIS FEET, AND ERECRATED HIMSELF AND HIS FATE GENERALLY."



THE CONDUCTOR TO THE RESCUE!

the other car; they must weigh a dozen or fifteen pounds), for it is going to be a fearfully cold night."

Now I have only as definite ideas of weight as girls in general, but father's estimate of the avoirdupois of my black and white plaid, my water-proof cloak, and a fleecy white Nubia struck me as extravagant, and awakened alarming suspicions as to the possible fate of my lovely Russia-leather satchel.

But as we entered the drawing-room car whom should we find in sole possession but Teazie Phillips and her father!

Now Teazie is one of my two "most intimates," and as she had been spending a fortnight in Boston, we had so much to say to each other that I quickly forgot my fears. To be sure I asked papa where my wraps were, soon after the train started, and he ran and peeped into the first compartment, and came back saying, "There they are, all right; but we will stay here with our friends instead of taking a nap. Shall we not?" So we four settled back in our easy-chairs and had the best of gossips,—at least Teazie and I had.

At what time we became actually conscious of the fact that we were not, as we at first supposed ourselves to be, the only occu-

pants of that car I cannot say. I remember that the conductor had been back and forth several times, and that latterly he had eyed Teazie and me sharply and with a peculiar expression of countenance which did not seem simple admiration. Papa, too, had remarked to Colonel Phillips, apropos to a stifled wail and intermittent gurgle which came to our ears from the dusky recesses of the car, "We have a baby among us, have we?" and each of us made facetious remarks about its vocal development, as light-hearted people will do who have no responsibility for the young performer.

But at last the conductor, standing at the door of the first compartment, called out: "I beg pardon, but which of the young ladies do these things belong to in here?"

"They are mine, sir," said papa with emphasis, for the conductor's tone had an unpleasant ring.

"Well, why in thunder, then, don't you come and stop your baby's noise!"

At this astounding challenge father "went for that sinful" conductor, who made way for him just in time to save himself from a crushing reprimand, for as he stepped back from the door of the compartment he opened to his wrathful passenger a vision which silenced him. When I saw papa clutching his own unlucky head with both hands I ran to him.

"Papa! papa! what is it?"

What should he do but whirl upon me with the startling cry: "Frances Winthrop, where under the canopy did you borrow this baby from?"

I pushed him aside, and there, surely enough, was a baby wrapped in a black and white plaid, somewhat like mine, and doing its best to protest against its mufflings.

"Father Winthrop! Are *THESE* the things that you brought from the other car for mine?"

"Merciful powers!" was all his answer, but it was sufficient.

The "borrowed" baby had by this time disentangled itself with its indignant little fists sufficiently to cry at its ease, and I,



who am a desperate lover of babies, caught it up and tried to soothe it with all the arts at my command.

Poor papa clutched his head, and stamped his feet, and execrated himself and his fate generally. Colonel Phillips and Teazie and the conductor stared in blank amazement at the three actors in this pleasing little drama, until it happened to occur to me that they had not the cue: so I proceeded to explain that this was only one of the frequent little entertainments which papa and his besetting sin were wont to get up for the benefit of whomsoever it might concern.

"Help me, Phillips! Think for me!" cried poor papa, his wits utterly demoralized by the horrors of the situation and the shrieks of the chief victim there present. "That poor little woman in black!" he went on; "there she had cried herself to sleep, and I, like an infernal scoundrel, must needs make off with her baby and the rest of her things!"

"Ai! ai!" wailed the little Greek chorus from out my unfamiliar arms in fitting response to papa's remorseful apostrophe. So I left the gentlemen to canvass plans for the relief of the poor mother's agony, and bent all my powers to the care of her vociferous offspring.

Luckily, Teazie was wiser in her generation than I, thanks to an overflowing nursery at home, and suggested that the child was hungry; and that, perhaps, since papa was in the habit of stealing babies, he might have been provident enough to bring away proper nourishment also.

Accordingly, while I trotted and 'sh-'sh-'shed and dandled papa's elephant up and down the whizzing car, Teazie went on a foraging expedition and soon brought back a rusty old black bag (which looked even less like my Russia-leather beauty than that yellow-haired creature like me), and out of it she pulled, surely enough, a bottle of milk!

I snatched it, and would have popped it at once into the baby's mouth, which was accommodately open; but Teazie swooped upon it with all the airs of a mother in Israel, exclaiming:—

"What a little goosie! It must be warmed, of course."

It actually was half-frozen, and what we should have done in this dilemma without the impertinent conductor I don't know.

He was now transformed into the most gracious, fatherly creature imaginable. He patted father soothingly on the back; he devised ways and means with Colonel Phil-

lips; he chirruped to the baby; he complimented me on my not very marked success as nurse-maid; and scarcely had Teazie proclaimed the necessity of heating baby's supper than he rushed to the disused water-tank at the other end of the car, and after a gallant struggle with the chained cup tore it off, returned triumphant, and stood polishing away its dust and rust with his scented pocket-handkerchief, while we looked on admiring. Nor did he stop here. He himself, with his own bediamonded fingers, poured the milk into the cup and held it over the hot stove, to the great detriment of his comfort and complexion, until Mother Teazie expressed herself satisfied with its temperature (that of baby's milk—not the conductor's color).

If you do not think that this was very much to do, then all I have to say is, just examine the next drawing-room car conductor you chance to see, and imagine his serene elegance toasting before the fire in an uncomfortable and even ludicrous attitude, all in a howling baby's behalf, and perhaps you will change your mind.

Moral: Men are sometimes better than they look.

But let us return to our little *mouton*. As the baby had been too much occupied with its own vocal exercises to criticise our culinary operations, its appetite was not in the least affected by the dust and the rust and the odorous pocket-handkerchief, and the way that milk disappeared was astonishing to us ignorant-outsiders. I indeed, remembering vaguely stories which I had heard of the fatal results of over-feeding, demurred at giving the insatiate atom its will with the bottle, but Teazie (the airs that child put on, for she was a year younger than I, were almost insufferable!) laughed at me, and informed the conductor authoritatively that she might find it necessary to have him stop the train before we reached A—, in order to replenish nursery-supplies, to which he listened meekly submissive to her will.

However, although we really stopped at the next station (have I said that ours was the express train, which did not usually stop between the junction and our destination, A—?), it was not for milk, but to set down poor papa. The train conductor had been called into council, and although it took him some time to understand that father was neither a wicked kidnapper nor a madman, but only an impetuous absent-minded gentleman of the best intentions, he at last agreed with Colonel Phillips and



PAPA AND THE SWEET-FACED LITTLE WOMAN.

our nursing-father, the drawing-room car conductor, that papa must get to a telegraph-office as speedily as possible, and send back a message to the junction for the arrest and consolation of the bereaved mother, which message he was to follow in person by the night train. When he meekly remarked that he supposed he had better take the baby with him, the proposition was received with shouts of laughter which greatly relieved our overcharged spirits. But poor papa could not laugh. He had always before him the sorrow-worn face of the baby's mother. Still he looked relieved when he found that his penance was not to include lugging back the borrowed baby bodily. It was ordered by the council that I should take the baby home with me as best I could, to be kept under mamma's tender care till papa should bring its own mother there to claim it. The little creature, now that it was no longer cold and frightened and hungry, lay on my arms smiling and cooing and buzzing in the most bewitching manner. Indeed it proved to be a perfect beauty, and I had contrived to love it so already that I am afraid if its poor mother had appeared

that night I should have almost hated her.

Papa gazed at it with mingled emotions, and finally whispered to me, with a pitiful attempt at a smile, "Pussie, don't you think your mamma will—will—will be *rather pleased*? She has always wanted to adopt a baby!" I couldn't in conscience think that mamma's emotions would be altogether pleasurable when she saw me return from my "Treat" minus my father and plus somebody's baby; but I believed after all that things would come out right, and said so to poor papa as he now kissed me good-by, for we had reached the station where he was to be left. I even restrained my lips from saying what was in my heart: "Don't for pity's sake bring home the wrong woman." For it was forlorn enough for him to go back in the dark, cold night, with his burden of remorse, in search of a probably half-

crazed mother, instead of being welcomed home in an hour or two, as he had hoped, by his own loving little wife, without any ugly thrusts from me.

We others reached A—, speedily, and, as mamma had sent the close carriage with abundant robes and wraps for us, I resisted Colonel Phillips's entreaties to be allowed to go home with me, two miles out into the suburbs, and drove off gleefully alone, with my precious baby now fast asleep in my arms.

How sweet mamma and Aunt Fanny looked, as they stood in the shining hall to receive us! How unutterably amazed they looked when no papa appeared, and John handed in, not my hat-box (for, of course, papa had gone off without giving me my check), or anything that was mine, but an old black bag; while I, instead of flying through the door to hug them in my usual tempestuous manner, stepped gingerly out of the carriage and up the steps, an old black and white shawl hugged in my arms, and with unnatural calmness remarked:—

"Mamma, I have had a beautiful time in New York, and I have brought you home a baby!" and then went off into an in-

definite series of giggles and shrieks ;—a not very surprising reaction from my enforced matronhood and excitement during the past few hours.

I spare you explanations and further particulars, only assuring you that never was baby, "borrowed" or otherwise, so brooded and made much of as was mine. The little monkey seemed not at all to miss its mother, and indeed it had as many mothers as it could properly attend to in mamma and Aunt Fanny and me. But I must wind up my story. Before dinner next day, as we were having a grand frolic with Miss Baby, papa marched in triumphantly, with the air of a conqueror and a philanthropist rather than the culprit he was, and accompanying him was not only the sweet-faced little woman in black (and the right woman, for a wonder) but my own wraps and beloved Russia-leather bag!

Mamma says that papa's absent-minded blunders have a way of ending, after all, so satisfactorily as to fail of making any salutary impression on his delinquent mind, and of driving him to mend his ways.

And so it proved in this case, if you will believe it. Mrs. Simms (that was the little woman's name) was really intending to come to G—, only five miles from us, where some connections lived, who she thought might give her shelter till she could find work to support herself and child.

Her husband had died three weeks before in Minnesota, and as soon as she could settle up her small affairs she had started for the East. At the time when papa made his atrocious descent upon her possessions she had been traveling several days and nights without rest, and having laid her baby down on the seat opposite her for its nap had, as father surmised, cried herself to sleep.

Unluckily she slept on after reaching the junction, where she ought to have taken the same train with ourselves and the abducted baby.

She had wakened later to find that she was on the wrong route, and—horror of horrors!—that her baby had mysteriously disappeared.

The conductor was of the humane species, and as soon as he could collect her story from her agonized confusion he had put her in the way of speedy return to the junction, and telegraphed a statement of her case before her. And so it came to pass, after the lapse of two or three terrible hours of resultless search and inquiry, in

which she was aided by kindly officials, that the news of her baby's safety and father's approach reached her.

An aggravation of her case lay in the fact that she had not only lost her baby and her bag, but her purse, containing her ticket and about three dollars (every penny she had in the world), had been filched from her pocket while she slept, or during the frenzy of her search for her baby! So it is well that she had father to care for her during the remainder of her journey.

Now of course it would be in vain for a man who steals bags and babies to resent being suspected of picking pockets: and, to this very day, mamma can always bring papa to terms, whenever he rebels against her gentle, wise guidance, by the simple inquiry, "My dear, are you sure that you haven't Mrs. Simms's pocket-book somewhere about you?"

We had noticed that the baby's clothes, though simple, were made with exquisite nicety, and mamma was delighted to retain Mrs. Simms, baby and all, as seamstress; and here the grateful little soul has remained ever since. Papa obviously quite plumes himself on this acquisition to our household treasures, and frequently goes into the sewing-room to beam complacently upon Mrs. Simms and little Moses, as I named her. At first, as we observed, whenever papa appeared on the scene Mrs. Simms watched him and her baby with vigilantly suspicious eyes, fearing probably a second attack of his singular kleptomania. This apprehension was somewhat justified, it must be confessed, by the fact that when any visitors came to us who had heard the baby-story (and it went far and wide wherever the chief actor was known) papa felt called upon to demonstrate before their incredulous eyes how inevitably—the haste of changing cars amid the maddening noises of Y—, junction being understood—a thoroughly wrapped-up infant *must* be mistaken for a bundle of wraps, and unsuspectingly tucked under the arm and made off with.

For a time, Moses lent herself graciously to this exhibition and saved papa's reputation for sanity again and again. She long ago outgrew her *role*, however; but we still boldly champion her against the infantile world as the soundest of sleepers when sleep is in order, and the sweetest and merriest of wide-awakes. And whatever else poor papa's mind may let slip, he never forgets the claims of our Borrowed Baby.

WORK IN REST.

I.

Ah me, how vast is the boundless space !  
 Ah me, how long is the endless time !  
 How sweet, how holy the psalm sublime  
 That floats, as balm from a crystal vase,  
 From all that is, to the heavenly place.

II.

How sweet, how holy that ceaseless psalm !  
 It melts and sinks through the depths above,  
 Fainting like pulses drowned in love,  
 Dying, like zephyrs in groves of palm,  
 Or the inward flow of the tide's full calm.

III.

How smooth, how calm are those star-sprent planes !  
 How calm are the drifted worlds that stream  
 The ether oceans with foamless gleam !  
 A benediction of calmness reigns  
 Through being's illimitable domains.

IV.

There is no hurry in all the skies ;  
 The fret and flurry of finite years,  
 The heats of spirit, the worry and fears,  
 And the tears that bleed from our human eyes,  
 Are all unknown in those unknown spheres.

V.

So smooth, so still, through the stormless deep,  
 Unchafed by ripple, unrocked by tide,  
 With a patient, tireless, majestic sweep  
 Through the long, bright lapse of their years they glide,  
 And yet their changeless serenity keep.

VI.

There is no heat, no hurry in heaven ;  
 The living creatures, the spirits seven,  
 The prostrate elders who next adore,  
 The millions who chant on the amber shore,  
 Are calmed with rapture for evermore.

VII.

God never hastens. Through all the deeps  
 Of the Goodness infinite, teeming still  
 With ever-creative thought and will,  
 And the patient care all being that keeps,  
 The calm potential and blissful sleeps.

VIII.

For God, the All-worker, works in rest ;  
 Out of His nature creation grows,  
 Out of His being all being flows,

As the rivers from Eden, unrepressed,  
Boundless, exhaustless, beautiful, blest.

## IX.

And deep through the unknown, soundless sea,  
Outward forever, on every side  
The spherul waves of His effluence wide  
Vibrate through shoreless infinity,  
Filled and filling with life as they glide.

## X.

And the vibrant thrill of that boundless Life  
Is the measureless, ceaseless pulse of Love,  
All-blessing, beneath, abroad, above,  
With sumless, blissful beneficence rife,  
Too wise for sorrow, too strong for strife.

## XI.

And up to that Infinite Life and Love  
The endless cry of creation goes ;  
Million-voiced, dumb, at the Heart above  
It knocks, till the answer all worlds o'erflows  
With love that lightens and glory that glows !

## XII.

O, Infinite Energy, born of Repose,  
Repose, of Infinite Energy born,  
Unspent, serene as creation's morn,  
My restless spirit, toiling and worn,  
In the restful might of Thy being inclose.

## XIII.

O Thou, the All-worker, work in me  
Thy patience, purity, power and peace !  
O clear my vision Thy purpose to see,  
Work in me and through me, that I in Thee  
May rest and work, with eternal increase.

## AT HIS GATES.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

## CHAPTER XII.

HELEN had not remarked that postscript to her husband's letter, but Dr. Maurice had done so, to whom it was addressed ; and while she was hiding her head and bearing the first agony of her grief without thought of anything remaining that she might yet have to bear, many things had been going on in the world outside of which Helen knew nothing. Dr. Maurice had been Robert's true friend ; and after that mournful morning a day and night had passed in which he did not know how to take comfort. He

had no way of expressing himself as women have. He could not weep ; it even seemed to him that to close out the cheerful light, as he was tempted to do (for the sight of all that brightness made his heart sick), would have been an ostentation of sorrow, a show of sentiment which he had no right to indulge in. He could not weep, but there was something else he could do ; and that was to sift poor Robert's accusation, if there was any truth in it ; and, if there was, pursue—to he could not tell what end—the murderers of his friend. It is the old savage way ; and



Dr. Maurice set his teeth, and found a certain relief in the thought. He lay down on the sofa in his library, and ordered his servant to close his doors to all the world, and tried to snatch a little sleep after the watch of the previous night. But sleep would not come to him. The library was a large, lofty room, well furnished, and full with books. It was red curtained and carpeted, and the little bit of the wall which was not covered with book-cases was red too, red which looked dark and heavy in the May sunshine, but was very cozy in winter days. The one spot of brightness in the room was a picture of poor Drummond's—a young picture, one of those which he was painting while he courted Helen, the work of youth and love at a time when the talent in him was called promise, and that which it promised was genius. This little picture caught the doctor's eye as he lay on his sofa, resting the weary frame which had known no rest all night. A tear came as he looked at it—a tear which flowed back again to its fountain, not being permitted to fall, but which did him good all the same. "Poor fellow! he never did better than that," Dr. Maurice said to himself with a sigh; and then he closed up his eyes tight, and tried to go to sleep. Half an hour after, when he opened them again, the picture was once more the first thing he saw. "Better!" he said, "he never did so well. And killed by those infernal curs!" The doctor took himself off his sofa after this failure. It was of no use trying to sleep. He gathered his boots from the corner into which he had hurled them, and drew them on again. He thought he would go and have a walk. And then he remarked for the first time that though he had taken his coat off, the rest of his dress was the same as he had put on last night to go out to dinner. When he went to his room to change this, the sight of himself in the glass was a wonder to him. Was that red-eyed, dishevelled man, with glittering studs in his shirt, and a head heavy with watching and grief—was that the trim and irreproachable Dr. Maurice? He gave a grin of horror and fierce mockery at himself, and then sat down in his easy-chair, and hid his face in his hands; and thus, all contorted and doubled up, went to sleep unawares. He was good for nothing that day.

The next morning, before he could go out, Mr. Burton called upon him. He was the man whom Dr. Maurice most wanted to see. Yet he felt himself jump as he was announced, and knew that in spite of himself his counten-

ance had changed. Mr. Burton came in undisturbed in manner or appearance, but with a broad black hatband on his hat—a band which his hatter had assured him was much broader than he had any occasion for—"deep enough for a brother." This gave him a certain air of solemnity, as it came in in front of him. It was "a mark of respect" which Dr. Maurice had not thought of showing; and Maurice, after poor Haldane, was, as it were, Robert's next friend.

"I have come to speak to you about poor Drummond," said Mr. Burton, taking a chair. "What a terrible business this has been! I met with him accidentally that morning—the very day it happened. I do not know when I have had such a shock!"

"You met him on the day he took his life?"

"The day he—died, Dr. Maurice. I am his relative, his wife's nearest friend. Why should we speak so? Let us not be the people to judge him. He died—God knows how. It is in God's hands."

"God knows I don't judge him," said Dr. Maurice; and there was a pause.

"I cannot hear that any one saw him later," said Mr. Burton. "I hear from the servants at St. Mary's Road that he was not there. He talked very wildly, poor fellow. I almost thought—God forgive me!—that he had been drinking. It must have been temporary insanity. It is a kind of consolation to reflect upon that now."

The doctor said nothing. He rustled his papers about, and played impatiently with the pens and paper-cutter on his table. He bore it all until his visitor heaved a demonstrative sigh. That he could not bear.

"If you thought he spoke wildly, you might have looked after him a little," he said. "It was enough to make any man look wild; and you, who knew so well all about it—"

"That is the very thing. I did not know about it. I had been out of town, and had heard nothing. A concern I was so much interested in—by which I am myself a loser—"

"Do you lose much?" said Dr. Maurice, looking him in the face. It was the same question poor Robert had asked, and it produced the same results. An uneasy flush came on the rich man's countenance.

"We City men do not publish our losses," he said. "We prefer to keep the amount of them, when we can, to ourselves. You were in yourself, I believe? Ah! I warned poor Drummond! I told him he knew nothing

of business. He should have taken the advice of men who knew. How strange that an ignorant, inexperienced man, quite unaware what he was doing, should be able to ruin such a vast concern!"

"Ruin such a vast concern!" Dr. Maurice repeated, stupefied. "Who?—Drummond? This is a serious moment and a strangely-chosen subject for a jest. I can't suppose that you take me for a fool——"

"We have all been fools, letting him play with edge tools," said Mr. Burton, almost sharply. "Golden tells me he would never take advice. Golden says——"

"Golden! where is he?" cried Maurice. "The fellow who absconded? By Jove, tell me but where to lay my hands on him——"

"Softly," said Mr. Burton, putting his hand on Maurice's arm, with an air of soothing him which made the doctor's blood boil. "Softly, doctor. He is to be found where he always was, at the office, making the best he can of a terribly bad job, looking fifteen years older, poor fellow. Where are you going? Let me have my ten minutes first!"

"I am going to get hold of him, the swindler!" cried Maurice, ringing the bell furiously. "John, let the brougham be brought round directly. My God! if I was not the most moderate man in existence I should say murderer too. Golden says, forsooth! We shall see what he will say before a jury——"

"My dear Dr. Maurice—listen a little—take care what you are doing. Golden is as honourable a man as you or I——"

"Speak for yourself," said the doctor roughly. "He has absconded—that's the word. It was in the papers yesterday morning; and it was the answer I myself received at the office. Golden, indeed! If you're a friend of Drummond's, you will come with me and give that fellow into custody. This is no time for courtesy now."

"How glad I am I came!" said Mr. Burton. "You have not seen, then, what is in the papers to-day? Dr. Maurice, you must listen to me; this is simply madness. Golden, poor fellow, has been very nearly made the victim of his own unsuspicious character. Don't be impatient, but listen. When I tell you he was simply absent on Tuesday on his own affairs—gone down to the country, as I might have been myself, if not, alas! as I sometimes think, sent out of the way. The news of Shenken's bankruptcy arrived that morning. Well, I don't mean to say Drummond could have helped that; but he seized the opportunity. Heaven knows how sorry I am to suggest such a thing; it has nearly

broken Golden's heart. But these are the facts; what can you make of them? Maurice, listen to me. What did he go and do *that* for? He was still a young man; he had his profession. If he could have faced the world, why did he do *that*?"

Dr. Maurice replied with an oath. I can make no excuse for him. He stood on his own hearth, with his hand clenched, and blasphemed. There are moments in which a man must either do that, or go down upon his knees and appeal to God, who nowadays sends no lightning from heaven to kill the slayer of men's souls where he stands. The doctor saw it all as if by a gleam of that same lightning which he invoked in vain. He saw the spider's web they had woven, the way of escape for themselves which they had built over the body of the man who was dead, and could not say a word in reply. But his friend could not find a word to say. Scorn, rage, stupefaction, came upon him. It was so false, so incredible in its falsity. He could no more have defended Robert from such an accusation than he would have defended himself from the charge of having murdered him. But it would be believed: the world did not know any better. He could not say another word—such a horror and disgust came over him, such a sickening sense of the power of falsehood, the feebleness of manifest, unprovable truth.

"This is not a becoming way in which to treat such a subject," said Mr. Burton, rising too. "No subject could be more painful to me. I feel almost as if, indirectly, I myself was to blame. It was I who introduced him into the concern. I am a busy man, and I have a great deal on my hands, but could I have foreseen what was preparing for Rivers's, my own interest should have gone to the wall. And that he should be my own relation too—my cousin's husband! Ah, poor Helen, what a mistake she made!"

"Have you nearly done, sir?" said the doctor fiercely.

"I shall have done at once, if what I say is received with incivility," said Mr. Burton, with spirit. "It was to prevent any extension of the scandal that I came here."

"There are some occasions upon which civility is impossible," said Maurice. "I happen to know Robert Drummond; which I hope you don't, for your own sake. And, remember, a great many people know him besides me. I mean no incivility when I say that I don't believe one word of this, Mr. Burton; and that is all I have to say about it. Not one word——"

"You mean, I lie!"

"I mean nothing of the sort. I hope you are deceived. I mean that this fellow Golden is an atrocious scoundrel, and *he* lies, if you will. And having said that, I have not another word to say."

Then they both stopped short, looking at each other. A momentary doubt was, perhaps, in Burton's mind what to say next—whether to pursue the subject or to let it drop. But no doubt was in Maurice's. He stood rigid, with his back to the vacant fireplace, retired within himself. "It is very warm," he said; "not favourable weather for walking. Can I set you down anywhere? I see my brougham has come round."

"Thanks," said the other shortly. And then he added, "Dr. Maurice, you have taken things in a manner very different from what I expected. I thought you would take an interest in saving our poor friend's memory as far as we can—"

"I take no interest in it, sir, whatever."

"And the feelings of his widow," said Mr. Burton. "Well, well, very well. Friendship is such a wide word—sometimes meaning so much, sometimes so little. I suppose I must do the best I can for poor Helen by myself, and in my own way."

The obdurate doctor bowed. He held fast by his formula. He had not another word to say.

"In that case I need not trouble you any longer," said Mr. Burton. But when he was on his way to the door he paused and turned round. "She is not likely to be reading the papers just now," he said, "and I hope I may depend on you not to let these unfortunate particulars, or anything about it, come to the ears of Mrs. Drummond. I should like her to be saved that if possible. She will have enough to bear."

"I shall not tell Mrs. Drummond," said the doctor. And then the door opened and closed, and the visitor was gone.

The brougham stood before Dr. Maurice's window for a long time that morning. The old coachman grumbled broiling on the box; the horses grumbled, pawing with restless feet, and switching the flies off with more and more impatient swingings of their tails. John grumbled indoors, who would not "set things straight" until his master was out of the way. But the doctor neglected them all. Not one of all the four, horses or men, would have changed places with him could they have seen him poring over the newspaper, which he had not cared to look at that morning, with the wrinkles drawn together

on his forehead. There was fury in his soul, that indignation beyond words, beyond self-command, with which a man perceives the rise and growth of a wrong which is beyond his setting right—a lie which he can only ineffectively contradict, struggle, or rage against, but cannot drive out of the minds of men. They had it in their own hands to say what they would. Dr. Maurice knew that during all the past winter his friend had been drawn into the work of the bank. He had even cautioned Robert, though in ignorance of the extent of his danger. He had said, "Don't forget that you are unaccustomed to the excitements of business. They will hurt you, though they don't touch the others. It is not your trade." These words came back to his mind with the bitterest sense of that absence of foresight which is common to man. "If I had but known!" he said. And then he remembered, with a bitter smile, his visit to Dr. Bradcliffe, his request to him to see poor Drummond "accidentally," his dread for his friend's brain. This it was which had affected poor Robert, worse than disease, worse than madness; for in madness or disease there would have been no human agency to blame.

The papers, as Burton had said, were full of this exciting story. Outside in the very streets there were great placards up with headings in immense capitals, "*Great Bankruptcy in the City.—Suicide of a Bank Director.*" The absconding of the manager, which had been the news the day before, was thrown into the background by this new fact, which was so much more tragical and important. "The latest information" was given by some in a Second Edition, so widespread was the commotion produced by the catastrophe; and even those of the public who did not care much for Rivers's, cared for the exciting tale, or for the fate of the unhappy professional man who had rashly involved himself in business, and ruined not only himself, but so many more. The story was so dramatically complete that public opinion decided upon it at once. It did not even want the grieved, indignant letter which Mr. Golden, injured man, wrote to the *Times*, begging that the report against him should be contradicted. This letter was printed in large type, and its tone was admirable. "I will not prejudge any man, more especially one whose premature end has thrown a cloud of horror over the unfortunate business transactions of the bank with which I have had the honour of being connected for fifteen years," Mr. Golden wrote, "but I cannot permit my temporary, innocent, and

much-regretted absence to be construed into an evidence that I had deserted my post. With the help of Providence, I will never desert it, so long as I can entertain the hope of saving from the wreck a shilling of the shareholders' money." It was a very good letter, very creditable to Mr. Golden; and everybody had read it, and accepted it as gospel, before Dr. Maurice got his hand upon it. In the *Daily Semaphore*, which the doctor did not see, there was already an article on the subject, very eloquent and slightly discursive, insisting strongly upon the wickedness and folly of men who without capital, or even knowledge of business, thus ventured to play with the very existence of thousands of people. "Could the unfortunate man who has hidden his shame in a watery grave look up this morning from that turbid bed and see the many homes which he has filled with desolation, who can doubt that the worst and deepest hell fabled by the great Italian poet would lose something of its intensity in comparison?—the ineffectual fires would pale; a deeper and a more terrible doom would be that of looking on at all the misery—all the ruined households and broken hearts which cry out to-day over all England for justice on their destroyer." Fortunately Dr. Maurice did not read this article; but he did read the *Times* and its editorial comments. "There can be little doubt," that journal said, "that the accidental absence of Mr. Golden, the manager, whose letter explaining all the circumstances will be found in another column, determined Drummond to his final movement. It left him time to secure the falsified books, and remove all evidence of his guilt. It is not for us to explain by what caprice of despair, after taking all this trouble, the unhappy man should have been driven to self-destruction. The workings of a mind in such an unnatural condition are too mysterious to be discussed here. Perhaps he felt that when all was done, death was the only complete exemption from those penalties which follow the evil-doer on this earth. We can only record the fact; we cannot explain the cause. The manager and the remaining directors, hastily summoned to meet the emergency, have been labouring ever since, we understand, with the help of a well-known accountant, to make up the accounts of the company, as well as that can be done in the absence of the books which there is every reason to suppose were abstracted by Drummond before he left the office. It has been suggested that the river should be dragged for them as well as for the body of the unhappy man, which up to this

time has not been recovered. But we doubt much whether, even should such a work be successful, the books would be legible after an immersion even of two or three days. We believe that no one, even the persons most concerned, are yet able to form an estimate of the number of persons to whom this lamentable occurrence will be ruin."

Dr. Maurice put down the paper with a gleam in his face of that awful and heartrending rage which indignation is apt to rise into when it feels itself most impotent. What could he do to stop such a slander? He could contradict it; he could say, "I know Robert Drummond; he was utterly incapable of this baseness." Alas! who was he that the world should take his word for it? He might bring a counter charge against Golden; he might accuse him of abstracting the books, and being the author of all the mischief; but what proof had he to substantiate his accusation? He had no evidence—not a hair's-breadth. He could not prove, though he believed, that this was all a scheme suggested to the plotters, if there were more than one, or to Golden himself, if he were alone in his villany, by the unlooked-for chance of Drummond's suicide. This was what he believed. All the more for the horrible *vraisemblance* of the story, could he see the steps by which it had been put together. Golden had absconded, taking with him everything that was damning in the way of books. He had lain hidden somewhere near at hand waiting an opportunity to get away. He had heard of poor Drummond's death, and an opportunity of a different kind, a devilish yet brilliantly successful way of escape, had suddenly appeared for him. All this burst upon Dr. Maurice as by a revelation while he sat with those papers before him gnawing his nails and clutching the leading journal as if it had been Golden's throat. He saw it all. It came out before him like a design in phosphorus, twinkling and glowing through the darkness. He was sure of it; but—what to do?

This man had a touch in him of the antique friendship—the bond for which men have encountered all odds and dared death, and been happy in their sacrifice. But even disinterestedness, even devotion do not give a man the mental power to meet such foes, or to frame a plan by which to bring them to confusion. He grew himself confused with the thought. He could not make out what to do first—how he should begin. He had forgotten how the hours went—what time of the day it was while he pondered these sub-



jects. The fire in his veins, instead of acting as a simple stimulant, acted upon him like intoxication. His brain reeled under the pressure. "Will you have lunch, sir, before you go out?" said John, with restrained wrath, but a pretence of stateliness. "Lunch!—how dare you come into my room, sir, before I ring!" cried his master, waking up and looking at him with what seemed to John murderous eyes. And then he sprang up, tore the papers into little pieces, crammed them into the fire-place, and, seizing his hat, rushed out to the carriage. The coachman was nodding softly on the box. The heat, and the stillness, and the monotony had triumphed even over the propriety of a man who knew all London, he was fond of saying, as well as he knew his own hands. The coachman almost dropped from his box when Maurice, throwing the door of the little carriage open, startled him suddenly from his slumber. The horses, which were half asleep too, woke also with much jarring of harness and prancing of hoof and head.

"To the *Times* office," was what the doctor said. He could not go and clutch that villain by the throat, though that might be the best way. It was another kind of lion which he was about to beard in his den.

#### CHAPTER XIII.

NONE of the persons chiefly concerned in this history, except himself, knew as yet whether Reginald Burton was good or bad. But one thing is certain, that there were good intentions in his mind when he startled Dr. Maurice with this extraordinary tale. He had a very busy morning, driving from place to place in his hansom, giving up so many hours of his day without much complaint. He had expected Maurice to know what the papers would have told him, had he been less overwhelmed with the event itself of which they gave so strange a version, and he had intended to have a friendly consultation with him about Mrs. Drummond's means of living, and what was to be done for her. Something must be done for her, there was no doubt about that. She could not be allowed to starve. She was his own cousin, once Helen Burton; and, no doubt, by this time she had found out her great mistake. It must not be supposed that this thought brought with it any lingering fondness of recollection, any touch of the old love with which he himself had once looked upon her. It would have been highly improper had it done anything of the kind. He had a Mrs. Burton of his own, who of course possessed

his entire affections, and he was not a man to indulge in any illegitimate emotion. But still he had been thinking much of Helen since this bewildering event occurred. It was an event which had taken him quite by surprise. He did not understand it. He felt that he himself could never be in such despair, could never take "a step so rash"—the only step a man could take which left no room for repentance. It had been providential, no doubt, for some things. But Helen had been in his mind since ever he had time to think. There was a little glitter in his eye, a little complacent curl about the corners of his mouth, as he thought of her, and her destitute condition, and her helplessness. What a mistake she had made! She had chosen a wretched painter, without a penny, instead of himself. And this was what it had come to. Now at least she must have found out what a fool she had been. But yet he intended to be good to her in his way. He vowed to himself, with perhaps some secret compunction in the depths of his heart, that if she would let him he would be very good to her. Nor was Helen the only person to whom he intended to be good. He went to the Haldanes as well, with kindest sympathy and offers of help. "Perhaps you may think I was to blame in recommending such an investment of your money?" he said to Stephen, with that blunt honesty which charms so many people. "But my first thought was of you when I heard of the crash. I wish I had bitten my tongue out sooner than recommended it. The first people who came into my head were my cousin Helen and you."

Dismay and trouble were in the Haldanes' little house. They had not recovered from the shock. They were like three ghosts—each endeavouring to hide the blackness from each other which had fallen upon their souls. Miss Jane and her mother, however, had begun to get a little relief in talking over the great misery which had fallen upon them. They had filled the room with newspapers, in which they devoured every scrap of news which bore on that one subject. They sat apart in a corner and read them to each other, while Stephen closed his poor sad eyes and withdrew into himself. It was the only retirement he had, his only way of escape from the monotonous details of their family life, and the constant presence of his nurses and attendants. This man had such attendants—unwearying, uncomplaining, always ready whatever he wanted, giving up their lives to his service—as few men have; and yet there



were moments when he would have given the world to be free of them,—now and then, for half an hour, to be able to be alone. He had been sitting thus in his oratory, his place of retirement, having shut his doors, and gone into his chamber by that single action of closing his eyes, when Mr. Burton came in. The women had been reading those papers to him till he had called to them to stop. They had made his heart sore, as our hearts are being made sore now by tales of wrong and misery which we cannot help, cannot stop, can do nothing but weep for, or listen to with hearts that burn and bleed. Stephen Haldane's heart was so—it was sore, quivering with the stroke it had sustained, feeling as if it would burst out of his breast. People say that much invoked and described organ is good only for tough physical uses, and knows no sentiment; but surely such people have never had a *sore heart*.

Poor Stephen's heart was sore: he could feel the great wound in it through which the life-blood stole. Yesterday he had been stupefied. To-day he had begun to wonder why, if a sacrifice was needed, it should not have been him? He who was good for nothing, a burden on the earth; and not Robert, the kindest, truest— God bless him! yes, God bless him down yonder at the bottom of the river, down with Dives in a deeper depth if that might be—anywhere, everywhere, even in hell or purgatory, God bless him! this was what his friend said, not afraid. And the women in the corner, in the meanwhile, read all the details, every one—about the dragging of the river, about the missing books, about Mr. Golden, who had been so wronged. Mrs. Haldane believed it every word, having a dread of human nature and a great confidence in the newspapers; but Miss Jane was tormented with an independent opinion, and hesitated and could not believe. It had almost distracted their attention from the fact which there could be no question about, which all knew for certain—their own ruin. Rivers's had stopped payment, whoever was in fault, and everything this family had—their capital, their income, everything was gone. It had stunned them all the first day, but now they were beginning to call together their forces and live again; and when Mr. Burton made the little sympathetic speech above recorded it went to their hearts.

"I am sure it is very kind, very kind of you to say so," said Mrs. Haldane. "We never thought of blaming—you."

"I don't go so far as that," said Miss Jane. "I always speak my mind. I blame every-

body, mother; one for one thing, one for another. There is nobody that has taken thought for Stephen, not one. Stephen ought to have been considered, and that he was not able to move about and see to things for himself like other men."

"It is very true, it is very true!" said Mr. Burton, sighing. He shook his head, and he made a little movement of his hand, as if deprecating blame. He held up his hat with the mourning band upon it, and looked as if he might have wept. "When you consider all that has happened," he said in a low tone of apology. "Some who have been in fault have paid for it dearly, at least——"

It was Stephen's voice which broke in upon this apology, in a tone as different as could be imagined—high-pitched, almost harsh. When he was the popular minister of Ormond Street Chapel it was one of the standing remarks made by his people to strangers, "Has not he a beautiful voice?" But at this moment all the tunefulness and softness had gone out of it. "Mr. Burton," he said, "what do you mean to do to vindicate Drummond? It seems to me that *that* comes first."

"To vindicate Drummond!" Mr. Burton looked up with a sudden start, and then he added hurriedly, with an impetuosity which secured the two women to his side, "Haldane, you are too good for this world. Don't let us speak of Drummond. I will forgive him—if I can."

"How much have you to forgive him?" said the preacher. Once more, how much? By this time Mr. Burton felt that he had a right to be angry with the question.

"How much?" he said; "really I don't feel it necessary to go into my own business affairs with everybody who has a curiosity to know. I am willing to allow that my losses are as nothing to yours. Pray don't let us go into this question, for I don't want to lose my temper. I came to offer any assistance that was in my power—to you."

"Oh, Mr. Burton, Stephen is infatuated about that miserable man," said the mother; "he cannot see harm in him; and even now, when he has taken his own life and proved himself to be——"

"Stephen has a right to stand up for his friend," said Miss Jane. "If I had time I would stand up for him too; but Stephen's comfort has to be thought of first. Mr. Burton, the best assistance you could give us would be to get me something to do. I can't be a governess, and needlework does not pay; neither does teaching, for that matter, even

if I could do it. I am a good housekeeper, though I say it. I can keep accounts with anybody. I am not a bad cook even. And I'm past forty, and never was pretty in my life, so that I don't see it matters whether I am a woman or a man. I don't care what I do or where I go, so long as I can earn some money. Can you help me to that? Don't groan, Stephen; do you think I mind it? and don't you smile, Mr. Burton. I am in earnest for my part."

Stephen had groaned in his helplessness. Mr. Burton smiled in his superiority, in his amused politeness of contempt for the plain woman past forty. "We can't let you say that," he answered jocosely, with a look at her which reminded Miss Jane that she was a woman after all, and filled her with suppressed fury. But what did such covert insult matter? It did not harm her; and the man who sneered at her homeliness might help her to work for her brother, which was the actual matter in hand.

"It is very difficult to know of such situations for ladies," said Mr. Burton, "if anything should turn up, of course—but I fear it would not do to depend upon that."

"Stephen has his pension from the chapel," said Miss Jane. She was not delicate about these items, but stated her case loudly and plainly, without even considering what Stephen's feelings might be. "It was to last for five years, and nearly three of them are gone; and he has fifty pounds a year for the Magazine—that is not much, Mr. Burton, for all the trouble; they might increase that. And mother and I are trying to let the house furnished, which would always be something. We could remove into lodgings, and if nothing more is to be got, of course we must do upon what we have."

Here Mr. Burton cast a look upon the invalid who was surrounded by so many contrivances of comfort. It was a compassionate glance, but it stung poor Stephen. "Don't think of me," he said hoarsely; "my wants, though I look such a burden upon everybody, are not many after all. Don't think of me."

"We could do with what we have," Miss Jane went on—she was so practical, she rode over her brother's susceptibilities and ignored them, which perhaps was the best thing that could have been done—"if you could help us with a tenant for our house, Mr. Burton, or get the Magazine committee to give him a little more than fifty pounds. The work it is! what with writing—and I am sure he writes half of it himself—and reading those odious manuscripts which ruin

his eyes, and correcting proofs, and all that. It is a shame that he has only fifty pounds—"

"But he need not take so much trouble unless he likes, Jane," said Mrs. Haldane, shaking her head. "I liked it as it was."

"Never mind, mother; Stephen knows best, and it is him that we have got to consider. Now, Mr. Burton, here is what you can do for us—I should not have asked anything, but since you have offered, I suppose you mean it—something for me to do, or some one to take the house, or a little more money for the Magazine. Then we could do. I don't like anything that is vague. I suppose you prefer that I should tell you plain?"

"To be sure," said Mr. Burton; and he smiled, looking at her with that mixture of contemptuous amusement and dislike with which a plain middle-aged woman so often inspires a vulgar-minded man. That the women who want to work are always old hags, was one of the articles of his creed; and here was an illustration. Miss Jane troubled herself very little about his amusement or his contempt. She did not much believe in his good-will. But if he did mean it, why, it was best to take advantage of his offer. This was her practical view of the subject. Mr. Burton turned from her to Stephen, who had taken no part in the talk. Necessity had taught to the sick man its stern philosophy. He had to listen to such discussions twenty times in a day, and he had steeled his heart to hear them, and make no sign.

"What would you say to life in the country?" he said. "The little help I came to offer in these sad circumstances is not in any of the ways Miss Jane suggests. I don't know anybody that wants to take just this kind of house;" and he glanced round at it with a smile. He to know a possible tenant for such a nutshell! "And I don't know any situation that would suit your sister, though I am sure she would be invaluable. My father-in-law is the man to speak about the Magazine business. Possibly he could manage that. But what I would offer you if you like, would be a lodging in the country. I have a house down at Dura, which is of no use to me. There is good air and a garden, and all that. You are as welcome as possible if you like to come."

"A house in the country," said Mrs. Haldane. "Oh my boy! Oh, Mr. Burton! he might get well there."

Poor soul! it was her delusion that Stephen was to get well. She took up this new hope

with eyes which, old as they were, flashed out with brightness and consolation. "What will all our losses matter if Stephen gets well?" she went on beginning to cry. And Miss Jane rose up hastily, and went away with a tremulous harshness, shutting her lips up tight, to the other side of the room, to get her work, which she had been neglecting. Miss Jane was like a man in this, that she could not bear tears. She set her face against them, holding herself in, lest she too might have been tempted to join. Of all the subjects of discussion in this world, Stephen's recovery was the only one she could not bear; for she loved her brother like a poet, like a starved and frozen woman who has had but one love in her life.

The old mother was more manageable to Mr. Burton's mind than Miss Jane. Her tears and gratitude restored him to what he felt was his proper place,—that of a benefactor and guardian angel. He sat for half an hour longer, and told Mrs. Haldane all about the favour he was willing to confer. "It is close to the gates of my own house, but you must not think that will be an annoyance to us," he said. "On the contrary, I don't mean to tell my father-in-law till he sees you there. It will be a pleasant surprise for him. He has always taken so much interest in Haldane. Don't say anything, I beg. I am very glad you should have it, and I hope it will make you feel this dreadful calamity less. Ah yes; it is wretched for us; but what must it be for my poor cousin? I am going to see her now."

"I don't know her," said Mrs. Haldane. "She has called at the door to ask for Stephen, very regular. That I suppose was because of the friendship between—but I have only seen her once or twice on a formal call. If all is true that I hear, she will take it hard, being a proud woman. Oh! pride's sinful at the best of times; but in a time like this—"

"Mother!"

"Yes, Stephen, I know; and I am sure I would not for the world say a word against friends of yours; but—"

"I must go now," said Mr. Burton, rising. "Good-bye, Haldane. I will write to you about the house, and when you can come in. On second thoughts, I will not prevent you from mentioning it to Mr. Baldwin, if you please. He is sure to ask what you are going to do, and he will be glad to know."

He went out from Victoria Villas pleased with himself. He had been very good to these people, who really were nothing to

him. He was not even a Dissenter, but a staunch Churchman, and had no sympathy for the sick minister. What was his motive, then? But it was his wife who made it her business to investigate his motives, and we may wait for the result of her examination. All this was easy enough. The kindness he had offered was one which would cost him little, and he had not suffered in this interview as he had done in that which preceded it. But now he had occasion for all his strength; now came the tug of war, the real strain. He was going to see Helen. She had been but three days a widow, and no doubt would be in the depth of that darkness which is the recognised accompaniment of grief. Would she see him? Could she have seen the papers, or heard any echo of their news? On this point he was nervous. Before he went to St. Mary's Road, though it was close at hand, he went to the nearest hotel, and had a glass of wine and a biscuit. For such a visit he required all his strength.

But these precautions were unnecessary. The shutters were all closed in St. Mary's Road. The lilacs were waving their plummy fragrant branches over a door which no one entered. Mrs. Drummond was at home, but saw no one. Even when the maid carried his message to her, the answer was that she could see no one, that she was quite well, and required nothing. "Not even the clergy man, sir," said the maid. "He's been, but she would not see him. She is as white as my apron, and her poor hands you could see the light through 'em. We all think as she'll die too."

"Does she read the papers?" said Mr. Burton anxiously. He was relieved when the woman said "No." He gave her half-a-crown, and bade her admit none to the house till he came again. Rebecca promised and curtsied, and went back to the kitchen to finish reading that article in the *Daily Semaphore*. The fact that it was "master" who was there called "this unfortunate man" and "this unhappy wretch," gave the strongest zest to it. "La! to think he could have had all that on his mind," they said to each other. George was the only one who considered it might be "a made-up story," and he was believed to say so more from "contrariness," and a desire to set up for superior wisdom, than because he had any real doubt on the subject. "A person may say a thing, but I never heard of one yet as would go for to put it in print, if it wasn't true," was Rebecca's comment. "I'm sorry for poor master, all the same," said Jane the house-

maid, who was tender-hearted, and who had put on an old black gown of her own accord. The servants were not to get mourning, which was something unheard of; and they had all received notice, and, as soon as Mrs. Drummond was able to move, were to go away.

For that matter, Helen was able to move then—able to go to the end of the earth, as she felt with a certain horror of herself. It is so natural to suppose that physical weakness should come in the train of grief; but often it does not, and the elastic delicate strength of Helen's frame resisted all the influences of her sorrow. She scarcely eat at all; she slept little; the world had grown to her one great sea of darkness and pain and desolation: and yet she could not lie down and die as she had thought she would, but felt such a current of feverish energy in all her veins as she had never felt before. She could have done anything—laboured, travelled, worked with her hands, fought even, not like a man, but like twenty men. She was conscious of this, and it grieved and horrified her. She felt as a woman brought up in conventional proprieties would naturally feel, that her health ought to have been affected, that her strength should have failed her. But it had not done so. Her grief inflamed her rather, and set her heart on fire. Even now, in these early days, when custom

decreed that she ought to be incapable of exertion, "keeping her bed," she felt herself in possession of a very flood of energy and excited strength. She was miserable, but she was not weak. She shut herself up in the darkened house all day, but half the night would walk about in her garden, in her despair, trying to tame down the wild life which had come with calamity. Poor little Norah crept about everywhere after her, and lay watching with great wide-open eyes, through the silvery half-darkness of the summer night, till she should come to bed. But Norah was not old enough to understand her mother, and was herself half frightened by this extraordinary change in her, which affected the child's imagination more than the simple disappearance of her father did, though she wept and longed for him with a dreary sense that unless he came back, life never could be as of old, and that he would never, never come back. But all the day long Mrs. Drummond sat in her darkened room, and "was not able to see any one." She endured the vigil, and would have done so, if she had died of it. That was what was called "proper respect:" it was the conventional necessity of the moment. Mr. Burton called again and again, but it was more than a fortnight before he was admitted. And in the meantime he too had certain preparations to go through.

(To be continued.)

## BACK-LOG STUDIES.—V.

### I.

—THE King sat in the winter-house in the ninth month, and there was a fire on the hearth burning before him. . . . When Jehudi had read three or four leaves he cut it with the penknife.

That seems to be a pleasant and home-like picture from a not very remote period—less than twenty-five hundred years ago, and many centuries after the fall of Troy. And that was not so very long ago, for Thebes, in the splendid streets of which Homer wandered and sang to the kings when Memphis, whose ruins are older than history, was its younger rival, was twelve centuries old when Paris ran away with Helen.

I am sorry that the original—and you can usually do anything with the "original"—does not bear me out in saying that it was a pleasant picture. I should like to believe

that Jehoiakim—for that was the singular name of the gentleman who sat by his hearthstone—had just received the *Memphis Palimpsest*, fifteen days in advance of the date of its publication, and that his secretary was reading to him that monthly, and cutting its leaves as he read. I should like to have seen it in that year when Thales was learning astronomy in Memphis, and Necho was organizing his campaign against Carchemish. If Jehoiakim took the *Attic Quarterly*, he might have read its comments on the banishment of the Alcmaeonidae, and its gibes at Solon for his prohibitory laws, forbidding the sale of unguents, limiting the luxury of dress, and interfering with the sacred rights of mourners to passionately bewail the dead in the Asiatic manner; the same number being enriched with contributions from two rising poets—a

lyric of love by Sappho, and an ode sent by Anacreon from Teos, with an editorial note explaining that the *MAGA* was not responsible for the sentiments of the poem.

But, in fact, the gentleman who sat before the back-log in his winter-house had other things to think of. For Nebuchadnezzar was coming that way with the chariots and horses of Babylon and a great crowd of marauders; and the king had not even the poor choice whether he would be the vassal of the Chaldean or the Egyptian. To us, this is only a ghostly show of monarchs and conquerors stalking across vast historic spaces. It was no doubt a vulgar enough scene of war and plunder. The great captains of that age went about to harry each other's territories and spoil each other's cities very much as we do now-a-days, and for similar reasons:—Napoleon the Great in Moscow, Napoleon the Small in Italy, Kaiser William in Paris, Great Scott in Mexico! Men have not changed much.

—The Fire-Tender sat in his winter-garden in the third month; there was a fire on the hearth burning before him. He cut the leaves of *SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY* with his penknife, and thought of Jehoiakim.

That seems as real as the other. In the Garden, which is a room of the house, the tall callas, rooted in the ground, stand about the fountain; the sun streaming through the glass illumines the many-hued flowers. I wonder what Jehoiakim did with the mealy-bug on his passion-vine, and if he had any way of removing the scale-bug from his African acacia? One would like to know, too, how he treated the red-spider on the *Le Marque* rose? The record is silent. I do not doubt he had all these insects in his winter-garden, and the aphidæ besides; and he could not smoke them out with tobacco, for the world had not yet fallen into its second stage of the knowledge of good and evil, by eating the forbidden tobacco-plant.

I confess that this little picture of a fire on the hearth so many centuries ago helps to make real and interesting to me that somewhat misty past. No doubt the lotus and the acanthus from the Nile grew in that winter-house, and perhaps Jehoiakim attempted—the most difficult thing in the world—the cultivation of the wild flowers from Lebanon. Perhaps Jehoiakim was interested also, as I am through this ancient fire-place,—which is a sort of domestic window into the ancient world,—in the loves of Bernice and Abaces at the court of the Pharaohs. I see that it is the same thing as the sentiment—perhaps

it is the shrinking which every soul that is a soul has, sooner or later, from isolation—which grew up between Herbert and The Young Lady Staying With Us. Jeremiah used to come in to *that* fire-side very much as The Parson does to ours. The Parson, to be sure, never prophecies, but he grumbles, and is the chorus in the play that sings the everlasting *ai ai* of "I told you so!" Yet we like the Parson. He is the sprig of bitter herb that makes the pottage wholesome. I should rather, ten times over, dispense with the flatterers and the smooth-sayers than the grumblers. But the grumblers are of two sorts—the healthful-toned and the whiners. There are makers of beer who substitute for the clean bitter of the hops some deleterious drug, and then seek to hide the fraud by some cloying sweet. There is nothing of this sickish drug in the Parson's talk, nor was there in that of Jeremiah. I sometimes think there is scarcely enough of this wholesome tonic in modern society. The Parson says he never would give a child sugar-coated pills. Mandeville says he never would give them any. After all, you cannot help liking Mandeville.

## II.

We were talking of this late news from Jerusalem. The Fire-Tender was saying that it is astonishing how much is telegraphed us from the East, that is not half so interesting. He was at a loss to philosophically account for the fact that the world is so eager to know the news of yesterday which is unimportant, and so indifferent to that of the day before which is of some moment.

MANDEVILLE. I suspect that it arises from the want of imagination. People need to touch the facts, and nearness in time is contiguity. It would excite no interest to bulletin the last siege of Jerusalem in a village where the event was unknown, if the date was appended; and yet the account of it is incomparably more exciting than that of the siege of Metz.

OUR NEXT DOOR. The daily news is a necessity. I cannot get along without my morning paper. The other morning I took it up, and was absorbed in the telegraphic columns for an hour nearly. I thoroughly enjoyed the feeling of immediate contact with all the world of yesterday, until I read among the minor items that Patrick Donahue, of the city of New York, died of a sunstroke. If he had frozen to death I should have enjoyed that; but to die of sunstroke in February seemed inappropriate, and I turned



to the date of the paper. When I found it was printed in July, I need not say that I lost all interest in it, though why the trivialities and crimes and accidents, relating to people I never knew, were not as good six months after date as twelve hours, I cannot say.

THE FIRE-TENDER. You know that in Concord the latest news, except a remark or two by Thoreau or Emerson, is the Vedas. I believe the Rig-Veda is read at the breakfast table instead of the Boston journals.

THE PARSON. I know it is read afterward instead of the Bible.

MANDEVILLE. That is only because it is supposed to be older. I have understood that the Bible is very well spoken of there, but it is not antiquated enough to be an authority.

OUR NEXT DOOR. There was a project on foot to put it into the circulating library, but the title New in the second part was considered objectionable.

HERBERT. Well, I have a good deal of sympathy with Concord as to the news. We are fed on a daily diet of trivial events and gossip, of the unfruitful sayings of thoughtless men and women, until our mental digestion is seriously impaired; the day will come when no one will be able to sit down to a thoughtful, well-wrought book and assimilate its contents.

THE MISTRESS. I doubt if a daily newspaper is a necessity, in the higher sense of the word.

THE PARSON. Nobody supposes it is to women—that is, if they can see each other.

THE MISTRESS. Don't interrupt, unless you have something to say; though I should like to know how much gossip there is afloat that the minister does not know. The newspaper may be needed in society, but how quickly it drops out of mind when one goes beyond the bounds of what is called civilization. You remember when we were in the depths of the woods last summer how difficult it was to get up any interest in the files of late papers that reached us, and how unreal all the struggle and turmoil of the world seemed. We stood apart, and could estimate things at their true value.

THE YOUNG LADY. Yes, that was real life. I never tired of the guide's stories; there was some interest in the intelligence that a deer had been down to eat the lily-pads at the foot of the lake the night before; that a bear's track was seen on the trail we crossed that day; even Mandeville's fish stories had a certain air of probability; and

how to roast a trout in the ashes and serve him hot, and juicy, and clean, and how to cook soup and prepare coffee and heat dish-water in one tin-pail were vital problems.

THE PARSON. You would have had no such problems at home. Why will people go so far to put themselves to such inconvenience? I hate the woods. Isolation breeds conceit; there are no people so conceited as those who dwell in remote wildernesses and live mostly alone.

THE YOUNG LADY. For my part, I feel humble in the presence of mountains, and in the vast stretches of the wilderness.

THE PARSON. I'll be bound a woman would feel just as nobody would expect her to feel, under given circumstances.

MANDEVILLE. I think the reason why the newspaper and the world it carries take no hold of us in the wilderness is that we become a kind of vegetable ourselves when we go there. I have often attempted to improve my mind in the woods with good, solid books. You might as well offer a bunch of celery to an oyster. The mind goes to sleep: the senses and the instincts wake up. The best I can do when it rains, or the trout won't bite, is to read Dumas' novels. Their ingenuity will almost keep a man awake after supper, by the camp-fire. And there is a kind of unity about them that I like; the history is as good as the morality.

OUR NEXT DOOR. I always wondered where Mandeville got his historical facts.

THE MISTRESS. Mandeville misrepresents himself in the woods. I heard him one night repeat "The Vision of Sir Launfal—"

(THE FIRE-TENDER. Which comes very near being our best poem.)

as we were crossing the lake, and the guides became so absorbed in it that they forgot to paddle, and sat listening with open mouths, as if it had been a panther story.

THE PARSON. Mandeville likes to show off well enough. I heard that he related to a woods' boy up there the whole of the Siege of Troy. The boy was very much interested and said "there 'd been a man up there that spring from Troy, looking up timber." Mandeville always carries the news when he goes into the country.

MANDEVILLE. I'm going to take the Parson's sermon on Jonah next summer; it's the nearest to anything like news we've had from his pulpit in ten years. But, seriously, the boy was very well informed. He'd heard of Albany; his father took in the *Weekly Tri-bune*, and he had a partial conception of Horace Greeley.

OUR NEXT DOOR. I never went so far out of the world in America yet that the name of Horace Greeley didn't rise up before me. One of the first questions asked by one camp-fire is, "Did ye ever see Horace?"

HERBERT. Which shows the power of the press again. But I have often remarked how little real conception of the moving world, as it is, people in remote regions get from the newspaper. It needs to be read in the midst of events. A chip cast ashore in a reluctant eddy tells no tale of the force and swiftness of the current.

OUR NEXT DOOR. I don't exactly get the drift of that last remark; but I rather like a remark that I can't understand; like the landlady's indigestible bread, it stays by you.

HERBERT. I see that I must talk in words of one syllable. The newspaper has little effect upon the remote country mind, because the remote country mind is interested in a very limited number of things. Besides, as the Parson says, it is conceited. The most accomplished scholar will be the butt of all the guides in the woods, because he cannot follow a trail that would puzzle a sable (sable the trappers call it).

THE PARSON. It's enough to read the summer letters that people write to the newspapers from the country and the woods. Isolated from the activity of the world, they come to think that the little adventures of their stupid days and nights are important. Talk about that being real life! Compare the letters such people write with the other contents of the newspaper, and you will see which life is real. That's one reason I hate to have summer come, the country letters set in.

THE MISTRESS. I should like to see something the Parson doesn't hate to have come.

MANDEVILLE. Except his quarter's salary, and the meeting of the American Board.

THE FIRE-TENDER. I don't see that we are getting any nearer the solution of the original question. The world is evidently interested in events simply because they are recent.

OUR NEXT DOOR. I have a theory that a newspaper might be published at little cost, merely by reprinting the numbers of years before, only altering the dates; just as the Parson preaches over his sermons.

THE FIRE-TENDER. It's evident we must have a higher order of news-gatherers. It has come to this, that the newspaper furnishes thought-material for all the world, actually

prescribes from day to day the themes the world shall think on and talk about. The occupation of news-gathering becomes therefore the most important. When you think of it, it is astonishing that this department should not be in the hands of the ablest men, accomplished scholars, philosophical observers, discriminating selectors of the news of the world that is worth thinking over and talking about. The editorial comments frequently are able enough, but is it worth while keeping an expensive mill going to grind chaff? I sometimes wonder, as I open my morning paper, if nothing did happen in the twenty-four hours except crimes, accidents, defalcations, deaths of unknown loafers, robberies, monstrous births—say about the level of police-court news.

OUR NEXT DOOR. I have even noticed that murders have deteriorated; they are not so high-toned and mysterious as they used to be.

THE FIRE-TENDER. It is true that the newspapers have improved vastly within the last decade.

HERBERT. I think for one that they are very much above the level of the ordinary gossip of the country.

THE FIRE-TENDER. But I am tired of having the under-world still occupy so much room in the newspapers. The reporters are rather more alert for a dog-fight than a philosophical convention. It must be that the good deeds of the world outnumber the bad in any given day; and what a good reflex action it would have on society if they could be more fully reported than the bad. I suppose the Parson would call this the Enthusiasm of Humanity.

THE PARSON. You'll see how far you can lift yourself up by your boot-straps.

HERBERT. I wonder what influence on the quality (I say nothing of quantity) of news the coming of women into the reporter's and editor's work will have.

OUR NEXT DOOR. There are the baby-shows; they make cheerful reading.

THE MISTRESS. All of them got up by speculating men, who impose upon the vanity of weak women.

HERBERT. I think women-reporters are more given to personal details and gossip than the men. When I read the Washington correspondence I am proud of my country, to see how many Apollo Belvideres, Adonises, how much marble brow, and piercing eye and hyacinthine locks we have in the two houses of Congress.

THE YOUNG LADY. That's simply because

women understand the personal weakness of men; they have a long score of personal flattery to pay off too.

MANDEVILLE. I think women will bring in elements of brightness, picturesqueness, and purity very much needed. Women have a power of investing simple ordinary things with a charm; men are bungling narrators compared with them.

THE PARSON. The mistake they make is in trying to write, and especially to "stump-speak," like men; next to an effeminate man there is nothing so disagreeable as a mannish woman.

HERBERT. I heard one once address a legislative committee. The knowing air, the familiar, jocular, smart manner, the nodding and winking innuendoes, supposed to be those of a man "up to snuff," and *au fait* in political wiles, were inexpressibly comical. And yet the exhibition was pathetic, for it had the suggestive vulgarity of a woman in man's clothes. The imitation is always a dreary failure.

THE MISTRESS. Such women are the rare exceptions. I am ready to defend my sex; but I won't attempt to defend both sexes in one.

THE FIRE-TENDER. I have great hope that women will bring into the newspaper an elevating influence; the common and sweet life of society is much better fitted to entertain and instruct us than the exceptional and extravagant. I confess (saving the mistress's presence) that the evening talk over the dessert at dinner is much more entertaining and piquant than the morning paper, and often as important.

THE MISTRESS. I think the subject had better be changed.

MANDEVILLE. The person, not the subject. There is no entertainment so full of quiet pleasure as the hearing a lady of cultivation and refinement relate her day's experience in her daily rounds of calls, charitable visits, shopping, errands of relief and condolence. The evening budget is better than the finance minister's.

OUR NEXT DOOR. That's even so. My wife will pick up more news in six hours than I can get in a week, and I'm fond of news.

MANDEVILLE. I don't mean gossip, by any means, or scandal. A woman of culture skims over that like a bird, never touching it with the tip of a wing. What she brings home is the freshness and brightness of life. She touches everything so daintily, she hits off a character in a sentence, she gives the pith of a dialogue without tediousness, she

mimics without vulgarity; her narration sparkles, but it doesn't sting. The picture of her day is full of vivacity, and it gives new value and freshness to common things. If we could only have on the stage such actresses as we have in the drawing-room.

THE FIRE-TENDER. We want something more of this grace, sprightliness, and harmless play of the finer life of society in the newspaper.

OUR NEXT DOOR. I wonder Mandeville doesn't marry, and become a permanent subscriber to his embodied idea of a newspaper.

THE YOUNG LADY. Perhaps he does not relish the idea of being unable to stop his subscription.

OUR NEXT DOOR. Parson, won't you please punch that fire, and give us more blaze; we are getting into the darkness of socialism.

### III.

Herbert returned to us in March. The Young Lady was spending the winter with us, and March, in spite of the calendar, turned out to be a winter month. It usually is in New England, and April too, for that matter. And I cannot say it is unfortunate for us. There are so many topics to be turned over and settled at our fireside that a winter of ordinary length would make little impression on the list. The fireside is after all a sort of private court of Chancery, where nothing ever does come to a final decision. The chief effect of talk on any subject is to strengthen one's own opinions, and, in fact, one never knows exactly what he does believe until he is warmed into conviction by the heat of attack and defense. A man left to himself drifts about like a boat on a calm lake; it is only when the wind blows that the boat goes anywhere.

Herbert said he had been dipping into the recent novels written by women, here and there, with a view to noting the effect upon literature of this sudden and rather overwhelming accession to it. There was a good deal of talk about it evening after evening, off and on, and I can only undertake to set down fragments of it.

HERBERT. I should say that the distinguishing feature of the literature of this day is the prominence women have in its production. They figure in most of the magazines, though very rarely in the scholarly and critical reviews, and in thousands of newspapers; to them we are indebted for the oceans of Sunday-school books, and they write the majority of the novels, the serial stories, and they mainly pour out the watery flood of

tales in the weekly papers. Whether this is to result in more good than evil it is impossible yet to say, and perhaps it would be unjust to say until this generation has worked off its froth, and women settle down to artistic, conscientious labor in literature.

THE MISTRESS. You don't mean to say that George Eliot and Mrs. Gaskell and George Sand and Mrs. Browning, before her marriage and severe attack of spiritism, are less true to art than contemporary men novelists and poets.

HERBERT. You name some exceptions that show the bright side of the picture, not only for the present but for the future. Perhaps genius has no sex; but ordinary talent has. I refer to the great body of novels, which you would know by internal evidence were written by women. They are of two sorts:—the domestic story, entirely unidealized, and as flavorless as water-gruel; and the spiced novel, generally immoral in tendency, in which the social problems are handled, unhappy marriages, affinity and passion attraction, bigamy, and the violation of the seventh commandment. These subjects are treated in the rawest manner, without any settled ethics, with little discrimination of eternal right and wrong, and with very little sense of responsibility for what is set forth. Many of these novels are merely the blind outbursts of a nature impatient of restraint and the conventionalities of society, and are as chaotic as the untrained minds that produce them.

MANDEVILLE. Don't you think these novels fairly represent a social condition of unrest and upheaval?

HERBERT. Very likely; and they help to create and spread abroad the discontent they describe. Stories of bigamy (sometimes disguised by divorce), of unhappy marriages, where the injured wife, through an entire volume, is on the brink of falling into the arms of a sneaking lover, until death kindly removes the obstacle, and the two souls, who were born for each other but got separated in the cradle, melt and mingle into one in the last chapter, are not healthful reading for maids or mothers.

THE MISTRESS. Or men.

THE FIRE-TENDER. The most disagreeable object to me in modern literature is the man the women novelists have introduced as the leading character; the women who come in contact with him seem to be fascinated by his disdainful mien, his giant strength, and his brutal manner. He is broad across the shoulders, heavily moulded, yet as lithe as a

cat, has an ugly scar across his right cheek, has been in the four quarters of the globe, knows seventeen languages, had a harem in Turkey and a Fayaway in the Marquesas, can be as polished as Bayard in the drawing-room, but is as gloomy as Conrad in the library; has a terrible eye and a withering glance, but can be instantly subdued by a woman's hand, if it is not his wife's; and through all his morose and vicious career has carried a heart as pure as a violet.

THE MISTRESS. Don't you think the Count of Monte Christo is the elder brother of Rochester?

THE FIRE-TENDER. One is a mere hero of romance; the other is meant for a real man.

MANDEVILLE. I don't see that the men novel-writers are better than the women.

HERBERT. That's not the question; but what are women who write so large a proportion of the current stories bringing into literature? Aside from the question of morals, and the absolutely demoralizing manner of treating social questions, most of their stories are vapid and weak beyond expression, and are slovenly in composition, showing neither study, training, nor mental discipline.

THE MISTRESS. Considering that women have been shut out from the training of the Universities, and have few opportunities for the wide observation that men enjoy, isn't it pretty well that the foremost living writers of fiction are women?

HERBERT. You can't say that for the moment, since Thackeray and Dickens have just died. But it does not affect the general estimate. We are inundated with a flood of weak writing. Take the Sunday-school literature, largely the product of women; it hasn't as much character as a dried-apple pie. I don't know what we are coming to if the presses keep on running.

OUR NEXT DOOR. We are living, we are dwelling, in a grand and awful time; I'm glad I don't write novels.

THE PARSON. So am I.

OUR NEXT DOOR. I tried a Sunday-school book once; but I made the good boy end in the poor-house, and the bad boy go to Congress; and the publisher said it wouldn't do, the public wouldn't stand that sort of thing. Nobody but the good go to Congress.

THE MISTRESS. Herbert, what do you think women are good for?

OUR NEXT DOOR. That's a poser.

HERBERT. Well, I think they are in a tentative state as to literature, and we cannot yet tell what they will do. Some of our most

brilliant books of travel, correspondence, and writing on topics in which their sympathies have warmly interested them, are by women. Some of them are also strong writers in the daily journals.

MANDEVILLE. I'm not sure there's anything a woman cannot do as well as a man, if she sets her heart on it.

THE PARSON. That's because she's no conscience.

CHORUS. Oh, Parson!

THE PARSON. Well, it doesn't trouble her if she wants to do anything. She looks at the end, not the means. A woman, set on anything, will walk right through the moral crockery without wincing. She'd be a great deal more unscrupulous in politics than the average man. Did you ever see a female lobbyist? Or a criminal? It is Lady Macbeth who does not falter. Don't raise your hands at me! The sweetest angel or the coolest devil is a woman. I see in some of the modern novels we have been talking of the same unscrupulous daring, a blindness to moral distinctions, a constant exaltation of a passion into a virtue, an entire disregard of the immutable laws on which the family and society rest. And you ask lawyers and trustees how scrupulous women are in business transactions!

THE FIRE-TENDER. Women are often ignorant of affairs, and, besides, they may have a notion often that a woman ought to be privileged more than a man in business matters; but I tell you, as a rule, that if men would consult their wives they would go a deal straighter in business operations than they do go.

THE PARSON. We are all poor sinners. But I've another indictment against the women writers. We get no good old-fashioned love-stories from them. It's either a quarrel of discordant natures,—one a panther and the other a polar bear,—for courtship, until one of them is crippled by a railway accident; or a long wrangle of married life

between two unpleasant people, who can neither live comfortably together nor apart. I suppose, by what I see, that sweet wooing, with all its torturing and delightful uncertainty, still goes on in the world; and I have no doubt that the majority of married people live more happily than the unmarried. But it's easier to find a dodo than a new and good love-story.

MANDEVILLE. I suppose the old style of plot is exhausted. Everything in man and outside of him has been turned over so often, that I should think the novelists would cease simply from want of material.

THE PARSON. Plots are no more exhausted than men are. Every man is a new creation, and combinations are simply endless. Even if we did not have new material in the daily change of society, and there were only a fixed number of incidents and characters in life, invention could not be exhausted on them. I amuse myself sometimes with my kaleidoscope, but I can never reproduce a figure. No, no. I cannot say that you may not exhaust everything else: we may get all the secrets of a nature into a book by and by, but the novel is immortal, for it deals with men.

The Parson's vehemence came very near carrying him into a sermon; and as nobody has the privilege of replying to his sermons, so none of the circle made any reply now.

Our Next Door mumbled something about his hair standing on end, to hear a minister defending the novel; but it did not interrupt the general silence. Silence is unnoticed when people sit before a fire; it would be intolerable if they sat and looked at each other.

The wind had risen during the evening, and Mandeville remarked, as they rose to go, that it had a spring sound in it, but it was as cold as winter. The Mistress said she heard a bird that morning singing in the sun; it was a winter bird, but it sang a spring song.

## NO MORE.

No more, as once, hand throbbing into hand,  
We gaze while slow the glowing sunset dies;  
No more, when twilight settles o'er the land,  
I turn to find my light within thine eyes.

No more we gather in the meadows wide  
The daisies white with which to bind my hair;  
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No more I look on thee, and feign to chide  
Thy dear solicitude, thy tender care.

Thou art away: oh love! oh death! how long  
Shall I with dim eyes watch the fading day,  
And hear blest wives and mothers hum their song  
Of household peace,—then kneel alone to pray!



## FOLK-LIFE IN APPENZELL;

OR, THE LITTLE EUROPEAN DEMOCRACY.

THOUGH Appenzell lies very near the beautiful Lake of Constance, and is therefore quite accessible to the tourist, it seems nevertheless to be outside of the ordinary line of travel. It is, consequently, quite unaffected by the yearly swarm of visitors who are doing so much to alter (not for the better) the character of many Swiss regions.

If we wish to study the folk-life of Switzerland in its original and attractive simplicity, we must choose some retired canton not yet invaded by the world, and nowhere shall we find more that is quaint and curious than in the region of Appenzell. Its peculiar position isolates it in a remarkable degree, for the reader will observe, by looking at the map, that it is entirely surrounded by the canton of St. Gallen. Appenzell was formerly a portion of this canton, and subject to its rule; but after a long struggle it broke away from this allegiance, and asserted its independence, establishing a sort of mountain boundary that gave an easy line of defence.

Small as it is, the Reformation divided Appenzell into two parts: that portion near the Lake of Constance, whose inhabitants were more accustomed, in the prosecution of trade and industry, to mingle with the world, accepted the teachings of Luther and established the Reformed Church; while the mountaineers, who are nearly all shepherds, remain staunch Catholics to the present day. The difference of religious belief has given the canton two separate governments, and for a while the bitterness of feeling was so great that no Catholic was tolerated in the Protestant region, and no Protestant among the Catholics.

This separation in the matter of creeds can now be clearly traced in the faces of the inhabitants, as well as in their habits. The Reformers, as they are called, are quite modern in all their ways and thoughts, while the adherents of the ancient faith seem yet to cling to the thoughts as they do to the dress of the middle ages. The women of the mountains dress in their picturesque and becoming costume of many colors; while the men have their peculiar garb of soberer hues. The shirt-sleeves of the latter are always kept rolled up, except on the most solemn occasions.

By far the best season for a visit to the old town of Appenzell, the capital of the Catholic portion of the canton, is the late spring or

early summer, for it is then that nearly all the political and civil affairs are transacted and the religious festivals held. As soon as these are over, a large portion of the population repair to the mountains to tend their herds, and those who remain in the valley are busily engaged with their worldly duties, which require close attention in their short season of labor.

Appenzell, like nearly every Swiss cantonal seat, has its central hostelry, where the business of the government is discussed and arranged, and in whose vicinity nearly all public meetings and festivals are held. But the inn of Appenzell is more than usually famous for the character of the landlady who presides over its affairs, and who is known to the native Swiss in all the cantons around as the "Model Hostess of Appenzell." She is a genuine daughter of the mountains and of her people, in costume, nature, and ways. She is the mother of the poor, the trusted counselor in trouble, and a most reliable guide to all who come to her for advice. Her house is therefore the center of attraction for her neighbors, and just the one where strangers, high and low, can be made at home and become acquainted with the ways and talk of Appenzell.

She never neglects either bed or board in her house, as all who stop with her attest; and thus her hearth has become a home where the kindly and well-behaved, whether native or strangers, always find a warm welcome.

So here, as curious visitors, we will install ourselves for a time, to observe the singular life of an old Swiss town in the holiday season.

The government of Appenzell is the most purely democratic in the world. The political power rests in the General Assembly of the Commonwealth, which is composed of every man over eighteen years of age. This body meets annually, and appoints *virâ voce* a Grand Council of one hundred and twenty-four persons, who preside over all civil and judiciary matters, and a Minor Council, which has charge of the criminal affairs. When the Grand Assembly convenes it is of course a lively day in Appenzell; and its proceedings afford a sight that not many of the visitors to the Switzer's land are so fortunate as to enjoy seeing. In the early morning the peasants and the mountaineers flock into the town from all directions, the men all dressed in

their holiday clothes, and wearing, often for the only time in the year, their coats or sacks: for they come to perform the most solemn duty of the year, in their opinion, and on this occasion are never permitted to appear in their shirt-sleeves.

In addition to the stately coat, which has perhaps seen twenty or thirty annual Assemblies, every man wears a sword on this day as an evidence of his freedom. These swords are of all ages, sizes, and sorts: some of them are heirlooms, handed down from father to son, with many a story of hardihood—for these Appenzellers, in their early struggles with the Austrian tyrants, were the bravest of the brave, and many of these very swords assisted in gaining the victories that insured them the privilege to assemble and assert their rights, as they do to-day.

Now three mighty drummers and two fifers, in coats black or white and three-cornered hats, parade the streets to lively music. These are attended by halberd-bearers, who are the police of the day and body-guard to the dignitaries. After divine service in the chapel these proceed to the inn where the officers are assembled, to conduct them in solemn state to the meeting-place of the Assembly in the public square. The procession now passes through the streets to festive music, every avenue being filled with respectful crowds.

The President, Secretary of State, and the Clerk of the Canton ascend a small platform adorned with the national colors, and supported at either end by enormous upright swords. Near by is a smaller stage occupied by the officers of the parishes, all in long black coats and swords. The President addresses the Assembly, now standing solemnly with uncovered heads, and lays down his power, when the people proceed to the election of a chief for the ensuing year; this is generally quickly done, owing to previous consultation. The oath of office is then administered, and the whole people renew their allegiance to the constitution. The only two salaried officers are the Secretary of State and the Clerk of the Canton, and these are elected for six years; the former receives a salary of \$240 per annum, and the latter \$120. The bestowal of these offices is considered a peculiar favor, and the candidates present their claims before the whole people. As no peculiar qualification is required for the clerkship except honesty and trustworthiness, it is much sought after, and not unfrequently in these terms: "Dear and beloved confederates, I beg you earnestly to award me this

place. I am very poor; I have seven children, and my wife has long been sick. I will serve you with all fidelity."

When the serious business of the day is over, the notables repair to the quarters of the "Model Hostess" for a good dinner and a grand dance in her spacious saloons. But most of these Swiss peasant dances are anything but graceful and attractive.

Those of Appenzell are little else than developments of physical strength and endurance. The bravest pair dashes into the thickest of the whirling crowd and penetrates it if possible by sheer violence, pushing and being pushed, knocking and being knocked, until utterly exhausted; and she is considered the best dancer who takes home the bloodiest elbows and most livid bruises.

Appenzell is quite as democratic in military as in civil matters. Every man is a soldier and spends a certain time in martial training, after which he is dismissed among the reserves to be called on in case of need. The officers are taken from all grades of society according to their military capacity. A once doughty general was transmogrified into a locksmith; and at one of their balls the musicians were a captain who had hastily laid aside his uniform and taken up the fiddle, and a young peasant, who, formerly an officer, then daily dragged his milk to town in a cart.

There is not a lawyer or a code in Appenzell! The judges are chosen from the people by the people, and they render their decisions after personal investigation and as far as possible in accordance with previous verdicts in like cases. The highest judicial authority for punishing grave offences rests in the Grand Council. The place for capital



THE MODEL HOSTESS OF APPENZELL.

execution is just outside the town, where stands, on a low mound, an old gallows now in the last stages of decay; for there has not been a capital crime committed during many years.

The prison is in the garret of the Court-house, and is a frightful relic of the barbarism of the middle ages. It is a dark and gloomy hole with eight cells or cages, each provided with a single window a foot long and a few inches wide. A miserable bunk with a little straw is the sole accommodation afforded in these miserable dens. They are now seldom entered save by curiosity hunters. The last victim, who was condemned to linger for months in this inquisition, was one of the Presidents of the latter part of the last century. He was convicted, through intrigue, of high treason, and finally, after having been put through all the tortures of wheel and chair, was beheaded. After twenty years the honor of this victim of partisan fury was restored by the solemn decree of the people, and his bones were taken in public procession from the place of execution and laid in the consecrated ground of the cemetery. The accompanying picture shows his prison-house and the instruments of torture still preserved there. On the left is the wheel; by the prison door the chair known as the

"Poor Sinner's Chair," used in beheading; and next the monstrous box called the "Witches' Chair," in which the victims were daily subjected to painful tortures. In front of the Court-house we find still the stocks and the whipping-post; and we learn, alas! that gantlet-running yet figures among the cruelties of the law.

During the long winters the children are mainly attending school, while the women occupy all their spare time in embroidery, which finds its way into all the marts of Europe. Men, women, and children are also very skillful with the knife, and execute a great deal of wood-carving in the way of ornaments and toys, which with gloves and other products of winter industry, employ many of the men as peddlers in the neighboring States. But the wanderers all return at the first signs of spring, for it is then that the Switzers' active life begins.

The first warm rays of the sun that indicate the return of spring are hailed with joy; anxious eyes watch the disappearance of the snow from the lower Alps. At last the word is given that the grass in the lowlands is ready for the herds, and great excitement reigns in the barns and cattle-yards as these are opened after the weary imprisonment of the winter. The herdsmen



THE PRISON OF APPENZELL.—(THE WHEEL AND "POOR SINNER'S CHAIR.")



THE MOUNTAIN HERDSMEN.

put on their usual Alpine costumes, their hats being adorned with the earliest spring flowers for the opening day of the season.

But for several weeks the herds are driven during the day only to the pastures on the lower eminences, returning at night for protection to their stalls. Thus during all the month of May and most of June the early morning is rendered vocal with the long-drawn cow-calls of the shepherd as he gathers his herd from house to house. At last, however, the icy bands of winter are broken on the upper Alps, the snow has disappeared from the feeding-grounds, the cabins have been repaired after the ravages of the winter, bridges replaced, and the road made safe for the passage of the herds.

Then comes the great festival of the year, to do honor to the herds and herdsmen that ascend the Alps for the summer,—the former to fatten on the rich Alpine grass, and the latter to care for their flocks, and turn the milk into cheese for the nations of the earth. The cows that are to go have already been

selected, the best milkers being mainly chosen, and from among these the finest of the herd is selected to lead. Her neck is adorned with a broad embroidered bell-band, from which hangs a famous specimen of cow-bell, whose deep tones drown those of nearly all the others of the band—for every cow has her bell, that she may be found if lost in the mountains. Then her horns bear garlands and flowers and other ornaments that clearly distinguish her as the queen-cow of the herd.

The procession is led by a couple of the fairest shepherd girls of the region, who are decked out with all their finery of showy skirt and brilliant corsage and rustic jewelry and hats crowned with natural flowers, and carry Alpine canes bearing ribbons, wreaths, and garlands. Scattered along the line are the herdsmen in gala costume, and young men and women who form an escort to the train on its passage through the village. The streets are filled with a festive crowd in holiday attire, displaying the quaint and



A RURAL SCENE IN APPENZELL.

picturesque costumes peculiar to the surrounding region, and thus affording a fine opportunity for studying the unique dress of the Swiss peasants.

As the march proceeds, the bells of the town peal out in loudest tones, gladly the shepherds strike up their favorite *Rans des Vaches*, and all indeed goes merry as a marriage-bell.

At last the farewell salutations are exchanged, and the procession wends its way to the mountain ascent. Part way up the steep declivity it stops to exchange cheers and greetings with the crowd below, and when these can no longer be heard the Swiss horn sends forth its peals in answer to the church-bells of the distant village. By this time the day is waning, and prudence warns the shepherds to hasten to their mountain retreat of rude cabins which are to form their summer home. These are usually low wooden huts, framed of logs or heavy timber, and covered by shingle roofs, which are weighted with very heavy stones, to protect them from the force of the wind. Having

arrived at these, their first duty, after housing their herds for the night, is to place over the entrances some pious words, such as "God protect us!" and adorn and encircle them with the flowers and wreaths that decked the procession.

These mountain herdsmen have a long season of severe and trying labor after this day of festivity; and we present them in our illustration in their working rather than their holiday garb, for they have comparatively little need of the latter. The great need with them is brawn, and of this they show plenty by their ever rolled-up sleeves. In summer they seldom indulge in more clothing than

simple pantaloons and shirt, except for an occasional visit to the valley on business, when they wear in addition a short jacket, and invariably take an umbrella and a pipe. They carry the milk, as it is collected from the different cabins for cheese-making, in great barrel-like vessels on their backs.

All the utensils for their dairy labor and the manufacture of cheese, as well as their provisions for the season, must be carried up on the backs of men or beasts,—more frequently the former; and the scanty furniture of their cabins is taken up in the same way. A few pots and kettles and dippers, with a dish or two, will furnish their modest household. They learn to do with marvelously little for themselves, and expend all their means and efforts on tubs for butter and cheese. The extra outfit of the women is confined to their knitting utensils and yarn, a prayer-book, and a few crucifixes to set up in their cabins.

A visit to one of the miserable, smoky, and gloomy retreats of the Alpine shepherds is quite sufficient to dissipate all poetic feeling



as to a life spent with the herds on the mountains. A few days of tramping among these Alpine heights with climbing-pole and knapsack is a most pleasant and desirable change for one who would for a season gladly flee from the world and its busy hum, and enjoy real stillness and solitude. But the intense silence of these heights is at times painful, though it be but for a few hours; and life must become fearfully monotonous to those who are obliged to spend months in these upper solitudes.

The shepherds are obliged to rise with the morning light to milk the herds, which have often to be driven to distant pastures. In the evening again they must be brought home, milked, and put under shelter, for it is dangerous to leave them exposed to sudden storms and night rambles among the precipices. During the day the shepherds are fully occupied in attending to their milk, butter, and cheese, in addition to their household duties—which are few, for their fare is too plain to require much time in preparation. Mush, or dumplings made of coarse rye and eggs, bread and salt, with a glass of milk and water, is about all they generally indulge in, for their own butter and cheese is almost too precious for their personal use.

Occasionally one comes across a cabin that looks a little home-like, the shepherd having his wife and daughters with him. There is a mantel above the hearth for a little looking-glass or an image of the Virgin; over the bed and table are fastened little prayers to some of the patron saints, begging protection from fire and storm, or petitioning for a fortunate season. There may be a chair or two in the cabin and a well-scoured bench at the door. As the men have their Alpine horns, so the women have a species of musical instrument resembling a guitar, which is laid flat on a bench or table while being played.

Every woman and girl on the mountain may be known far and near by the intonation of her "yodle." When friends from the valley make the shepherds a visit, to bring them some favorite dish to vary the uniformity of their fare, or to tell the news of the parish, their arrival is usually announced in the distance by the yodle, which is instantly recognized on the summit, and is answered again and again. Upon separating, the yodle is played and the sounds are sent backward and forward until the notes can no longer be heard. With the men the horn is generally used for the same purpose.

Two events break the monotony of their lives,—the sudden tempest, and the arrival of tourists. As soon as the autumn winds begin to whistle, preparations are made by the shepherds to return with their flocks to their homes below, and when the season has been a prosperous one this is an occasion of great rejoicing. Dressed in their best, their cows adorned with flowers and bells, they set out to the music of horn and yodle, and are met in the valley by a large escort of the village folk for a grand parade through the town amid the ringing of church bells, the blowing of horns, and the acclamation of friends. At the close of the procession, in nearly every house, a rich banquet is prepared for the toilers, and the festivities close with a rural dance far more violent than graceful.

Among the most interesting characters of these regions is the goat-boy of the Alps. His position is much lower than that of the herdsman, but he is an indispensable feature of Alpine scenery. To find the genuine, uncontaminated goat-boy we must seek him in some retired canton like that of Appenzell, where he knows little else than goats, and cares for naught else than to guard and protect them. In all the festive processions of the herdsman he takes a part, and generally figures as a sort of merry-Andrew, dancing and capering wherever fun and merriment are at the highest.

This gay life, however, is for him but of short duration;—his work is very severe. The bells of his herd salute the ear of the early wanderer even before the chapel bells bid the pious peasants count their morning rosaries. And the strange cry that rings through the valley is the peculiar goat-call of the little goat-herd collecting his flock from the lowly shelters along his path. The restless goats hear his call long before he reaches them, and when their owners open the cabin doors, away they bound in light leaps over hedges and barriers to join their fellows in search of food on the mountains. The boy will thus gather forty or fifty goats, which are placed in his special charge during the summer, to be led out in the morning and returned for milking and shelter at night.

Where the herdsman with his cows cannot reach, thither the nimble goat-boy, with his more nimble wards, will go with ease and safety, to gather the scanty herbs that spring up among the weather-beaten rocks; and from the most dangerous and apparently inaccessible heights will resound the loud goat-call. It is then that the goat-boy feels



FRANCISCAN NUNS AT HAYMAKING.

himself a king,—undisputed monarch of the peaks. Yet he is in reality a poor little waif—frequently an orphan or an outcast. Sometimes the boy will seek his own customers; again he will hire himself to a master, from whom he will receive a yearly reward of a few dollars, besides his coarse food, rough shirt and pants, old felt hat, and heavy wooden shoes with soles studded with nails.

He acquires a wonderful facility in the art of climbing, and will slip boldly along on the sharp edges of precipices to which it scarcely seems possible that human foot can cling. Indeed, the mountaineers believe that goat's milk imparts a magic skill in scaling the giddiest heights. The goat-boy's eye is as sure as his feet; miles away he will point out the chamois to the hunter, or discover some lost and vagrant member of his own flock. His ear, too, grows as sensitive as that of the game of the Alpine wilds. He knows each one of his own flock by the sound of its bell, and even by its cry of distress when it has slipped into some chasm from which it cannot escape.

But above all does he recognize, though far off, its terrified cry when the eagle or the vulture pounces down upon it. Then

he becomes a veritable hero: seizing his Alpine staff, with its steel point he gives desperate battle to the fierce and powerful foe; and while his goats and their kids are fleeing in terror to the shelter of the nearest rock or thicket he dispatches his enemy, or at least drives him away. The highest ambition of the goat-boy is to climb to the nests and destroy the eggs or the young broods of these birds, whom he justly considers his natural enemies.

Sometimes a goat, in searching for food, leaps upon a narrow ledge, from which it can neither advance nor retreat. Seeing its danger, it utters lamentable cries of distress, which the goat-boy hears and traces to their source; but he finds it absolutely impossible for him to follow the animal and bring it back. Then he hastens to a herdsman's cabin for help, and they repair with ropes to some high crag overhanging the narrow ledge, when the herdsman fastens the rope around the body of the boy and lowers him down over the steep cliffs till he has reached the goat. The most dangerous portion of his duty has still to be done, however, for he must bind the goat on his shoulders and be drawn up again through the dangerous mid-air passage.

And yet, notwithstanding his bravery and

the hardships he endures, the young goat-herd seldom has for the day other food than a piece of hard black bread and a morsel of cheese; if he is thirsty, he goes to the nearest goat, and lying down under its udder milks the refreshing draught directly into his mouth without intervention of cup or glass. Thus, early and late, during the summer he is wandering over the mountains, leading his goats where they can find the richest and most convenient pasturage, and the safest retreats from the mid-day sun or the sudden tempest.

But his familiar goat-call is always welcome in the early evening, as he descends from the heights to bring safely home his mountain climbers, their udders heavy with the rich garnerings of the day. The goat's milk is often the only wealth of the cabins of these solitary people, who hail it as rich food for themselves and family, and gladly dispose of it to the guests of the sanitary institutions, now scattered among the Alps, for what is popularly known as the goat's milk cure. During the summer hundreds of invalids are found living on the mountain sides for the benefit of the pure air, the opportunity of Alpine rambles, and, above all, the use of goat's milk, which, with pure white or wheat bread, is their principal diet.

Many of the guests wander off to some favorite cabin where they can sip the nourishing beverage warm from the goat, and while chatting with the good frow of the house learn the mysteries of her embroidery, or the story of her life.

We have said that a part of the Appenzellers are rigid Catholics, having sternly rejected all the teachings of the Reformation, though these penetrated to the other half of the canton. Their religious prejudices are so strong that they mingle but little with their Protestant neighbors, and seem to be wedded to ecclesiastical ceremony as a means of keeping themselves isolated from the unbelievers so near them. Religious rites are therefore interwoven with nearly every occurrence of their life—political, social, and ecclesiastical. From the early spring till the closing of autumn the sacred holidays occur so rapidly that a stranger can scarcely keep track of them, and frequently asks in surprise the meaning and intent of some apparently improvised church spectacle.

The first considerable one of these at the opening season is the famous procession up the sides of the most noted peak of the region,—that of the Sentsis. Well up towards the summit of this towering Alp is a spot

called the Stoss, a mountain pass or yoke leading over to another canton. This is classic ground, for here, on the seventh of June, 1405, a severe and memorable battle was fought. The Duke of Austria and the Abbot of St. Gallen led an army of ten thousand well-armed and well-appointed warriors and knights to chastise and humiliate their obstinate vassals.

The rain was falling, and the road was slippery and uncertain on the day when the little band of Appenzellers saw their enemies approaching in solid ranks. Taking off their shoes, in order to be firm of foot, they bore down from their mountain retreat on the approaching foe with such force and courage that with bow and battle-axe and lance they made a fearful gap in the well-armed ranks, till finally the whole proud army turned and fled. The yearly return of the day of this battle is celebrated, as we have said, by a religious procession to the scene of the action. It starts from the town in the early morning, and receives accessions from every cross-way until it reaches the field, at which time scarcely a house in Appenzell is without its male representative. There they gather around the little shrine that is said to have been erected the year of the victory, and which is reputed to be the oldest chapel in all the land. It contains a simple altar, adorned with a slab bearing an account of the glorious day. A mass is read, and this is followed by music and a chorus of male voices, when a solemn address is delivered by the accompanying priest, in which he especially exhorts the young men never to forget the bravery and pious zeal of their fathers. The day closes of course with rejoicings in the valley, with banquets, songs, and dances.

The principal *fête* of the year, however, is that of *Corpus Christi*, which celebrates, as it commemorates, the most essential and peculiar dogma of their faith,—that of transubstantiation. On this day the consecrated Host is changed into "the veritable body," and the wine into "the blood of Christ." At this time the Appenzellers make their greatest effort at display, and deck their little town in its gayest habiliments. Garlands, and wreaths, and banners adorn all the streets. Every unsightly object is covered with drapery and festoons and fancy standards, and sometimes the whole route of the procession is lined with evergreens or other foliage. Entire house-fronts are covered with ornamental carpets or rugs, and everywhere are seen pious proverbs and pictures.

At certain points, where altars are erected, the bearers of the Host stop for divine offices. These street altars are richly decorated with sacred keepsakes which have been handed down from generation to generation, and are only used on such occasions. Pious women will spend their lives in embroidering rugs to lay before these altars. The most noted rug in Appenzell dates from the sixteenth century; it is covered with strange figures, extremely skillful in workmanship, and harmonious in coloring.

The principal citizens open the procession, bearing lighted candles in their hands; then comes the priest carrying the Host under a canopy, and on either side we perceive tall men in the uniform of ancient grenadiers, with the immense bearskin caps of these famous guards. The appearance of these fierce-looking warriors in a procession in honor of the Prince of Peace is ludicrously incongruous. This inconsistency is heightened by the appearance of two beautiful boys dressed as angels closely following the priest. They wear lofty diadems adorned with artificial flowers, a white robe fastened with the modern cravat, white linen gloves, and white stockings bandaged to the knee with red ribbons crossing each other so as to form white diamonds. New and parti-colored slippers cover their feet, and, of course, they have wings on their backs, while from a ponderous girdle that surrounds the waist of each dangles a broad cutlass, doubtless the sword of the Spirit.

Before the altar these youths stop and cross the swords with a clash, and then intone a solemn anthem. The sweetest office of the day is intrusted to the maidens, who are robed in white: it is theirs, in the garb of innocence, to bear the Infant Jesus in their midst on a little bier. Parish priests from the surrounding districts come with their sacred banners covered with all sorts of strange church devices, and strong men bear the civil standards of their communes, which they display great skill in waving in concert, so that the effect in the distance is exceedingly attractive. As the procession moves, the bells ring, the male choruses sing their anthems, the band plays, the standards are waved, and cannons and guns are fired. Indeed, we were strangely reminded of our national holiday on one of these occasions, when many of the men were provided with muskets, which they continually fired off,

leaving the procession and even coming out of the church during divine service to perform this noisy part of the celebration.

The objective point of the *Corpus Christi* procession in Appenzell is the old Convent of the Franciscan nuns, in the adjoining meadows just outside of the town. This is a wealthy foundation, which has large possessions in the immediate neighborhood of Appenzell and exerts a great influence on all the surrounding districts. Every few days in the summer some pilgrim band, with prayers and banners and song, may be seen winding its way among the tortuous mountain roads, seeking the shrine in the convent as a favorable altar for the prayers of the faithful, and a propitious spot for the sealing of holy vows.

To-day thousands gather around its ancient buildings, crowd into its chapel for prayer and mass, or, perchance, for the purpose of entering the confessional, or to buy some talismanic relic that will be to its wearer a protection against certain dangers or temptations. It is a gala-day at the Convent, and the nuns prepare to dispense the broadest hospitality in return for the peace-offerings that flow to them in abundance.

But we present them to our readers in their working costume, under very peculiar circumstances. When these fine old possessions were given to the Franciscan nuns, it was with an episcopal provision that they should make their own hay in the grounds attached to the convent, that the healthy exercise in the open air might keep them in cheerful spirits and sound bodily health. Accordingly, these pious women may be seen every summer in the hay-field, merrily chatting over their labor, which they seem to consider no hardship. The laborers of the Convent, it will be seen, perform the heavy work of carrying the hay, so that the nuns really have no very severe task. But they always go with the cross and rosary at their side, and the minute the prayer-bell of the Convent strikes they fall on their knees in silent prayer, their brown forms making a strange contrast with the rich green sward. The rarity of the sight usually attracts many visitors during the season of gathering hay, and adds another to the peculiarities of folk-life in Appenzell,—a land richer in interest to the curious traveler than any other canton of the Swiss Confederacy.

VASA FICTILIA IN HISTORY.

My paper-weight is a little Egyptian household god, dating back to the period of the persecution of the Israelites and the ten plagues; my ink-well is of Dresden porcelain, unique and beautiful, made in our own time: they are only an inch apart, yet between them lies a gulf of thirty centuries. What volumes of history, what "Wrecks of matter and crush of worlds" divide these two little pieces of fictilia.

It is only in recent years that great interest in the subject of pottery and porcelain has been developed in Europe. Nelson won half his honors at the court of Ferdinand through his admiration for the Capo di Monte ware, in which the Neapolitan king himself was a connoisseur. Yet, however intense may have been the enthusiasm in those days, and however unique their collections, it was left to our time to discover the wealth of this apparently insignificant art in beauty, illustration, and information.

The manufacture of pottery\* antedates that of porcelain twenty-five hundred years at least. The history of Christendom does not record the production of porcelain until the early part of the eighteenth century, but the secret of its manufacture was doubtless known to the Orientals some hundreds of years before. Authorities differ widely regarding the precise date, and until we become more intimate with those nations which have so long closed their gates against us we must still remain uncertain. The first productions in pottery, of which we have any knowledge, were trinkets used by the Egyptians simply for personal adornment, their tombs and sarcophagi conveying to us many evidences of their labors in this direction. The most primitive pieces found were beads of a red color and insignificant form, which were strung as necklaces, or curiously woven into garments;—the earliest of these have no vitreous surface. How long a period elapsed before the application of enamel remains unknown, but doubtless the length of time was not great, as the two kinds are frequently found in company. From the irregular and uncertain shapes first assumed the art gradually advanced to the production of symbolic forms, the *Scarabæi*, or sacred beetles, predominating in pottery as in the architecture and all other works of Egyptian ornament.

\* Pottery and porcelain are distinct forms of similar material. The first is opaque, while the latter is a semi-vitrified mass with a smooth white fracture, showing compactness of material.

These were perforated lengthwise and strung for amulets or seal-rings, and had an inscription on the flat or under side, as is seen



A SCARABÆUS SEAL.—EGYPTIAN.

in the illustration. The specimen from which these engravings are taken is of soft clay with a stained surface of green.

Whether formed in moulds prepared for the purpose or cut by instruments, remains an open question; but most authorities, including Winckelman, positively assert that the Greeks were the first to produce any number of copies from one original. Some Greek scholars have even ventured so far as to dispute the priority of the art in Egypt; until the testimony of the tombs is outweighed, however, we must accept it as conclusive. Yet the doctrine held by logicians, that "he is really the inventor of an art who first practices it artistically," would throw the whole credit of precedence into the hands of the Greek artisans: for it is certain that, though the Egyptians were thorough in the use of their materials, elegance of form and artistic *tout ensemble* came from Grecian workmen.

To this day art has never succeeded in improving these old designs: the composition and distribution of figures, flowery drapery, arrangement of foliage—everything, in fact, is beyond improvement; and we revert, as by gravity, to those old Greek models and offer them as not only the best conceptions, but the most pleasing to the visual sense that the world has ever produced.



TILES OF HERAT-MOORISH DESIGN.

Passing rather rapidly on, we soon come to a period of the fictile art where for the first time it allies itself with Christian history and





MOORISH VASE WITH CHRISTIAN INSCRIPTION.

locates a shrine on Christian soil. Upon lethargic Spain the influx of the Moors fell like an affliction; but, as stimulated energy was the result of their visit, Spain was bound at last to profit by the chastisement,—just as through adversity and unhappiness we are often introduced to new and ennobling experiences.

The "Alhambra" was, and is, a vast monument of the potters' cunning, for here, upon walls and floorings, in the great hallways and courts, these industrious workmen lavished the products of their skill.

Tiles seem to have been with the Moors a staple product, for wherever they have been specimens are found in considerable numbers. Those represented in the engraving may be of Arabic manufacture of an earlier period than that to which we now refer; but it is probable that they were made about the time of the Moorish invasion.\* This work is known as Hispano-Moorish pottery. Spain did not do much to improve the art: although the knowledge of it spread throughout her borders, she advanced comparatively but little and acted only as a convenient vehicle to convey the secret to some more energetic hands.

So it was not until the Crusaders had conquered Majorca and carried to Pisa the for-

lorn but ingenious prisoners and their galley-loads of ceramic treasures that the civilized world became fully acquainted with this great science. Under the warm sun of Italy, in the home of the arts and the muses, it grew and expanded. Immortal hands lent their aid and raised it to the level of a fine art. What more beautiful ware can be found than the famous Majolica? Surely in color, texture, and treatment it has never been excelled. The vase, an illustration of which is here given, brought eleven hundred dollars in gold at the great sale of the Bernal collection which took place in London in the year 1855.

Walk through the Louvre, the Hôtel de Cluny, or Kensington Museum, and see if any of the vast catalogue of artists there represented lay better claim to estimable consideration than Luca della Robbia. In this country I find but one specimen of the Della Robbia work, which is so beautiful that I give a view of it here. This is a Madonna and child of ivory-white enameled fayence in bas-relief, upon a delicately tinted blue ground—it is, in fact, "statuary with the addition of color."

All his work was in this style, and was used principally in the decoration of interiors and the façades of buildings, sometimes in white, but often in colors.

Meantime wandering workmen had found their way into other parts of the world; and in France we find the master potter of his age working vigorously with pen, pencil, and potters' tools to spread the good contagion



MADONNA OF DELLA ROBBIAS WARE.

\* Nearly all the engravings in this article are from specimens possessed by American collectors, and will shortly be reproduced in a book and more extensively treated of by the same author.



MAJOLICA VASE, 15 INCHES IN HEIGHT. SOLD IN THE BERNAL COLLECTION FOR \$1,100.

—oftentimes even wanting bread and the bare necessities of life, yet laboring with such genius and unselfish devotion as to make the name of Bernard Palissy immortal.

Perhaps most readers are familiar with Palissy ware. His combinations of shells, reptiles, water and land plants, and other natural objects of still and active life are entirely unique and very beautiful. But his enthusiasm carried him beyond this: he would make grottoes and caves of most original and beautiful designs, all wrought in his peculiar

ware, "a cool fountain playing within, and plenteous shade-trees and seed-bearing plants at the entrance, with everything to attract the birds that they might come and sing in the branches." Dwelling in a hovel whose floor and furniture he had sacrificed in his furnace, he ever lived in a land of imagination and delight. He preached and prayed, wrote and worked, was cast into prison for heresy and only allowed to live on account of his wonderful inventions. He died at last in the Bastille, a Huguenot prisoner for religion's sake, in 1589, after an eventful life of fifty years.

Connected with the history of French pottery is an extraordinary ware called the Fayence of Henry II., which Marryatt describes as "a hard paste ware, yet coeval with the soft enameled pottery." This I merely introduce to show the rapid advance of design and execution; but it is interesting also as an example of the favorite French ware known as *terre-de-pipe*. Some idea of the artistic perfection reached in this work may be obtained from the accompanying illustration. There are only seven representative pieces in the entire collection of the Louvre, this being one-tenth of the whole number known to exist.

To name in proper historic order the several parts of the world where clay-working

was early introduced would involve considerable labor, as, with the exception of the circumstances of introduction, there is little left to furnish the precise data. The Mussulman work of the Granada "Alhambra" dates about 1300 A.D.; that of France in the reign of Charles VI., about one hundred years later; while Germany claims precedence of all and places her discovery as far back as 1278. The convent of St. Paul at Leipsic, which was completed in 1207, had a frieze of enameled tiles and was ornamented with relievos. M. Demmin states that the manufactories of Northern Germany antedate the work of Luca della Robbia by two hundred years; but upon its introduction, or discovery, the best authorities throw no light. To describe and designate each of these would require more space than is admissible, so we turn at once to the Low Countries as forming a link in the sequence through which the art was introduced into England.

The potters of Holland and their works are perhaps better known to our people than any others, for "Delft ware" seems to have become a popular expression which comprehends anything and everything that pertain to pottery or its like. According to Haydn, Delft was producing pottery as far back as 1310. The articles here manufactured were principally intended for household use,—thus bearing out the old Dutch propensity for the practical,—and are entitled to little or no consideration as works of art. Delft flooded the civilized world with the abundant products of her extended and persistent labor, and specimens of her early work are quite numerous, both in the hands of collectors and among the dealers in such wares.



SALT-CELLAR OF HENRY II. WARE: *Terre-de-pipe*.



FIG'S HEAD OF DELFT WARE.

The sauce-boat of which an illustration is here given exhibits some originality of design and unique workmanship. The color of the enamel of this piece is exceedingly peculiar, it being of a dull purple hue unrelieved by decoration except at the top, where a single morning-glory breaks in with its bright tints. In ornamentation and in the character of her wares Holland followed closely after the Orientals—the Chinese, Japanese, and India wares being considered patterns of excellence and perfection;—indeed the Delft and India wares are often and easily confounded, owing to their similarity. Holland was for a long time in the exclusive enjoyment of intercourse with Japan, and the advanced stage to which the Eastern nations had carried the art became an incentive to the Delft workmen.

In the matter of ancient pottery England has a distinct local history, which, through the persevering efforts of the English "Society of Practical Geology,"\* has assumed extraordinary importance and interest. The very foundations of London itself rest upon the wreck of the industry of ages; and so nicely defined are the different strata that the periods of occupation by various peoples, their household arts and economies of life, are all revealed to the antiquarian. History is re-enforced and authenticated by these curious illustrations.

The accompanying plate conveys some idea of the nicety and perfection to which the society has carried its work.

What the evidences of the rocks are to the geologist, these evidences are to the historian of England.

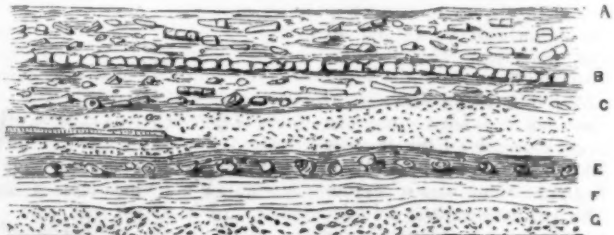
\* Such a society in our own country would serve us vastly as an intelligent collaborator with the historian; and if we are ever to boast of a museum it will be thus obtained. The necessary facts and illustrations can only be collated by means of systematic and scholarly efforts.

Properly this does not come within the province of our consideration regarding the historic progress of pottery, since we are dealing principally with the methods of a later civilization when the art is continuous from the time of its introduction into Spain. But this digression tends to show by what means our subject is made available to contribute to the fund of general knowledge.

Early in the sixteenth century, through the commercial intercourse of England with Flanders, stoneware was introduced upon British soil, and toward the close of the century England herself had enlisted as a producer. In 1561 Queen Elizabeth granted patents for the settling of various Dutch artificers, and in 1588 a Delft potter commenced to carry on business at Sandwich.

These early works were very similar to those imported—the first innovation, upon English soil, being the use of salt as a medium for glazing. This was introduced about 1700.

But little advancement was made beyond this until the establishment of the great Staffordshire potteries, which were destined to become the center of progress and improvement in this interesting industrial art. Astbury seems to have been about the earliest of the native English potters, and to his son is attributed the discovery of calcined flints as a valuable ingredient. "While traveling in London on horseback, in the year 1720, the younger Astbury had occasion at Dunstable to seek a remedy for a disorder in his horse's eyes, when the ostler of the inn by burning a flint reduced it to a fine powder which he blew into them. The potter, observing the beautiful



SECTION OF A LONDON STREET.

- A. is the present level of a street in London.
- B. Paved roadway *in situ* before the London fire of 1666.
- C. Ground in which the Norman and early English pottery is discovered.
- D. Transition period between the Roman and Saxon, with a piece of Roman tessellated pavement.
- E. The Roman stratum. Here the remains are most profuse.
- F. A fine soil, resting upon
- G. Gravel.



BÖTTCHER TEAPOT, WITH DECORATION COPIED FROM THE ORIENTAL.

white color of the flint after calcination, instantly conceived the use to which it might be employed in his art." Here was a rapid stride in the direction of improvement,—strength, hardness, and compactness of material being obtained by this simple means.

We now approach a period when the English workmen are noted for the excellence of their work. The great field of fictilia at this time offered extraordinary opportunities for the display of skill and taste and the exercise of the inventive faculty.

The name of Josiah Wedgwood is almost as familiar to Americans as it is to his own countrymen, though the same cannot be said of his works. He commenced his labor as an experimenter in imitating variegated stones, the agate and jasper being most frequently used as examples; these pieces were mostly small, however, and perhaps unsatisfactory to the eager artisan himself. Considering his limited education, the rapid progress he made in the solution of the difficult problems which must have frequently presented themselves is remarkable. Wedgwood applied himself assiduously to a systematic study of the work before him, reading extensively and engaging in an investigation of the chemical combinations necessary to the attainment of satisfactory results. Unlike the laborers of former ages, he was sure of such a conclusion before he put his hand to the work.

Six different kinds of pottery appeared simultaneously from his workshop in Staffordshire, and his marvelous success secured for him at once the coöperation and patronage of both the nobility and royalty. The records of ceramic art do not contain a more brilliant page than this. Sir William Hamilton offered to Wedgwood his great cabinet of the wares of Herculaneum for the further prosecution of his studies, and the Duchess of Portland yielded her claim upon the Barberini-Portland vase while he engaged himself in making copies which alone would have rendered him famous.

In the person of Flaxman this potter found an invaluable colleague—in fact Wedgwood called to his aid the very highest talent both of artist and artisan. He had the gratification of seeing his wares eagerly sought in foreign countries. His beautiful reproduc-

tions of the antique cameos found great favor abroad, until at last foreign governments in some cases prohibited their importation, while into other countries they were only admitted under heavy impost.

His genius culminated in those graceful figures, designed after the old Greek school, in bas-relief upon a ground of delicate blue.

Most of the pottery which has been in long use in America is either from India and other Oriental markets, or from Delft and Staffordshire. As most of my readers are aware, the predominating color used in the decoration of this ware is blue; and many of the present day can remember the comfortable old tea-fights of years ago, where all sat down to a table spread with this immemorial blue ware. Proud indeed were the matrons of those days of their "crockery." Compare it, gentle reader, with the modern sepulchral style. Your table, nowadays, looks like a graveyard in winter.

One more species of ware detains our attention as being also a part of our household economy: this was made in Liverpool, where Mr. John Sadler discovered the art of printing on the glaze. Of this art Wedgwood also availed himself. Decorated with American emblems, this ware appealed directly to American sentiment, and met with much favor here. I have two pieces before me, one of which bears the inscription, "Success to the United States of America," over the arms of the then new republic. Another has a picture of Mount Vernon and over it, "Mount Vernon, seat of the late General Washington." A vast number of these pieces were made with various designs and mottoes; the ware was unique, but the method of treatment was too mechanical to have much artis-



VASE OF AUGUSTUS REX WARE, IN POSSESSION OF MR. E. A. WARD.



SATYR VASE, OF UNKNOWN MANUFACTURE, BUT REMARKING THE BERLIN AND DRESDEN WARES.



SEVRES VASE, IN POSSESSION OF SIR A. DE ROTHSCHILD.

thirteenth to the closing of the nineteenth century, where we will leave it to continue its own useful history, and pass to a brief consideration of

#### PORCELAIN.\*

China was conversant with the art of making porcelain many centuries before it was known among Christians. The other Oriental nations were contemporary workers or immediately succeeded her with their discoveries. When Pompey brought his spoils of war from Persia, and Augustus Caesar from Alexandria, they brought also the "*Vasa Murrhina*" mentioned by Pliny. These were finely decorated porcelains which had been conveyed by caravans over the tedious wastes of Asia and Egypt to these localities, the commerce of the Red Sea not yet being renewed by the Europeans.

The birthplace and home of the art of porcelain-making in Europe is Saxony. In the year 1701 a poor apothecary's boy at Berlin having been found guilty of the crime of practicing alchemy escaped to Dresden, where Augustus II., then Elector of Saxony, hearing that he possessed the secret of gold-making, had him imprisoned with another experimenter—one Tschirnhaus—who was seeking the *elixir vite* and the philosopher's stone. While working with his companion Böttcher, then nineteen years old, found that

tic merit. Yet the fact that considerable of it was made during or shortly before the war of the Revolution will give it peculiar value to Americans.

I have dwelt at length upon fayence, or pottery, as offering the broadest field for our contemplation, it having brought us through a period of six hundred years, or from the

his crucibles from the effect of repeated heating had assumed all the characteristics of Oriental porcelain. Augustus, appreciating the value of the discovery, had him conveyed with all his apparatus to the Castle of Albrechtsburg at Meissen, where he was allowed every luxury and comfort except freedom, and pursued his investigations under the strict surveillance of one of the Elector's officers, the outer world remaining in complete ignorance of both the man and his discovery. During the Swedish invasion Böttcher was kept faithfully beyond reach of the approaching armies by frequent removal under escort, and through fidelity to his royal retainer was soon given greater liberty. In 1707 we find him again at Dresden pursuing his occupation under more favorable auspices. His first prison companion was still in company with him, having turned his talents toward perfecting Böttcher's discovery; but in 1708 death cut short his labors, and Böttcher was left alone. At last the end approached: for five days and nights without sleep our eager inventor sat before his furnace; on the fifth day he was recompensed for his devotion by complete success. I say complete; it was complete so far as substance was concerned, but its color was red,—chocolate red,—and it had no luster. This latter was afterwards added by application to the lapidary's wheel. The accompanying sketch is taken from Böttcher's



SEVRES VASE, IN POSSESSION OF GEN. JNO. A. DIX.

\* Porcelain occupies the intermediate position between pottery and glass.



first work, the decorations being copied from Oriental wares. One secret yet remained undiscovered,—that of making *white* porcelain. But one day Böttcher, worried by the weight of his peruke, gave it a shake, when there fell from it a fine white powder. Happy thought! He tested it, and the result we have before us in perfected porcelain. This is known as Augustus Rex ware, because marked with the monogram "A. R." It immediately succeeded the favorite and beautiful Dresden ware.

We pass by the rare and famous *Capo di Monte* ware of Italy, and give Vincennes and St. Cloud the cold shoulder to arrive at Sèvres,—well termed the royal factory of France,—where, under royal patronage and supervision, everything that art, ingenuity, or science could devise has been concentrated. If money value be any criterion, we must certainly concede to the fictilia of Sèvres an eminence far above that of any other factory. One pair of vases, each standing fourteen inches in height, brought at auction in the Bernal collection nearly ten thousand dollars in gold. Perhaps, uninitiated reader, you will be inclined to remark, "A fool and his money are soon parted;" but you must not judge too hastily, for if these same vases were offered for sale to-day they would bring as much as, and probably more than, when they

were last sold. In our own country we have a number of specimens of this Sèvres ware, and the vase which is illustrated here is one of a pair presented to Gen. John A. Dix by Napoleon III. These are exceedingly large and elegant vases of *bleu de roi* enamel with medallions of decoration.

We have thus far passed through a measure of about three thousand years, bringing the reader from the *souterrains* of dead Egypt by rapid steps up to the progress and enlightenment of the nineteenth century.

My little paper-weight and ink-well still stand here in most intimate companionship, yet so unlike that scarcely any one would acknowledge their relationship. These thirty centuries are too vast a space through which to trace a genealogy, yet it is certain that this modest scarabæus is the Adam of our proud Sèvres.

Interest in the art of pottery and porcelain has of late years been greatly stimulated in this country by the observations of American travelers abroad who have brought home with them a taste which will go far toward advancing the culture so much needed in our own land.

The day is surely coming when those now much-despised old blue tea-cups of our grandmothers will occupy the place of honor on our sumptuous modern sideboards.

## THE WAIF OF NAUTILUS ISLAND.

"LAND sakes alive! Miah Morey, I'd as lives sleep with a log!" And Aunt Thankful sat up in bed, listening to the howling of the storm and the booming undertone of the breakers on Man-o'-War Reef. "I'm sure I hearn a yell," added the irate dame, as she shook her sleepy husband by the shoulder. She peeped about the dingy room, which was lighted only by the smouldering coals on the hearth, and listened anxiously for a repetition of the sound which she fancied she had heard in the wild tumult of the March gale that sobbed and shrieked about the island.

With her double-gown over her shoulders, Aunt Thankful opened the door and looked out into the night. Sheets of rain drenched the soggy turf; far out in the watery blackness small patches of melting snow gleamed ghastly on the rocky ledges; giant breakers, white with foam, flashed dimly up into sight along the shore, like strange wild shapes, and then sank suddenly down again. The

angry ocean smote the island with a thunderous hand, and far out along the cruel reef the hungry waves showed their white teeth in the blackness of the night. The air was raw, and drenched with spume and flying scud; and through the thick drift the feeble gleam of the light-house across the harbor struggled like a yellow stain in the night.

"I haven't seen a wuss night sence we lived on Nautilus," said the old man, who had joined the good wife at the door. "The gulls flew low yesterday, and arter sundown I hearn the crows hollerin' over to Somes's Sound; I knowed there wuz a gale a-brewin'."

"Hold yer clack, can't ye? I can't hear nothin' for your jaw. Hearken!" And, as she spoke, a cry of distress came faintly on the gale from Man-o'-War Reef.

"It's a human critter's cry, as sure as I'm a livin' sinner," said Aunt Thankful; and almost before the words were uttered, she

and her husband, hurrying on their garments, were struggling against the storm as they ran down to the reef which made out into Penobscot Bay from the little island where they had their solitary home.

A huge black bulk loomed out of the sea-drift when they reached the rocky shore, its dark sides relieved against the yeasty waves which broke all around.

"It's an East Injiman, out of her reckoning," muttered Miah Morey, when he saw the unwieldy craft, fast wedged upon the outer extremity of the reef.

"God help 'em all," whispered Aunt Thankful; "we can't, in such a sea as this;" and the old couple stood wistfully gazing upon the helpless wreck, as the fierce sea rushed over it and tore it where it lay.

"She's a wrack, sure enough;" and the cooler calculation of the man was turned to consideration of the flotsam and jetsam which the falling tide might bring him.

Longingly and pitifully the old couple looked across the waste of waters in which no boat could live, and the salt tears trickled down the weather-beaten cheeks of the dame as she heard again and again the despairing halloo of the drowning mariners. Her thoughts were once more with her beloved Reuben, her only son, who had sailed as second mate on a fishing voyage, years ago, and never had been heard of since, though no day ever passed but she cast a weary glance seaward for the white sails of the *William and Sally*. But they never came.

So she stood there, tearful at last, sheltered behind her husband's stalwart figure, waiting for the end.

"A spar! a spar!" shouted Miah, as a fragment came tumbling through the surf. A line from their fish-flakes, close at hand, was soon around Miah's waist, and Aunt Thankful held the slack, while he plunged in and made for a white object which they saw clinging to the tangle of rigging on the spar. There was a fierce buffet with the breakers, a hurried, sobbing prayer from Aunt Thankful, who saw the strong swimmer reach the plunging bit of timber, and then she screamed through the gale: "'Ware o' the stick, old man; it'll mash ye ef yer not keeful." But Miah had left the spar, and the wiry fingers of his wife tugged nervously at the rope as she hauled him in, hand over hand; and he dragged a heavy burden with him.

Miah, breathless and spent, crawled up the stony beach, pulling the half-clad body of a man. Stooping over her sinking hus-

band and his pitiful load, Aunt Thankful beheld a male figure, half dressed as if surprised in sleep, and in its loosening arms, wrapped in a sailor's pea-jacket, an infant.

"The child is alive, as sure as I'm born," said Aunt Thankful, lifting the tiny waif from the figure where it lay. And there, beneath the angry sky, his feet licked by the half-relenting sea which ran far up the shelving shore, the father gasped out the little remnant of his life as his child was gathered to the motherly bosom of her who should henceforth stand instead of those who were no more.

The child wailed while good Aunt Thankful bore her swiftly to her cottage, but soon sank into rosy slumber when, wrapped and warm, she was laid carefully by the side of little Obed, Thankful Morey's orphaned nephew, who slept tranquilly in his trundle-bed, happily unmindful of the tragedy which was darkening the coast of Nautilus Island, and casting thereon a mystery which should perplex his life from that hour.

Hurrying back to the shore, Aunt Thankful took the family rum-bottle and warm blankets for the drowned man's relief. But it was vain. No chafing nor restoratives could call back the flutter of the heart.

"He's tripped his anchor, sure," was the figurative speech of Miah, and so they covered him decently, and set themselves to watching for more waifs from the wreck. None came; and when the gray dawn struggled up in the East, and the sea sank moodily down, the beach was strewn with fragments of the wreck; and far out on Man-o'-War Reef only a few bare ribs of the broken ship, a pitiful sight, thrust their dark lines up through the rising and falling of the tide. A low moan came over the remorseful waves as the rising sun broke redly through the ragged clouds. The night rack faded away, and the blue sky looked down in patches on the bay, but no human sign came up from the secrets of the sea, save a bit of quarter-board, on which had been painted the name of the doomed ship. These were the last three letters of the name—"USA;" and that was all. And so that great sum of life and hope melted into the cruel sea and was heard of no more.

The child was apparently about two years old; she knew no name but "Mamie," and took to her new surroundings as though she had never known any other.

Curious citizens and eager 'longshoremen from the little port across the bay came over

and patrolled the edges of the island, looking for treasures and tragic tokens of the unknown wreck; or they rowed around the broken bones of the mysterious ship, when the sea went down, but found no trace of what she had been, or under what flag she had sailed. They took up the form of the dead voyager, and, in solemn procession, gave it Christian burial on the bleak hill-top overlooking the harbor, where the people of the port exiled their dead. The village squire gathered all available particulars of the wreck into an elaborate account, which, shorn of its learned length, was duly printed in a Boston newspaper, and, weeks afterwards, reached Fairport and Nautilus Island, like a faint echo out of a half-forgotten past. And so all thought of the tragedy melted away from the minds of men.

Only Aunt Thankful and Miah, her husband, kept all these things in their hearts; but even they, as the years rolled on, almost ceased to fear that some one might come out of the great world which lay outside their narrow and secluded life, and, guided by the trinket found on the child's neck, claim and take from them their bright darling, Mamie, child of the sea.

There is no need to tell how Mamie grew into beautiful girlhood, and, never separated from her sturdy playmate Obed, haunted the rocks, spruce thickets, and ledges of the island like an elf. Elfish and uncanny she seemed, to the prim townspeople who occasionally came over to Nautilus Island on blueberry parties or fishing excursions. Knowing none but Aunt Thankful, Miah, and Obed, the child was shy of strangers, and, like a timid bird, would fly to the crags and fir-clumps, whence she and Obed looked curiously down on the merry-makers, whose gay clothing contrasted pleasantly with the dull linsey-woolsey and oil-skin garb of the old couple, whom these children thought almost the only people in the world. And strange stories were told in the port of the wild child of the Moreys, and the heathenish way in which she was brought up to dig clams, rob the gulls' nests, and climb rocks like a young monkey.

But Mamie had a touch of feminine imitativeness withal, and excessively amused the old people by "rigging herself" with wild flowers, sea-weeds, birds' feathers, and bits of birch bark, in which array she would promenade gravely with Obed up and down the beach, waving her birchen kerchief as a signal to far-off ships which never came, or to careless pleasure-boats that sailed away,

unheeding, into the blue depths of Long Island or Cape Rosiere.

Seated on a high black rock near by Man-o'-War Reef, these happy children, unconscious of the mournful tragedies which had given name to island, reef, and rock, in other years, would construct airy fleets out of their own fancies, launch them on the sunny bay, and sail away into the wonderful world which lay beneath the sky-rim—far, far beyond Long Island and Burncoat. To them the distant purple Camden Hills were an enchanted realm, where the sun set in a palace of gold and crystal; and away to the southward, where sky and water met, there was a fairyland, whence, once a year, came a richly freighted ship, which floated up the bay, past Nautilus Island, and, stately and proud, folded her snowy wings before the port, and there dropped anchor. This arrival was a great event for Fairport; but the ship, which brought to it a fragrance of the Indies, Cathay, and the Spice Islands, Madeira wine and Spanish olives, barbaric, curious things, and a cargo of Cadiz salt, brought for the two eager-eyed children on Nautilus Island a wonderful freight from that enchanted land which they talked of in their play, and from which some faint sounds had somehow reached them, and of which they had some tangible tokens: discarded scraps of finery from Alicante, and yellow shreds of lace, handiwork of the nuns of Fayal. How these faint echoes and poor little relics reached Nautilus Island we cannot tell. They drifted, as all such things drift to sea-shore children.

The chief delight of these little ones was the bar. This, a long strip of shingly sand, connected the island with Gray's Head, a stony-faced promontory which frowned upon the cove eastward of Nautilus Island. At low tide the bar was uncovered, and Mamie and Obed loved to run across on the oozy bridge, snatching a fearful joy from the unexplored recesses of the Head, hastening back as the water rose behind them, or gushed in eddying rivulets across the narrow tongue of land, licking out the light prints of their fast-flying feet. Barely escaping the rising tide, they sat breathless on the rocks, and watched the cheated waves dashing over their path, running to and fro like sleuth-hounds on the track of the pursued, escaping fugitive.

But life was not all play for Mamie and Obed. The old couple, their foster-parents, earned their livelihood by furnishing fish, berries, eggs, and small farm products to the slender market of Fairport. Obed accom-

panied Miah on his brief voyages into the coves and estuaries about the bay, gathering from the intricate waters which flowed around the many islands of Penobscot Bay their harvest of the sea. The girl, sometimes assisted by her foster-brother or mother, picked the wild berries of the pastures, dug clams at low tide, and with willing hands assisted Aunt Thankful in the work of the house and little farm. As she grew older she brought to all these tasks a certain airiness which was in odd contrast with her homely toil. She bloomed out in unexpected ways, and puzzled the old dame with her *bizarre* fancies. An undefinable native grace was in all her steps, and she loved the bright flowers and soft ferns with which she garlanded her head, and had an artist's fancy for the delicate shells which formed her necklace. A string of bright India peas that she wore for bracelets were to her beyond all price.

"That air gal will make a smart manter-maker and milliner when she's grown," was Aunt Thankful's frequent remark, when she saw how deftly she made wonderful snoods and sashes from the odds and ends of woman's attire which she found about the old cottage, or received from occasional female visitors from the port. And the distressed old woman wondered if the gypsy-like waywardness and love for bright colors and ornaments which possessed the child were not the tokens of some strain of blood which would, by and by, assert itself, and take her away to the "fine-feathered birds" with which she should mate. No wonder Thankful Morey, knowing nothing but her duty to her "old man," her sordid cares, and her own beloved pipe, grew restive as she watched. "Take off them air rags and tags, you little scarecrow," scolded she, as Mamie, decked with sea-shell necklace, a bit of blue ribbon, a wreath of wild columbines, and an ancient gauze veil, and carrying a pumpkin-leaf sunshade, pranced through the house on her way out to a promenade with Obed. The child uttered a little cry of defiance and escaped into the sunshine, followed by a mop-rag which the angry old woman threw after her.

"Dear suz me! old woman, let the gal alone," said Miah, who smoked his pipe contentedly on the door-stone. "Ef she enjoys that sort o' thing, let her be, can't ye?"

"Wal, but it duz rile me to see that air gal take on airs. She hasn't half the gump-tion that Obe has, and the Lord knaows he hasn't got enough to kill. Everybody would 'spose she was born with a silver spoon in

her mouth, by the way she carries sail. She's jest a worryin' the life outer me with her antics."

"Wal, now, Thankful, you jest know you wouldn't take a ship-load o' gold for that air gal, and wut's the use o' yer talkin'? Her dressin' comes in her blood, I cal'late; and ef her blood relations was to hev her, I dessay she'd wear furbelows like them high-strung Boston gals thet wuz over to the port las' summer."

This kind of speech, which was a long one for the taciturn Miah, never failed to silence the good wife, who loved the girl, with all her wayward and prankish tricks. And when Mamie, discreetly hiding her decorations in the rocks, came in from her breezy walk by the beach, rosy and bright, the undemonstrative but softened dame only said: "Wal, naow, you are rely jest the puttiest little gal on the Bay, I do b'lieve."

But Obed always took Mamie's part, and when, sobbing and indignant, she sometimes fled from the sharp tongue of her foster-mother, he tried to cheer her in his rough, boyish way, and vowed that when he grew up to be a man he would bring her from foreign parts all the laces and silks that money could buy; for Obed was to be a sailor and glean the world for Mamie. Smiling through her tears the child would ask: "And will you really and truly bring me a lace veil and a London doll that opens and shuts its eyes?"

A solemn promise from Obed gave occasion for a long and delightful confab on things in the future; and, hand in hand, the children sat on Black Rock, gazing far over the blue, sparkling waters of the bay at the distant sails that floated in the sunny sweep of sky and sea. Happy days! happy dreamers! Alas! that you must ever wake.

When Mamie had grown to be sixteen years old she was a tall, fair girl, with golden hair, shapely as a little queen, a peachy cheek, and eyes which reminded one of both sea and sky—they were so liquid yet so blue, with an uncertain tint like that of the blue-green wave just off soundings when the sunlight streams through it. The fame of her wonderful beauty had gone out through all the islands, and when she, on rare occasions, rowed across the harbor with Obed and her foster-father, the rustic swains of the port came in groups to admire her from a distance, as she carried her small wares around among the stores of Fairport. Here she caught glimpses of the outer world, and the old-fashioned dry-goods, cheap jewelry, and nameless nothings which decorated the

shelves and show-cases of the shops filled her with longings and imaginings unutterable.

Obed guarded her jealously, and the natural manliness of the well-nurtured New England youth protected her from any offence to the half-startled shyness which she carried everywhere. Obed was dark and brown; his hands were hard, and his face had that young-old look which children of toil and poverty wear. But he was brave and loving; and he could row cross-handed, skin a haddock, set a lobster-pot, steer a pinkey, or turn a furrow with the best man on the Bay. He knew the times and seasons of the mackerel, tomcod, alewives, and smelt; where to find the biggest hake, and the sweetest scallops were to him a second nature. He had dived off the village wharf to save a boy from drowning, had picked twelve quarts of huckle-berries in a single afternoon, and earned the reputation of being the best salmon-weir builder in all the region round.

But he was nineteen years old, and when, after a short cruise down the Sound, he greeted his foster-sister as usual with a tremendous kiss, she blushed and told him, in sweet confusion, that he must not do so again. Grieved and injured, he asked the reason. "We are too old to be kissing each other like babies," and Mamie fled to hide her own embarrassment. That night Obed sat on the rocks alone in the starlight and looked out into the Bay. He watched the waves climb up and down Man-o-War Reef, and thought of the sweet young life which had been snatched from its hungry jaws; he pondered again the story of her mysterious landing on the island. He looked over at the beacon-light across the harbor, which seemed to blink confidentially upon him as he knew at last that he loved Mamie, and that she might not always be his. He pictured her floating far away somewhere into the wonderful world that seemed to wait for her. The cottage hearthstone would be unlighted by her gracious presence. Aunt Thankful would forget her temporary asperities, and smoke her pipe in sorrowful silence; the dingy cabin walls would be dingier and narrower, and the sunshine would be gone from Nautilus Island. How could he keep it?

But when winter came again, and Mamie went over to the port to attend "the Master's school," it was to supply the deficiencies of education which she felt must not exist when she married Obed in the spring.

Those were happy Saturday afternoons

when the stalwart young man, facing his beloved foster-sister crouched in the stern of his wherry, rowed her home to stay until Monday morning. Lovely were those wintry nights when the young couple, pacing hand in hand the icy beach, looked over the glittering bay, marked the pencil-ray of the light-house pointing afar, hearkened to the nine o'clock bell ringing in the distant village spire, and built anew their castles in the air, dreamed again their golden dreams, and beneath the frosty stars plighted again their undying love.

During the week-days Obed planned fresh surprises for Mamie's Saturday return. He wreathed her bed-room windows with the trailing evergreen from Gray's Head, and strung great festoons of checker-berry and red wild-rose seed-vessels above her little looking-glass. The fragrant juniper with its purple berries perfumed her room, and a wonderful rug of mink and squirrel skins was laid where her dainty feet might most need it.

The humble fare of the family was garnished with its choicest dishes when Mamie came home for Saturday and Sunday; and on these occasions the picture of the beautiful girl, roughly sketched by a wandering artist who had visited the island, was newly decked with the winter ferns that Mamie loved best.

This portrait, sketchy and faint as it was, had been a cause of sore trouble once, for the artist, a gay, chattering young fellow from a distant city, while he painted it had talked of the bright world of art, fashion, wealth, and society, and had filled Mamie's head with strange fancies as he drew from her the story of her mysterious childhood. In a moment of unaccustomed ardor she had shown him the locket-portrait which she had worn about her neck when she was found in her dying father's arms. And Obed was angry when he heard the careless artist say that the portrait was that of "a high-bred lady," and must have been painted in foreign parts. But that was all forgotten now, though he could never be quite reconciled to the thought that the painter had carried away with him a charming sketch of the waif of Nautilus Island, painted with the curious locket resting on her bosom.

Spring came, and brought an end to Mamie's schooling. The alders were all a-bloom with their tender catkins, and the trailing arbutus began to gleam in the recesses of the thickets. Here and there the yellow violets sparkled in the wet sod; the



bank swallows twittered among the rocks, and the clang of wild geese resounded far up in the tender mist of the sky. The young folks were across the bar, for the tide was down, and a climb up Gray's Head was not to be resisted on such a day; it was perfect in its cool fragrance and sunny brightness. It was a day to be remembered. It was remembered.

Dancing and skipping back across the bar, they paused midway to settle an affectionate little dispute.

"So you are sure you would love me just the same if I were worth a meeting-house full of gold?" queried the laughing girl.

Stretching his arms over the little rill of the sea which separated them, streaming across the bar with the rising tide, he answered:

"I should love you if you were a queen on a golden throne, and I were the slave who waited at your foot."

"If you were rich I should not love you, because you would be proud;" and she vaulted over the swelling current, adjusting the much-vexed question as they paced homewards.

At the landing-place they saw a Fairport boat, and reaching the cottage they beheld, standing in the middle of the room which served as kitchen, sitting-room, and bedroom for the old couple, a stranger, who held in his hand Mamie's locket. His face was fine and pure; his air was strangely out of keeping with the humble surroundings, and on him was the fragrant breath of another sphere than that of Nautilus Island. He looked at the stony face of Aunt Thankful, the sad features of the locket-portrait, and on the bewildered, changeful eyes of the girl, and said: "My sister's child!"

At last the mystery was cleared. The ship *Arethusa*, bound from Calcutta to Portland, years ago, carried homeward John Minton, who had buried his wife in a far-off land, and, accompanied by a native nurse, had taken his motherless child to his own country. By what disastrous chance the ship had been so far diverted from her proper course as to be wrecked on Man-o'-War Reef no living man can tell. But where the good ship *Nautilus* had been broken up in 1797, and where a proud Spanish man-of-war had met its death two years later, the *Arethusa* went to pieces on a fatal night in March, 18—; and only this golden-haired girl remained of all those strong lives which were whelmed in the breakers of the reef.

The wild, fantastic fancies of the children had blossomed into reality at last. The

tell-tale artist had showed his picture of the rustic beauty of Nautilus Island to his friends and patrons in the great city where he wrought. The likeness to her dead mother, the strange locket on her breast, the mystery of her birth,—all these had piqued a languid curiosity among the artist's acquaintances; but they furnished a chain which led straight from the gay capital to Miah Morey's cabin by the shores of the Penobscot.

Why should I dwell on the scenes that followed?

New England people are not given to tears and scenes, wild bursts of grief and heart-rending farewells. It was settled that Mamie ought to go and see her new-found relatives, while proper steps were taken to secure to her her father's property. Mr. Horton was ready to recognize Obed's right to the hand of his niece, since she claimed that it was a right. But the young man could wait; Mamie lacked a year and more of being eighteen; and, meantime, she should take a look at the world before she married and settled down on Nautilus Island;—and the man of the city looked a little superciliously about him as he spoke.

So he went over to the port for a day or two while Mamie was prepared for her journey. And there fell a great silence on the household. Mamie and Obed sat on Black Rock, and watched the sea come and go; she, tearful and trembling, talked of the joyousness of the time when she should come back with her "shipload of gold," to make dear Aunt Thankful and Uncle Miah comfortable to the end of their days. He, jealous and distraught, was half sure she was glad to go. Old Miah mended his nets in silence, and his good wife sternly went about her household duties, feeling, she savagely muttered to herself, "as if there was a funeral in the house."

And the day came when Obed received the lingering feet of his beloved playmate into his boat; she sobbed once more her farewells on the ample bosom of Aunt Thankful, and kissed the sea-beaten face of old Miah. They shoved off from the familiar old landing-place; Mamie turned her eyes, swollen with weeping, to the silent, rigid figures of the aged couple on the shore; Obed grimly choked down a great lump in his throat, and, with manly strokes, swept out into the tide which bore them toward the port where the girl's uncle waited to take her to her new home.

When the Bucksport stage, which carried

his love away, had climbed Windmill Hill, dazed Obed had rowed back to the island. He plodded in a blind sort of way to the rocks where he and Mamie had sat in childhood, and had built their youthful fancies in the floating clouds. So he sat alone for hours, until he saw, far across the bay, the plume of smoke which marked where the Boston steamboat glided down the coast, bearing from him all that was dear on earth; then he went calmly away, and, with a set face, turned his fish-flakes to the westering sun.

The silent, self-contained household said no word of the day's great event, save, when the nine o'clock bell chimed from the village spire across the tide, Aunt Thankful, as she covered the fire, said: "I cal'late that poor gal is drefful sea-sick naow."

The days passed wearily. The season advanced rapidly; the leaves rushed out on the trees, and the corn crackled its green blades in the field behind the fish-house, but there was no longer any life on Nautilus Island. Aunt Thankful's "rheumatiz" was worse than usual; and though there was a fine run of salmon that spring, and drift-wood was uncommonly plenty, old Miah felt "diskerridged and clean beat out." Obed worked harder than ever before, but he rowed over to town every night, and waited about the corner until the sound of the post-office horn told him to ask for a letter.

At last it came, that wonderful letter, and the sunset gleams were richer, redder, and more glorious as Obed, drifting with the tide, sat on the thwart where she had often sat with him, and, resting his idle oars, read her loving words. She was well and happy in her new home. How could she be happy, thought Obed, half in anger; but he was glad to see that all her bliss was dashed by the thought that she was away from him. She ran on, page after page, describing the Hortons, who lived in a grand house, had servants by the score, with gay equipage and brilliant company. Her aunt was a lovely woman with pink cheeks and waves of real lace. Her only cousin was a handsome young fellow with *such* a splendid moustache! And would not Obed wear a moustache, it would become him so. Then there followed many minute inquiries about Aunt Thankful and Uncle Miah. Did the gray duck hatch out well, and was the top-knot hen ready to set yet? Obed must be sure and not forget her doves; how did the tom-cod season turn out? And, oh, had he been across the Bar lately? On the whole, the letter

was decided, in family conclave, a very satisfactory and altogether grand affair. Obed had a secret pang of jealousy whenever he thought of the handsome city cousin with the matchless moustache; and he could not altogether see how Mamie could by and by forego the luxurious home which she described, and return to the dingy cabin of Nautilus Island.

With laborious hands he wrote a sunny reply to her letter, faithfully cataloguing all the domestic incidents which had occurred and commenting on each as he wrote.

And Mamie? In her city home she was transfigured by the magic of dress and surroundings. No linsey-woolsey and calico now; no bizarre sea-weed and cockle-shell decorations. With that wonderful intuition which beautiful women have, she overruled and guided the artistic fancies of her aunt and her millinery women; and the untutored child of the sea-shore arrayed herself in matchless garniture. Soft, bright colors, diaphanous laces, and flowing lines were but the unnoticed accessories of the rare beauty into which she bloomed. Her brown face cleared into rosy alabaster; the sharp lines of her mouth grew soft and full; her glorious hair took on a more golden glow in its bands of pearl and gold. At last her luxurious tastes and craving for beautiful things were satisfied. Sometimes she stood gravely before the great mirror in her dressing-room, delighting her eyes with the sheen of her silk, the gossamer-like airiness of her ruffings, and asked if this fair flower-like creature, so rarely decked, could be the Waif of Nautilus Island? Locking her door securely, she paced stately up and down her room, learning to sweep with grace her shining drapery, waving her round arms, half hid in lace, and turning her haughty head, as she imagined her beautiful mother in the picture-locket must have walked and moved and turned her lovely head when she was a fair young girl.

But in the most ravishing strains of the grand operas, in the pauses of the gay gossip of the ball-room, and in the midst of the splendor of drawing-rooms, her true heart went back to her own home. She saw Aunt Thankful spinning in the sun by the door; Uncle Miah solitarily tended his lobster-pots, and thought of his dear little girl so far away. And Obed, of course, he looked across the Bar, and his eye sought out the ledges in the rocks where they two had sat and dreamed, or it dwelt lovingly on the mossy tree trunks among which they had

climbed the Head, seeking for thimble-berries. With a great longing she longed to go back; she could not wait another year to hear the beloved voices of the dear ones on the island; how could she live so long so far away from the familiar little cabin, the home-like shore, and the well-remembered wash and murmur of the sea?

But the city was fair too; it was full of life and beauty for her. The picture-galleries, the gay shops, the crowds of well-dressed people, the delicious opera, gorgeous ball, and occasional pageant—all these filled her with a great satisfaction. Under their influences and those of a refined, luxurious home, she ripened into a woman of extraordinary beauty and attractiveness. She was the bright particular star of the fashionable season, and her romantic story, artless ways, and surpassing loveliness filled any gaps that her unfamiliarity with the gay world's ways might have made. Men do not readily adapt themselves to a new sphere of life, whether it be higher or lower; women have the art to conceal their unacquaintance with novel circumstances, and soon learn to seem as though they had never known any other. Mamie was as one born in the purple.

Obed poured out his strong, loving soul in long letters, which Mamie read in the rosy, velvety, curtained privacy of her own apartments with a guilty blush. She was half-afraid that the stately mirrors and supercilious satin damask hangings should discover how dreadfully crabbed was her lover's handwriting, and how he misused his capital letters. It was like a breath from the salt sea to read those dear, loving messages from Nautilus; but, somehow, her bronze Hebe looked with innocent surprise from its pedestal when Mamie's rosy fingers turned over the details of the welfare of the new litter of pigs, and the net results of the mackerel season. The Louis Quatorze chairs were interested but not pleased with Aunt Thankful's directions about the yarn stockings and the catnip tea. The girl was conscious that she was living two lives—one present and one passing away.

The winter melted, leaving Mamie a trifle weary; and a summer in the mountains rested her. She saw and loved the snowy, billowy peaks, which reminded her of the familiar white-crested, tumultuous waves which rose over the watery ridge of the sea, or sank into the long level of the placid valleys. The mountains and the great forests were new to this child of the sea, but they all oppressed her, and seemed to shut out the

sky. She longed for the free expanse of the ocean. So when the time came for her to choose between the capital and Nautilus Island, between her uncle and her foster-parents, she wondered reproachfully that any one could doubt how she would decide; and thus she astonished the city family by deliberately electing Aunt Thankful and Uncle Miah as her guardians. She would turn her back on the gauds of the gay world, and, with a little sigh for its soft light and color, go back to the rude home of her childhood and to Obed.

There was mourning as well as wonder when this decision was announced to the city family. And when Obed came out of his life-long seclusion, proud, yet timid, to claim his bride, he was coldly and disdainfully shut into a drawing-room to wait for Mamie. His manliness forbade him to be dismayed at the fairy-like splendors in which he found himself; but his heart sank somewhat as the untutored youth, fresh from the bare, hard life of the Maine sea-coast, contemplated the haughty walls gleaming with treasures of art, the gilded, carved furniture, the heavy drape, and the multitude of costly objects scattered about in what seemed to him reckless profusion. And when Mamie, blushing and half shy, floated into the room, he was almost appalled. Could this radiant creature, adorned with fragile and costly textures, be his little foster-sister, his affianced bride? The first greeting over, he contemplated her from a distance, hot and cold by turns. He was ready to fall down and worship, yet he was angry that she looked so rare and fine. It was not his Mamie; still it was her whom he adored.

To Mamie, Obed did not look changed; he was browner and a trifle taller; he wore the moustache which she had fancied for him; but it was not becoming, and, somehow, Obed did not fit into the picture. He did not sit easily on his satin chair, and his garments, awkwardly fitting as they were, were not in keeping with the brocade drape behind him. All this ran through the girl's mind, and she vexedly thought how wrong it was to notice them, and yet how much more handsome Obed was in his white duck trousers and red flannel shirt than in that cheap-looking, shiny black coat. Poor Obed! he felt cheap-looking, and longed to be back on Nautilus with his own little girl again.

No word of criticism escaped Mamie's lips. All was well, and a torrent of talk swept away the first natural coolness of re-

straint which fell on both. There were a thousand things to say and ask, and though, during the two or three days of Obed's stay, she had great difficulty in trying to make him fit into the life where she was so much at home, she still found her old friend as dear and loving as ever. He was still her Obed!

"I am Cinderella, and the clock strikes twelve," she said, as she laid aside "the fine feathers," and prepared for her return to Nautilus Island. Silk and satin trains were not suitable for her wild runs across the Bar; her laces would not "fit in" with the spruce boughs and sweet-brier of Gray's Head. So, amidst great wonder and lamentation in palatial city mansions, she went her way homeward with Obed.

The sunshine, softened and mellowed, came again with Mamie to Nautilus Island. Obed, proud and happy as a king, conducted his affianced bride to the old cottage; Aunt Thankful's hard features relaxed with joyful tears as she gathered in her arms her restored treasure. Old Miah sounded his nasa! trumpet loudly in the depths of his bandanna, and turned away, after a greeting, to split firewood with unnecessary vigor. The girl brought back with her a greatly changed demeanor, but she was the same loving child as of yore. If she wove into her quiet browns and grays a stray bit of bright ribbon or lace, like a *souvenir* of her city life, it was not out of keeping with the somber woods, the dazzling shore, and the blue-green water that lapped the island. Her beauty was heightened by the accidental lights which gleamed in her quiet dress, and even undemonstrative Thankful Morey was constrained to say: "Wal, I dew declare you've grown to be a right proper young gal, and you allers wuz as putty as a pink."

The first excitement of returning over, Mamie tried to settle contentedly into the old order of things. She pranced about the little island like a child, revisiting all their old haunts, sitting on Black Rock with Obed for a moment, then darting to the dove-house to call her pets, visiting the cow-yard to recognize the mild-eyed Brindle, inspecting the fish-flakes and listening half-inattentively to Obed's account of the net result of the season's catch. But, most of all, she delighted to chase across the Bar; it was not so easy a climb up Gray's Head as it once was, but the purple asters were as bright and the white amaranths as perfect as ever. The tide came in as it used, lacing the wet sand with its long streams of frothy spume, and chasing their steps with eager glee

as they ran to and from the Head to Nautilus.

Yet, somehow, when she tried to be quite satisfied with the dear old home, she was mortified and angry with herself that it was not easy to be so satisfied. Something ailed the place. It was clear that Aunt Thankful had not been so scrupulously neat about the house as when she was a younger woman. She had grown old and careless in a year and a half. The rooms were smaller and dingier than when Mamie went away. The ceilings were low, and her pure little bedroom smelt of her foster-mother's pipe. She laughed airily to herself about all these trifles: she should soon get over them.

"I cal'late," said Aunt Thankful confidentially to her good man, "that our little gal will build on an L on to the haouse when she and Obe are married. It'd be nuthin' more'n right, for she's forehanded naow."

"Wal, wal, don't less hurry the child; she's noways mean, and 'll dew the right thing when the time comes. I 'spose she'll hev a sight o' money when she squares up with the Hortons?"

"I don't knaow, but I would like to hev that L built onto the haouse. Mame wants me to git a help; that air Booden gal over to Some's would be right handy. But no, I don't want none o' the pesky critters raound, breakin' more dishes than they are wuth, and spilin' vittles by the pailful. But I would like to hev that air L onto the haouse."

Mamie took great pleasure in Obed's manly, resolute ways; he was in refreshing contrast with the delicate young gentlemen whom she had known in the city. It was a little trying to her ideas of niceness that he should put his knife to his mouth at table; but then the three-tined steel forks were not just the thing to use as she would like to see him use them. These little non-essentials would be corrected when they were married. Married? She thought of that now with a little shiver. She was too young yet to take up life for herself. But she was true to Obed; she never, never could love anybody else, for he was noble, loving, and true as steel. Still, there was no hurry, for she had a great deal to do. And one of these things was to soften down some of the asperities which chafed her gentle soul about the family. Aunt Thankful must certainly learn to do without that shocking pipe; and she really did think that Uncle Miah might shave oftener; his gray stubbly beard detracted much from the beauty of his dear old face, never very handsome.

Aunt Thankful's eyes were not so old but they were sharp enough to see Mamie's dissatisfaction. "Wal," she said one day, "ef ye think them air sheets on yer bed air too coarse, I 'spose ye knaow where there's finer ones to be bought. But I hain't got no money to fool away on such extravagance at my time o' life."

"O Aunty," pleaded she.

"Wal, wal, my little pink, make 'em dew fur naow; yer'll hev better when yer set up fur yerself."

These little disputes worried Obed, but Mamie and he never spoke to each other about them, and, before they knew it, a thin wall had risen up between them. It was thin, so thin, but cold; and they looked at each other through it. Then he remembered angrily the gentle criticisms which she had passed upon his uncultured habits. "She's got above us plain folks," he muttered to himself; but he swore roundly at Aunt Thankful one day when she hinted that Mamie was "consider'ble uppish since she had been spiled by them Hortons."

He thought of the wondrous apparition of loveliness which had been revealed to him when he met her in the Horton drawing-room; and he reproached himself that he had been so eager to take her away from a station in life which seemed to have been made for her. After all, was she not the dove in the fish-hawk's nest? But he ground his teeth and kept everything to himself.

Winter came on apace, and Obed sullenly consented to a postponement of their marriage until spring. They had long talks now, loving and tender, but sometimes fierce; for the girl had a temper of her own, and Obed was "very aggravating" at times. He was jealous as the grave; she was willful, prankish, and sometimes teased him until he was frenzied, and she was astonished at her own audacity; but she kept on teasing. And the thin veil of ice betwixt them did not melt.

They were sitting one day on the rocky ledge of Gray's Head, whither they had rowed in Obed's boat. The tide was coming in, and they watched the great spongy ice-cakes grinding together as they tumultuously huddled up the Bar. "How lovely this is," she said. "It somehow makes me think of the hurried, crashing, mournful music of an opera I once heard."

"Oh, cuss the opera," said Obed, roughly, for he was in one of his black moods, and she had been unconsciously worrying him.

"We've no opera on Nautilus, and I never heard one."

"You shall hear one some day, dear; but I guess we had better go home. Dinner is ready: see, Aunt Thankful has hung the cloth in the window."

On the way down to the beach, a whim seized her to go across the Bar. "But the tide is coming in, and the ice is running to-day."

"Never mind," said the laughing girl; "I haven't been on the ice-cakes for so long, I want to take a run. You go in the boat and I'll beat you across."

In vain Obed pleaded and in vain commanded. "Will you go in my boat with me? Now or never," he said, meaningly.

"No, and never," she laughed gayly, and fled away, her bright red hood fluttering in the breeze.

Obed took his way sullenly across the cove, making a wide *détour* to reach into clear water. And Mamie went on, her gayety gone—her heart was heavy; she looked yearningly after Obed's retreating form. "Poor boy!" she murmured; "I do not love him as I thought I did. But, before God who pities me, I must keep my word."

She set her teeth firmly as she whispered this to the spectral ice-cakes which came crowding up about her. The way was hard; the tide was flowing in rapidly, and the time she gained in running on the open sand was lost in climbing over the frequent sheets of treacherous ice. The ominous whisper of the sea grew loud and hoarse under the icy shapes which hurried in upon the Bar, hiding her from the shore and from Obed, who was standing up in his boat now and looking for her. Up, up crept the tide, gushing through the blocks of ice and chilling her poor little feet. Her slender hands were torn with the rough crystalline edges of the frozen sea-water over which she toiled; but she bravely struggled on. She was half way across, and could see the fish-flakes on the snowy bank, the old jolly-boat hauled up for the winter. How distant they were!

But the water was rising. She must wade for it, if she got to clear water. Suddenly there was a tremor; the air was hushed and still, save where a little sob crept up from ice-covered Man-o'-War Reef. A jam of ice-floes gave way with a noise like thunder, and great blue and white masses came crowding down across the Bar with the rising tide. Like a drove of white, hungry wolves, the fantastic shapes sped from shore to shore, sweeping everything before them. There



was a little cry as of a human note muffled in the sea, and the icy waves flowed silently over the Bar.

Obed's strained eyes saw no graceful figure climb the bank below the cottage, and from the island to Gray's Head the tide coursed in strong deep currents. Frantic, he pulled his boat through the hindering ice and sprang ashore. No dainty foot-prints led up from the island end of the bar; no form met his distracted vision. Shore and sky, ice, water, and stony-faced precipice looked pitifully at him, as he stood, speechless, in his great agony.

The news spread, as such news does, in the air, and from far and wide flocked the rough, compassionate sea-farers of the bay, searching for—it. They never found the form for which they sought.

As the sun went down, compassionately tinting the frosty shores with a rosy glow, John Clark, removing his seal-skin cap in deference to a great grief, tenderly handed Obed a little red hood which he had found on a floating sheet of ice.

And that was all. The Waif of Nautilus Island had returned to the sea whence she came.

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#### MR. LOWELL'S PROSE.

For several reasons, Mr. Lowell's prose, as well as his poetry, has almost altogether missed, hitherto, the homage of that sincere and serious criticism which alike his real merits, in either kind of composition, and the high rank to which the general consent of enlightened opinion has advanced him, should seem to have demanded. When he first began to publish, now nearly one whole literary age ago, he was greeted by the powers of criticism that then were with a certain condescension of notice, magisterial, to be sure, in tone, but kindly, as exercised toward a young man personally well known to his censors, and affectionately regarded by them, of whom good things were justly to be expected in the future, but to whom it would meantime be premature to pay the compliment of a very thorough examination of his claims to permanent regard. There followed a considerable period of nearly unbroken silence on the part of Mr. Lowell, during which a tradition of his genius and accomplishments made the tour of cultivated minds, traveling outward from Boston through the slowly widening circle of the fellowship of American letters.

By the time that he appeared again in print, Mr. Lowell had thus an assured welcome of generous acclamation already awaiting him from every organ of critical opinion in the country. There seemed nothing in the circumstances of his fortune as an author to create any diversion against him. His quality was manifestly not popular enough to make him an object of jealousy with his peers in authorship. He was just sufficiently removed from obvious and easy comprehension to become a good shibboleth of culture and insight among the critics of the periodical press.

Something, too, of that personal impression of the man, which seems to be inseparable from the effect produced upon us by the work of the author, accompanied, to assist Mr. Lowell in his easy conquest of the most formidable and most influential critical appreciation that as yet had a voice in the current American literature. It speedily became a point of literary patriotism with us all to swear a loyal and enthusiastic oath by the wit, the learning, and the genius of our brilliant fellow-countryman.

By a curious coincidence, too,—lucky for the recent immediate spread of his fame,—it happened that Mr. Lowell's latest and most important publications appeared at that precise juncture of our international relations with Great Britain when paramount public considerations were operating to disarm British criticism for the moment of its natural and traditional suspicion respecting American books, and even to dispose it to a lavish literary hospitality toward whatever of American production might seem most likely to be generally accepted among us as representative of the national genius and culture. Mr. Lowell was obviously the favorite of American literary men. English periodicals could not fail to gratify the American public by praising their chosen literary representative. Accordingly English organs of criticism were found, for instance, eagerly pronouncing the "Commemoration Ode" a great poem (which it scarcely escaped being indeed), but without so much as hinting faintly that the retorted sneer in it at the Old World, and especially Great Britain, was perhaps an artistic mistake, which nevertheless it may easily appear even to Mr. Lowell's sympathizing countrymen to be. It has thus re-

sulted that the verdict without discussion which American criticism had spontaneously passed upon Mr. Lowell, now stands doubly established in the apparently justifying and confirming accord of English opinion. By consequence, could a poll of the best instructed and most controlling editorial suffrages of the country be taken on the question to-morrow, the well-nigh unanimous sentence would pronounce Mr. James Russell Lowell, upon the whole, beyond controversy, if not the first, then certainly the second among living American literary men.

We state the fact. We make no quarrel with it. Our own judgment might not be different. We merely point it out in explaining how it is that Mr. Lowell has failed so long of that faithful and unprepossessed criticism of his work, to which by his unenvied though enviable eminence he is justly entitled. We herewith offer the initiative\* of such a criticism with regard to Mr. Lowell's prose.

The first remark to be made about Mr. Lowell's prose concerns the kind in literature to which it belongs. It is not creative; it is critical. It is that in respect to other men's literary productions which this article aims to be in respect to Mr. Lowell's own productions in prose. It appreciates, and, except incidentally, it does not originate. We say this without intending comparative disparagement of that species of literary work to which in his prose Mr. Lowell has almost exclusively devoted himself; although it is perfectly obvious that criticism makes a humbler claim than creation on the gratitude and reverence of the reader toward the author. While, however, late literature has names like M. Sainte-Beuve in France, Mr. Matthew Arnold in England, and Mr. Lowell (as a prose writer) in this country, to show among those who contentedly accept the vocation of critic, criticism, still justly adjudged to remain subordinate in rank to creation, may yet be admitted to confer degrees of greatness upon its servants higher perhaps than any but the highest of all.

The one thing, however, that concerns us in classifying Mr. Lowell's prose-productions as criticism, is to settle the rule by

which he may fairly be judged. He is a critic. Fair criticism asks, Is he a good critic? Is he adequately qualified, and has he made adequate use of his qualifications?

Large knowledge of literature is among the necessary qualifications of a good critic. In literature, as in everything, comparison and contrast are our best, almost our only means of just estimation. Critical faculty goes for nothing without adequate material of information upon which to have exercised itself beforehand, and from which now to form its present appraisals. No one can read Mr. Lowell's prose, or for that matter his poetry either, without acknowledging his wide familiarity with literature, both vernacular and foreign. Culture, in this sense of it, flavors every page of his writings. Allusion, near or remote,—often, it must be admitted, remote,—lurks in almost every one of his sentences. So much indeed is this the case, that it is often a task to all but readers tolerably well informed themselves to track his hiding sense with certainty. We have been told on excellent authority that so well-informed a gentleman, for instance, as the head of Harvard University presumably is, was obliged to resort to Mr. Lowell himself to find out what his friend meant by a word in his poem of "The Cathedral" felicitously coined to convey an allusion to a usage of the Latin poets that happened not to be present to the learned president's mind at the moment of his reading the piece. Mr. Lowell certainly does not lack discursive acquaintance with literature to qualify him for his office of critic.

A second necessary endowment of the good critic is a capacity on his part of entering into the thought and feeling of another, without such accompanying prepossessions of his own as unconsciously to modify his new investiture by exchange and confusion of the separate individualities. This trait, the most amiable and generous of the critic's intellectual traits, Mr. Lowell possesses in an eminent degree. The fluent lapse from mood to mood in sympathy with his author which Mr. Lowell achieves or undergoes (is it active, or is it passive?) in his capacity of critic contrasts wonderfully say with the iron rigidity of Lord Macaulay's persistency in uniformly remaining himself, of whomsoever he may chance to be discoursing in ostensible criticism. Lord Macaulay, however, it ought in judgment of him to be remembered, seemed himself not unaware of his own incapacity for dealing with any but those literary men whose work, like their critic's, was

\* Exception to this implication ought perhaps to be made in favor of a tentative article published some months ago in *Lippincott's Monthly*, which made several good critical points unfavorable to Mr. Lowell, and sustained them well, but which, whether deservedly or not, incurred in certain quarters where jealous susceptibility on such a point was natural and was pardonable, the accusation of personal unfriendliness to the illustrious author.

all of it done with heavy crayon strokes. But it is already an anachronism to mention Lord Macaulay as a critic, incomparable stylist though he is within his own chosen sphere of straightforward, dogmatic, all-British expression. Mr. Lowell's self-sacrificing readiness to renounce himself for the sake of temporarily becoming his author, is everything that could be expected of a critic.

It is manifest, however, that there must be a check set somewhere to this genial capacity on the critic's part of commingling consciousness with his author. And accordingly, a further qualification of the ideal critic is an assured and tranquil abiding on his part in certain well-defined principles of literary art, and certain fixed standards of literary judgment, which he is willing indeed, in accordance with that sensitive sympathy just spoken of, to hold suspended, as it were, from their influence for a time, while he is adequately comprehending his author—but to which he instinctively and infallibly returns in the end for pronouncing his ultimate decision. It will, we think, upon reflection, be conceded as very conspicuous among the manifold qualifications which the confessed most exquisite contemporary critics unite in themselves—this inexhaustible capacity on their part of resilient return to their unaltered and unforgotten postulates of criticism after prolonged intervals of discursion, during which their readers will very likely have quite lost all idea of their reckoning amid the genial and companionable and sympathetic delayings of their guides in the society of the subjects of their criticism. How surely M. Rénan, M. Sainte-Beuve, Mr. Matthew Arnold, Professor Seeley find their anchoring-ground again and ride at ease with buoys on every side about them after the most distant and most devious cruises alongside of their authors to antipodal shores. In this capital qualification of the critic, Mr. Lowell seems to us to be comparatively wanting. He is apt to drift, when he parts company with his convoy and ceases to cruise. He forgets his way back to his roadstead. Or rather he seems hardly to have a roadstead. The ocean is not too wide for his keel, and a new hail and a fresh cruise with still other company are always better to him than the return. In plain language, Mr. Lowell's present sympathy on a given occasion prevails too often over what were else his permanent convictions. His convictions, alike in literature, in ethics, and in religion flow too easily. We speak purely from the point of view of the literary artist. It is essential for

the critic himself that his convictions should stand firmly enough to be sighted, from time to time, at his need, in order that his criticism be not capricious, but judicial—at least that it be consistent with itself. It is equally essential, too, for the critic's readers that they should be able to recognize his ultimate convictions, in order on their part to apply that co-efficient of modification to his judgments without which his judgments are comparatively valueless to them. The critic's view is very well, but we need to know also his point of view.

Such seem to be the indispensable parts of the good critic's equipment, the moral quality of candor being of course pre-supposed. But it adds a grace and a power which we very unwillingly miss, if the critic have likewise the ability and the industry, perhaps we should add, the opportunity, to write his criticisms in a style so good as itself to illustrate a high literary art. Of Mr. Lowell's ability to do this, or at least to have done it, there is scarce a period of his prose that does not seem to imply indubitable proof. It is very much to be regretted, both for the sake of his example and for the sake of his fame, that his ability should not have been better supported by his industry or by his opportunity. If we should admit that the published collections of Mr. Lowell's prose contain passages of such writing as the future will not willingly let die, this utmost concession, in accordance with our own strong wish half bribing our judgment, yielded to his more injudicious admirers' pretensions on his behalf, would still be niggardly concession compared with that which we feel it was quite within his privilege to extort from the most grudging among the critical adjudicators of his literary claims. Almost all the elements of a masterly style are present here, but "in their pregnant causes mixed confusedly" rather than marshaled in the fair order and decorum of a finished creation. In truth we know few volumes in the world of literature that own the *disjecta membra* of so much abortive possibility, one can hardly call it endeavor, in literary art. We read, and are dazzled in the splendor of such coruscant light. The heaven seems ablaze with comets and meteors and the matter of stars. We instinctively say what an orb were here if only there were at hand the central force to gather and to globe this wasteful play of brilliancy. If Mr. Lowell had printed copious notes and studies of essays, and if those notes and studies had made the present volumes, then what tri-

umphs of English composition for the instruction and delight of many generations might not have been anticipated when the essays themselves, in their ordered and proportioned completeness and unity, should follow. Mr. Lowell has been, we suspect, more generous to us than just to himself. He has indeed given us notes and studies of essays. Alas, that we must not look for the essays! The opportunity or the inclination fails to him. Let us not be ungraciously thankful.

The faults which we find in Mr. Lowell's style are serious. They are such, too, as take hold of the thought not less than of the expression of the thought, which is equivalent to saying that we use the term style in its largest significance. The chief fault, and the parent one, is a singular lack of total comprehension and organic unity in his grasp and treatment of subjects. We thus name a fault of which it would perhaps be unfair to complain in an author of Mr. Lowell's just comparative degree in the scale of native endowment. It requires a measure, not necessarily a large measure, but a measure, greater or less, of real original power in a writer to take the master's supreme possession of his material, and produce it in a fresh creative form of his own. But if this high gift has been denied to Mr. Lowell, it still does seem fair to hold him responsible for maintaining at least that certain decorous harmony of tone in his work from which no qualified criticism will dispense even a confessedly derivative authorship. Grant that Mr. Lowell could not conceive and create a symphony of his own. With suitable self-denial and patience and care, he might have avoided introducing injurious original discords while rearranging and adapting for his variations from the symphonies of others. This fault he does not avoid, and, accordingly, *want of firm and harmonious tone* is to be named as the leading vice of his style.

This vice is not a casual, it is a characteristic vice. It affects the value of all Mr. Lowell's prose work alike in matter and in manner. It clings like an inseparable coefficient almost everywhere, and it reduces the value of each term that it enters to zero. It spoils his criticism for authority, and it spoils his manner for model. Nor is it a sole, a sterile vice. Its true name rather is Legion. It nourishes a numerous progeny of lesser vices, such as extravagances of statement, inconsistencies of critical judgment, undignified condescensions to words and images that we hesitate to stigmatize as vulgar only because Mr. Lowell uses them,

—allusions brought from too far and serving too little purpose, wit out of season, or even in a questionable taste, archaisms, neologisms, notes of querulousness, sentimentalisms, unconscious adoptions of thought from other authors, obtrusions of learning, ill-jointed constructions, and very frequent grammatical negligences. We shall not fail to furnish instances by which our readers may try the justness of our strictures. But this incidentally, or in its proper order.

The series of papers entitled "Library of Old Authors" illustrates perhaps more strikingly than any other portion of these volumes the profuse literary learning of their author. The papers now referred to are not very lively reading for the general public. But they do not lack spice, we should say, for several of the editors to whom Mr. Lowell pays his attentions. It is no doubt a true service to the interests of sound literature for a good critic, even at some expense of feeling to himself, to expose now and then the impostures or the hallucinations of pretentious literary incompetency. Mr. Lowell's learning at all events appears here to better advantage than it does, for instance, when thrusting itself forward in such a note as the following, which the critic subjoins to a page of his essay on Pope: "My Study Windows," p. 388:—

"I believe it has not been noticed that among the verses in Gray's 'Sonnet on the Death of West,' which Wordsworth condemns as of no value, the second—

And reddening Phœbus lifts his golden fires—

is one of Gray's happy reminiscences from a poet in some respects greater than either of them:—

*Jamque rubrum tremulis jubar ignibus erigere alte  
Cum coepit natura.*—*Lucret.* iv. 404, 405.<sup>1</sup>

The italics are Mr. Lowell's. The general reader will better understand the violence and barrenness of the parallel with the meaning of the Latin before him. We make our italics correspond with Mr. Lowell's: "And now when Nature hastens to *uplift* on high her radiance *ruddy* with tremulous *fires*." That Gray's line is one of his poorest is certain, whether Wordsworth thinks so or not. The "Phœbus" and the "reddening" unkindly mixed with "golden" are not in Gray's own taste, but in the false taste of the period, and they chiefly are what give its individual character to the pinchbeck verse. On the other hand, Lucretius has no "Phœbus," and he does not make a "reddening" sun lift "golden" fires. The "tremulous" imparts far more of their peculiar quality to the verses of Lucretius than do the stock

words which Mr. Lowell italicises. We make no doubt that so practiced a handler of books as Mr. Lowell would cheerfully undertake, with the assistance of suitably indexed editions of the chief poets of every human language, to find parallels for Gray's line in all of them without exception, at least equally happy with the one which he has chanced upon in Lucretius. The whole note, occupying nearly a page of the book, displays all the chief traits which Mr. Lowell himself burlesques in the Reverend Homer Wilbur, A.M. The reader who remembers the "Biglow Papers" almost looks to see the initials "H. W." appended to this note,—the inconsequence, the irrelevance, and the pedantry in it rise so nearly to the degree of the burlesque. We seem to have an explanation of the fact that the commentary by Rev. Mr. Wilbur which accompanies Mr. Biglow's papers produces often a depressing rather than an enlivening effect upon the reader. The author of the travesty does not separate himself sufficiently from his work. We cannot quite make up our minds to be heartily amused with Mr. Wilbur, lest in so doing we should be enjoying ourselves partly at Mr. Lowell's expense.

We have, however, to remember that it has been in the path of Mr. Lowell's professional pursuits as well as of his personal aptitudes and tastes to read and study literature as a specialty. His engagements as editor of various volumes in the series of "The British Poets," published by Little & Brown, were no doubt further helpful to his large acquisitions in the learning of literature. It may be conjectured that a large share of all Mr. Lowell's essays, before their apotheosis in the form of books, did double service as lectures to university classes and as articles in reviews. This probably accounts for the exchange of the reviewer's "we" and the lecturer's "I" in the same essay—as frequently in "Shakespeare Once More." Passages of the lecture that were dropped in the article have been restored in the essay. In the haste of editing, Mr. Lowell neglected to make his personal pronouns uniform. We hazard our conjecture.

In the "Library of Old Authors," poor Mr. W. C. Hazlitt in particular (grandson, we believe, of William Hazlitt, Coleridge's contemporary), one of the editors of the books reviewed, has the misfortune to serve Mr. Lowell as foil for the display of his merciless learning, and as target for the practice of his wit. Mr. Lowell does not often make quarry of a man, but when he does so, he has ready

talons and an eager beak. We think we enjoy assisting at the spectacle when a supposable well-to-do living man like Mr. W. C. Hazlitt is the victim, better than when the victim is a dead man on whom the public neglect had already inflicted a punishment that asked no posthumous blow to make it either condignly severe or wholesomely instructive. We cannot help feeling that the essay on James Gates Percival was superfluous practice.

Mr. Lowell's capacity of sympathetic appreciation is everywhere illustrated. He treats, for instance, of a poet, whom he, at least, would assuredly wish to consider the most antithetic in intimate quality to himself, and manages to like him so well and to find so much in him, that the sworn admirers of the critic confess their astonishment at the judgment which he pronounces on his subject. There is in reality no occasion of astonishment. Mr. Lowell does in this case as he does in the case of every author that he criticises. He submits Pope as if to the tests of his own individual and independent analysis. You may anticipate a wholly fresh, and perhaps in some respects novel judgment of his author. But that is because you are not familiar with Mr. Lowell's invariable method. He ends, as it was certain from the beginning that he would end; by reaffirming at large, after his own vacillating fashion, the well-established verdict in which several ages of criticism have issued—criticism justly divided between ascription and denial to Pope's unique and deservedly still flourishing fame. John Dryden again, in the generous overflow of his critic's sympathy with him, narrowly escapes, if he escapes, the dangerous honor of being assigned a rank above Milton. For in his essay on "Dryden," Mr. Lowell says that by general consent, which he himself passes unchallenged, Dryden stands at the head of the English poets of the second class, and in "Shakespeare Once More," he elaborately proves that Milton was a second-class poet. But Mr. Lowell needs only to devote an essay to Milton in order to do Milton the amplest justice. It is his way to be wholly occupied with being generous in praise or in blame to the particular author under review.

The course of reasoning employed to demonstrate that Milton is not simply inferior to Shakespeare, but in an inferior class, is not new with Mr. Lowell, although he "ventures" to propose it. It consists in asserting as major that no first-class genius can be



"successfully imitated." Milton has been successfully imitated. Therefore, etc. Mr. Lowell expressly says that Milton\* left behind him "whole regiments uniformed with all [his] external characteristics." We hardly know in the first place what Mr. Lowell considers "successful imitation," and in the second place what he considers the "external characteristics" of a poetry. It is certain that Milton was sufficiently individual and sufficiently novel in manner to be capable of imitation and to attract it. But it was imitation after a sort. We should say decidedly *not* "successful imitation." Who is it that has written in Milton's "tone?" For it is "tone," as Mr. Lowell truly says, that distinguishes the master. But "tone" is not an "external characteristic," Mr. Lowell would reply. Agreed. Is then the harmony of the versification an "external" characteristic? Mr. Lowell would assuredly have to admit that it is. For our own part, we should be at a loss to guess what could be called an external characteristic of a poetry, if the peculiar harmony of its versification could not. But Collins, Mr. Lowell elsewhere says, revived in his verse the harmony that had been silent since Milton—that is, half a century or more. How is it then that Milton "left behind him whole regiments uniformed with *all* his external characteristics?" We are at a stand to reconcile Mr. Lowell with himself. It might be natural to suspect that he meant a characteristic so wholly external as the diction of the poet. But this characteristic is expressly excepted by Mr. Lowell. For he is contrasting Milton with Shakespeare, be it remembered, and he implicitly acknowledges that Shakespeare might be imitated in his vocabulary. It is Shakespeare's "tone" he says that is inimitable. We ask again, who has successfully imitated Milton's "tone?" And does not Mr. Lowell's labored demonstration of the difference of class between Milton and Shakespeare resolve itself at last to this,—that it is only in his "tone," tone being

admitted the most interior and most substantive thing in style, that Shakespeare is inimitable, and that it is only in his "external characteristics" at most that Milton has been successfully imitated. Here is the argument arranged in propositions according to their logical sequence: Shakespeare is of the first class, because he cannot be imitated. Milton is of the second class, because he can be imitated. Only Shakespeare perhaps can be imitated in some of his external characteristics. But Milton has been imitated in some of his external characteristics. Shakespeare however is absolutely inimitable in "tone," whereas Milton for aught that appears is also inimitable in "tone." Therefore Shakespeare is a first-class poet, and Milton a poet of the second class—*q. e. d.* But Mr. Lowell's logic has the habit of smiling in a superior way at wide gulfs between premise and conclusion.

Mr. Lowell goes so far as to say that no writer has ever reminded him of Shakespeare by the gait of a single line. So strong a statement may be true in Mr. Lowell's individual case, but why then should he not be able without hesitation to pronounce absolutely his decision, whether a given line occurring in one of Shakespeare's plays be spurious or not? Yet Mr. Lowell in a note says of a passage quoted in the text: "This may not be Shakespeare's." He at least should be certain. Meantime Barnfield's lines stand in Shakespeare's text without offending the sense of homogeneity in the most of us, and the critical world will not have done disputing whether Titus Andronicus be Shakespeare's or not. But we meant merely to illustrate the extent to which Mr. Lowell's sympathy with his author is likely to influence him.

In the course of the minor discussion upon which we have now been remarking, we light upon a sentence that happens to be on several sides illustrative both of the excellences and of the defects of Mr. Lowell's style. The general tenor of the text at this point involving a comparative disparagement of Milton in favor of Shakespeare, the critic interposes a parenthesis of concession to the noble qualities of the Puritan poet, by way at once of attesting his own capacity of adequate appreciation, and of thus the more effectively setting his present Magnus Apollo in advantageous relief. He says: "I know that Milton's manner is very grand. It is slow, it is stately, moving as in triumphal procession, with music, with historic banners, with spoils from every time and every region,

\* We quote here the entire sentence: "Dante, Shakespeare, Goethe left no heirs either to the form or [to the] mode of their expression; while Milton, Sterne, and Wordsworth left behind them whole regiments uniformed with all their external characteristics." Compare with this whimsical dictum what Coleridge says, Works, vol. iv. p. 292, Am. ed.: "In this [that is, in 'style'] I think Dante superior to Milton; and his style is accordingly *more imitable than Milton's*"—which implies in our opinion a far more rational view of what constitutes a style imitable, than the critical crotchet adopted by Mr. Lowell.

and captive epithets, like huge Sicambrians, thrust their broad shoulders between us and the thought whose pomp they decorate."

By how narrow a margin does such writing as this miss of matching the magnificence of its subject! Certainly it shows, what hardly needed the showing, that Mr. Lowell enters with heart into the appreciation of Milton's verse, at least in its external characteristics. It almost makes one doubt whether, if Mr. Lowell were cited to swear by his conscience (and were able to do so with certainty of being right) concerning his own individual preference as between Milton and Shakespeare, disenchanted of influence from current conventional tastes, he would not have honestly to confess that he himself enjoys Milton's poetry more than he enjoys Shakespeare's. This suggestion is perhaps gratuitous, and we certainly do not press it, but with it agrees well the peculiar genius of Mr. Lowell's own composition, which often accomplishes its choicest effects, as he says Milton's poetry habitually does, by means of a charm supplied from some remote association of literature or of history. Mr. Lowell thus depreciates Milton, but we thus praise Mr. Lowell. The difference in favor of Milton is that his art subdues his imagination, while Mr. Lowell's fancy is quite too willful for his art. Milton's charm accordingly is always the handmaid of his purpose. But Mr. Lowell's purpose is often cheated by his charm. We happen to have an example immediately in hand. For, with admirable fitness, the sentence quoted above, while imitating in its own movement the numerous march and the scenic pomp of the Roman triumphal procession to which the richly storied progress of Milton's verse is finely compared, contains in the word "Sicambrians" a highly effective spell to the historic imagination that is quite in Milton's manner as well as in Mr. Lowell's own. But observe. The mention of the German tribe, aptly suggested by Mr. Lowell's art, becomes suddenly too stimulating to Mr. Lowell's fancy, and he finishes his sentence with an offset to his praise of Milton, as unintended probably at first with the writer as it certainly is unexpected to the reader, but at any rate quite inartistically discordant with its previous tenor. It is very lively, no doubt, to speak of "broad shoulders" in connection with the Sicambrians, but to speak of "broad shoulders" as thrust between us and the thought in Milton's poetry, may be just or it may not to the merit of Milton's manner—it is in either case a violent change in the direc-

tion of the sentence which goes far to defeat its opening promise altogether. This is clearly a case in which nothing lacked to the production of a rhythmical period of wholly satisfactory prose but the patience and the continence of exercised art. Mr. Lowell is in fact almost everything that goes to the making up of a classic in literature—alas! almost everything but that which is the supreme thing after all—he refuses to be an artist.

Thus far of the sentence considered as style. A word or two now of the sentence considered as criticism. In the first place, Milton's epithets are not "captive" epithets. They are his own epithets as hardly any other poet's epithets are his own. If it had fallen in Mr. Lowell's way to speak thus concerning Gray instead of concerning Milton, he would have hit a truth in criticism, and have hit it very happily. Gray's epithets are indeed exactly captive epithets. They were not born into his dominion, that is to say,—they are his, nevertheless, but they are his as spoil of war. For Gray throve as poet by a high style of literary freebootery, something like that recognized piracy which Thucydides says that anciently whole nations of Greek islanders were proud to practice and to avow for their legitimate means of livelihood and wealth. He made honorable forays everywhere into all the poetic Indies of literature, and brought troops of epithets home with him, willingly led in a splendid captivity of which neither captive nor captor had reason to be ashamed. And Gray's poetry is to a wonderful degree dependent for its charm on these captured adjectives. His poetry might fairly be described, indeed, as an elaborate mosaic, inlaid and illuminated with other poets' gems and precious stones in a setting supplied by the artist himself, that almost always harmonizes and not seldom heightens their several lustres. These ornaments were culled by Gray with an exquisiteness of choice which really amounted to genius with him, and they were wrought together into their miraculous result with an endless patience of art that was scarce worth distinguishing in what it effected from original poetic inspiration.

Far otherwise is it with Milton. His epithets are not captives. They are as different from captives as possible. There is capture, to be sure, in the case, but it happens in entirely different relations. The epithets themselves are the captors. They make prisoner the picture or the history to which they relate, and bind it fast forever

with the bond of a word—a charm of fitness that cannot be broken. More: they captivate the imagination of the reader so that he can in no wise thenceforward free himself from vassalage to the magical word. Abana and Pharpar flow for him through rich imaginative realms, always "*lucid streams*." It is "*vernal delight*" that the breath of spring inspires. A phrase endows us with a wealth, a phrase invests us with an empire, in the land of the sun, beyond the boast of Cræsus, beyond the fame of Alexander,—"*the gorgeous East*." "*Most musical, most melancholy*" reconciles us more on this side of the Atlantic to hear the note of his nightingale outside of Milton's verse.

"*Sabran odors from the spicy shore  
Of Araby the blest—*"

with what an ineffable charm of history, of travel, of romance—with what a fixed embalmment of odorous spice and of "soft delicious" sound it chains us up in musing alabaster!

Mr. Lowell forgot himself that moment. He could not consciously have written "captive" of Milton's epithets. But we have probably refuted a meaning that Mr. Lowell never intended to convey. We have done him the unintentional injustice of trying to understand him too strictly. The style of the sentence, fine as it is, is fine, it will be observed, after a somewhat mixed and composite rhetorical order. The sentence sets off in language not designed to be figurative. Milton's manner is affirmed to be "slow," to be "stately." There were tropes, however, implicit in these descriptive words, and the delicate verbal tact in Mr. Lowell's pen was sure to feel them there. A simile is the result—"moving as in triumphal procession." No sooner is the simile begun than metaphor seems better to the writer's kindling fancy, and the sentence proceeds in language proper to the triumphal procession alone—"with music, with historic banners, with spoils from every time and every region"—except that the word "time" here belongs on the other hand only to the poetry. After this the metaphor is suddenly inverted, and the poetry alone is described, though in terms mixed of metaphor and simile—"and captive epithets, like huge Sicambrians, thrust their broad shoulders between us and the thought whose pomp they decorate." The word "captive" seems thus merely to be an explanatory copula between the two terms of the metaphor inverted. In simple candor, therefore, we suppose

that Mr. Lowell wrote the adjective with exactly no meaning whatever for it in its application here. He was merely intent on filling out his fine analogy between the Roman triumph and Milton's verse with one ostensible resemblance more. Critical felicity and, with that, style itself were sacrificed to gratify an importunate and irresistible fancy. In truth it is King Ahasuerus and Queen Esther between Mr. Lowell and his fancy almost everywhere throughout these volumes. The bewitching queen is always on her knees, and the uxorious king is always extending his scepter. He never wearies of offering to give her the half of his kingdom, and she never blushes to accept the gift. The issue is inevitable—Mr. Lowell remains but a nominal sovereign in his own realm. He continues to reign but he ceases to govern.

It was conscientiously, and not grudgingly or captiously, that we added the qualifying clause, "at least in his external characteristics," to our acknowledgment of Mr. Lowell's apparent capacity to appreciate Milton. A reservation seemed necessary. The tenor of the discussion in which the sentence quoted occurs, may well excite a doubt whether the high point of view that reduces the majestic astronomy of Milton's poetry and genius to their true Copernican order has ever been used by Mr. Lowell for a survey of the subject. Here at any rate he commits the grave critical mistake of forgetting to consider what is the essential, the differentiating characteristic of the species of poetry to which the "*Paradise Lost*" belongs. He judges epic poetry by the dramatic standard, disparaging Milton's imagination in comparison with Shakespeare's, because Milton's imagination is epic and Shakespeare's dramatic.

There is in reality no common measure of Shakespeare and Milton. They are simply incommensurable magnitudes—hopelessly incommensurable. Milton is an epic poet and Shakespeare is a dramatic poet. Shakespeare is unquestionably the first of dramatic poets. But Milton no less unquestionably is the first of epic poets. That is the end of the comparison between them. Anything said further becomes discrimination and contrast of the drama and the epos. For the two are radically different, the radical difference between them being this—that dramatic poetry shows us history making, while epic poetry shows us history made. Dramatic poetry is written in the living present—the tense of progress and action. Epic poetry

is written in the past tense—a kind of remote and absolute aorist. Dramatic poetry asks of us to let the stage fill for its moment the whole field of our view. We are invited to forget that we are not really inhabitants of the world which we see represented—not really contemporary with its growing events. We are to be the willing children of fancy. Epic poetry puts a telescope into our hands and invites us to survey what it reveals afar, without losing conscious sight meantime of objects near at hand visible to the natural eye. We are not desired to forget that we live in a different world from that which we behold—not desired for even an instant to suppose ourselves present at the birth, and witnesses of the growth, of the events described. We are to exercise the imagination rather than to indulge the fancy.

From this discrimination of dramatic and epic poetry, it follows of course that what is good in the one may be very bad in the other. For example, since dramatic poetry aims to obliterate differences of date and of place between the action and the spectator, anything that tends to impair the vividness of present impression, that asks aid of the imagination and cannot get all it needs from the fancy, is hurtful to proper dramatic effect. On the contrary, it is of the very genius of epic poetry to interpose time and distance between the action and the reader, and consequently everything that tends to increase this separation, if properly managed, becomes helpful in the highest degree to the proper epic effect. The longer the vista, the more crowded the perspective,—the grander the impression of what is seen at the end, if what is seen is but distinctly seen. Preeminently is this true of Milton's great poem. For Milton's action is put at the very beginning of time, or before it. All human history has since intervened. The recollection of this is never for a moment to be absent from the reader's mind. It communicates, therefore, the very highest epic grandeur to Milton's verse, when he throngs the intervening distances between us and his action with the figures and events of subsequent history. His "pitfalls of bookish associations" might be a fault—however splendid a fault—if he were a dramatic poet. They are no fault, but a consummate virtue in him as an epic poet. A mindful and balanced criticism would have taken account of this.

We have thus bestowed what might seem a very disproportionate amount of attention upon a single illustrative specimen of style

and of criticism. But we have acted with deliberate purpose, for with Mr. Lowell as with most writers, the sentence is likely to be the microcosm of the essay. It is true at least in Mr. Lowell's case that the same capricious law of chance association is ready to cast its spell upon his fancy, to lead his constructive faculty astray, whether in the scheme of an essay or in the mould of a sentence. A bright metaphor, a lucky allusion, a stroke of wit, is to Mr. Lowell what a butterfly, a squirrel, a brook, is to the school-boy. It makes him forget his errand. He plays the truant. He finds plenty of wonderful and delightful things. But he wanders wide of his goal.

An instance of this occurs at the opening of "Shakespeare Once More." Mr. Lowell begins by doubting somewhat fancifully, though not very freshly, whether any language has resources enough to furnish a vehicle of expression to more than one truly great poet, and whether again any but a single very brief period in the development of the language admits the possibility of that unique phenomenon. He felicitates the race to which Shakespeare belongs on their good luck in the favorable conditions of Shakespeare's appearance. He happens in doing so to speak of "that wonderful composite called English," and cannot help adding, wittily enough, though not to his purpose, the "best result of the confusion of tongues." But he allows this allusion to suggest the next sentence: "The English-speaking nations should build a monument to the misguided enthusiasts of the Plain of Shinar!" and he then concludes the introductory paragraph with a boast on behalf of our language, which, though not inapposite to his general design, prevents the immediate passage from producing a cumulative or even an harmonious impression. The extravagance, the confusion, the movement without progress, the distracted syntax, the whimsicalness, and withal the brilliancy and wit in manner united to strict commonplaceness in matter which appear in this opening paragraph, make it an admirable reduced model of the entire essay. For this reason it will repay a little examination in detail.

"It may be doubted whether any language be rich enough to maintain more than one truly great poet." This whimsey, not first broached by Mr. Lowell, is so self-evidently absurd that it does not admit of any very satisfactory form of statement. The simplest form, perhaps, is the best. "Possibly no language can furnish means of expression to



more than one truly great poet." The difficulty, however, with the statement in this plain form of it is, that it too sharply confutes itself. Clearly if a language can afford utterance to one truly great poet, it can to another, and to an indefinite number. A truly great poet's use of a language does not impoverish the language. It enriches it rather. But Mr. Lowell employs a more figurative form of statement. He suggests a doubt "whether any language be rich enough to maintain more than one truly great poet." As if the language were a gentleman of wealth, and kept poets as a part of his establishment. The real relation exists in a sense precisely inverted. It is the poet that maintains the language, and not the language that maintains the poet. Every preceding poet has made it easier, and not harder for his successor to find adequate means of expression.

So much for the common sense of the matter, irrespective of actual history. But now for actual history—let it be in the case of the English language. Is not Milton a great poet? Mr. Lowell himself calls him so in his essay on "Pope." Or are we to make a distinction, and consider Milton a "great" poet, only not a "truly great" poet? But let us proceed with our sentence and see. After a comma and a dash, Mr. Lowell continues: "And whether there be more than one period, and that very short, when such a phenomenon as a great poet is possible." Here the "great poet" completes its handy little orbit, and revolves promptly into view again, unaccompanied by its casual satellite the "truly,"—and we give up our guessing. "And that very short" is a clause without any syntax but a syntax that would reverse Mr. Lowell's actual meaning.

The next sentence of the paragraph is: "It may be reckoned one of the rarest pieces of good luck that ever fell to the share of a race, that (as was true of Shakespeare) its most rhythmic genius, its acutest intellect, its profoundest imagination, and its healthiest understanding should have been combined in one man, and that he should have arrived at the full development of his powers at the moment when the material in which he was to work—that wonderful composite called English, the best result of the confusion of tongues—was in its freshest perfection."

Here is characteristic syntax. It is a labyrinth in which Mr. Lowell lost his way. It is easy to mark the exact point where he dropped the clue with which he had entered.

It is the word "race" at the close of the first clause. He began with the conception of any race whatever in his mind. From the point named, he continues as if he had specified the English race. In strictness, as the sentence stands, the pronoun "its"—"its most rhythmic genius, its acutest intellect," etc.—has no antecedent anywhere expressed, and none even implied until subsequently. Its ostensible antecedent is "a race." The real antecedent is a term that is not in the sentence at all, and that evidently was not in the writer's mind till he wrote the possessive pronoun "its;" the real antecedent is "the English race." The parenthesis, "as was true of Shakespeare," was probably inserted as an afterthought, to mediate a reconciliation between the discordant constructions. But it only serves to produce "confusion worse confounded." "Shakespeare" should be a "race" to justify the parenthesis, or to make the parenthesis justifying. If Mr. Lowell had said "as was true in the case of the English race," instead of saying "as was true of Shakespeare," he would not, to be sure, have rescued his grammar, but he would have come nearer to rescuing it. It was worth his while to remember so rudimentary a rule of composition as that the parenthesis is not a grammatical, but a rhetorical device. A sentence that will not parse without a parenthesis will not parse with one. The syntax as well as the main sense too of a passage is quite independent of words in parenthesis. Omit the words in this parenthesis, and read the sentence through. The confusion becomes apparent enough. Or omit all that intervenes between the beginning and the ending, and couple the extreme terms of the construction directly together. Thus: 'It may be reckoned one of the rarest pieces of good luck that ever fell to the share of a race [any race], that its best man should have appeared when the English language was in its freshest perfection.' This is what Mr. Lowell says, though it is not the whole of what he says. It is just to add that all this abortive strain of expression is thrown away upon a thought or a course of thought that was ill worth the pains when it was new. It may be found, together with much besides that Mr. Lowell has honored with re-statement, in a repertory of Shakespearean commonplaces no more remote than Mr. Richard Grant White's "Essay on Shakespeare's Genius," in his excellent edition of Shakespeare's works. Mr. Lowell may have imported into his version some new degrees of



vivacity. But he has also imported into it as many new degrees of extravagance.

This is not hypercriticism. Granted that not one in ten ordinary readers would of himself observe the defects pointed out. Every reader of the ten would have felt the unrecognized influence of the defects. Such incertitudes of expression betoken a confusion of thought in the writer which infallibly begets a reflex confusion of intelligence in the reader. One is bewildered as he reads, he hardly knows why. Mr. Lowell's lack of wide acceptance with the general reading public is a problem that has perplexed his admirers. Mr. Lowell himself seems not unwilling to bid for more popular recognition in the quasi-colloquial forms of metaphor and of phrase with which he frequently allays the purity of his refined and scholarly English.\* We venture the opinion that it is far more the want of firm and clear conception on his part securing for itself as of necessity its own properly consistent and pellucid expression—far more this, than it is any essentially esoteric quality in the substance of what he has to communicate, that keeps Mr. Lowell so steadily remote as he continues to be from the general appreciation. Apart, however, from his impatience of severe and self-tasking labor, first in thought and then in expression—apart, we say, from this, the trick of allusion, the indirection, the talking about and about, the commentator's habit, to comprise all in a word, as distinguished from the independent

thinker's habit, which characterize Mr. Lowell's customary manner, unfit him for face to face encounter with the average reader. *Le public se porte bien*, the French critic insisted as a justifying reason why the public should not trouble itself to enter into the morbid psychology of certain writers whose ill-health imparted a peculiar and more ethereal quality to their production. The American reading public in general is full of affairs, and will stay to listen to no man that has not a straightforward message to deliver.

Mr. Lowell is no plagiarist. It cannot quite be pleaded in his behalf, to be sure, that he takes possession of his own wherever he finds it, in the exercise of that right of eminent domain in its material which belongs by universal prescription to the sovereignty of paramount genius. But when he borrows, as he frankly and freely does borrow, he always puts the broad arrow of his own individuality upon his appropriations, and they are fairly enough his own. He could reclaim them afterwards by his mark. Still, notwithstanding the vividness with which he reinvests familiar thoughts by virtue of the vividness with which he conceives them anew, the sense of his having been anticipated in them seems generally present to his own mind as a kind of unfriendly haunting demon. This undefined consciousness on his part of being a follower betrays itself to the reader in two quite different ways. Occasionally Mr. Lowell will rouse himself on a sudden to the audacity of challenging a first proprietorship in some idea that long since passed into the common currency of literature. He says "I venture," or "it seems to me," to introduce a trite sentiment that at the moment probably does appear to him to be his own, because he has sincerely apprehended it afresh for himself. Far more frequently he labors as if under the spur of a feeling that he must at least supply new moulds of language, together with additional lights of interpretation and illustration and parallel allusion, to warrant his working so freely in material that has been furnished from alien mines. His sentence consequently will often, without explicitly stating its main thought at all, proceed on the apparent assumption that it is already in the reader's mind as well as in the writer's, and deliver itself up to running this main thought on into a strain of brilliant rhetorical amplification and picturesque comment. The result is a species of writing which is full of piquant sur-

\* "He did not mean his great tragedies for scarecrows, as if the nailing of one hawk to the barn-door would prevent the next from coming down souse into the hen-yard."—*Among my Books*, p. 224.

A verse of Dryden "is worth a ship-load of the long-drawn treacle of modern self-compassion."—*Among my Books*, p. 63.

"It makes no odds, for you cannot tell one from tother."—*My Study Windows*, p. 259.

"The bother with Mr. Emerson is," etc.—*My Study Windows*, p. 376.

"Nothing is harder than to worry out a date from Herr Stahr's haystacks of praise and quotation."—*Among my Books*, p. 300.

"It [the capacity of indignation] should be rather a latent heat in the blood which makes itself felt in character, a steady reserve for the brain warming the ovum [why not 'egg?'] of thought to life, rather than cooking it by a too hasty enthusiasm in reaching the boiling-point."—*My Study Windows*, p. 62.

Mr. Lowell, by the way, seems unusually fond of all sorts of culinary metaphors and images. We had thought of culling an anthology of specimens for our readers, but the result would perhaps be rather curious than instructive. Mr. Emerson's influence on Mr. Lowell is evident in many ways, but notably in these attempts of his to accommodate his diction to the homely popular usage.

prises in suggestion that are part wit and part poetry, though in exceedingly variable qualities and proportions of the two, and which is very often rich in rhythmic verbal effects. But to adopt one of his own culinary metaphors, it is the whipped cream rather than the roast beef of literature. The Saxon literary stomach asks for food, and Mr. Lowell offers it a flavor.

We were at needless pains in a previous paragraph to vindicate the truth of common sense and of fact against the adopted vagary of Mr. Lowell about the necessary historic conditions of a great poet's appearance. Mr. Lowell himself elsewhere supplies the sufficient refutation of himself. His singular intemperance of statement is continually involving him in real or in apparent inconsistencies. Indeed, his want of self-restraint seems often to become its own retribution. For it is very observable, that however extravagant he may at one moment indulge himself in being in a given direction, he is pretty certain, sooner or later, to be taken possession of by the avenging whim of being just about equally extravagant in nearly or quite the contrary direction. Thus the passage alluded to in "Shakespeare Once More," fantastically questioning the possibility of more than one great poet to a language, and intimating that that one great poet could appear only at the brief crisis of the "freshest perfection" of the language, finds its appropriate offset in the essay on Chaucer, where Mr. Lowell says: "It is true that no language is ever so far gone in consumption as to be beyond the great-poet-cure. Undoubtedly a man of genius can, out of his own superabundant vitality, compel life into the most decrepit vocabulary." ("My Study Windows," p. 240.) The admiring student of Mr. Lowell's teeming pages will find his careful comparative atten-

tion to these different statements rewarded with the discovery of the following interesting and probably unanticipated implications of critical truth:

First, a language must be in its "freshest perfection" to admit of the appearance of a great poet.

Secondly, a great poet may notwithstanding appear when a language is at the farthest possible remove from its "freshest perfection."

Thirdly, a great poet so exhausts any language, however rich, that it is no longer able to maintain another great poet.

Fourthly, a great poet, on the other hand, is happily capable alone of reviving and re-establishing any language, however impoverished.

While, fifthly, and singularly enough, the influence of a great poet recovers a moribund language so excessively, that the language is thenceforth too vigorous to endure the vitalizing virtue of another great poet.

There is said to be somewhere, if one knew how to reach it, a sublime ecliptical point of view from which all the apparent contradictions and confusions in human thought are restfully interpreted and reconciled to the speculation of the transcendentalist without his effort. Mr. Lowell manifestly lives in the sun, and is a natural astronomer. In his system of the universe of truth, everything is delightfully simple and easy. The sanguine prospect of the observer encounters no difficulties in any direction. A single pregnant discovery of critical law solves all problems and harmonizes all discords. The master principle, that one thing is as true as another in criticism, entitles, we think, its discoverer to be acknowledged the Kepler of the critical sphere, as in the next number of this magazine we shall take great pleasure in proceeding still further to show.

## DRAXY MILLER'S DOWRY.

### PART I.

WHEN Draxy Miller's father was a boy, he read a novel in which the heroine was a Polish girl, named Darachsa. The name stamped itself indelibly upon his imagination; and when, at the age of thirty-five, he took his first-born daughter in his arms, his first words were—"I want her called Darachsa."

"What!" exclaimed the doctor, turning sharply round, and looking out above his

spectacles; "what heathen kind of a name is that?"

"Oh, Reuben!" groaned a feeble voice from the baby's mother; and the nurse muttered audibly, as she left the room, "There ain't never no luck comes of them outlandish names."

The whole village was in a state of excitement before night. Poor Reuben Miller had

never before been the object of half so much interest. His slowly dwindling fortunes, the mysterious succession of his ill-lucks, had not much stirred the hearts of the people. He was a reticent man; he loved books, and had hungered for them all his life; his townsmen unconsciously resented what they pretended to despise; and so it had slowly come about that in the village where his father had lived and died, and where he himself had grown up, and seemed likely to live and die, Reuben Miller was a lonely man, and came and went almost as a stranger might come and go. His wife was simply a shadow and echo of himself; one of those clinging, tender, unselfish, will-less women, who make pleasant and affectionate and sunny wives enough for rich, prosperous, unsentimental husbands, but who are millstones about the necks of sensitive, impressionable, unsuccessful men. If Jane Miller had been a strong, purposeful woman, Reuben would not have been a failure. The only thing he had needed in life had been persistent purpose and courage. The right sort of wife would have given him both. But when he was discouraged, baffled, Jane clasped her hands, sat down, and looked into his face with streaming eyes. If he smiled, she smiled; but that was just when it was of least consequence that she should smile. And so the twelve years of their married life had gone on slowly, very slowly, but still surely, from bad to worse; nothing prospered in Reuben's hands; the farm which he had inherited from his father was large, but not profitable. He tried too long to work the whole of it, and then he sold the parts which he ought to have kept. He sunk a great portion of his little capital in a flour-mill, which promised to be a great success, paid well for a couple of years, and then burnt down, uninsured. He took a contract for building one section of a canal, which was to pass through part of his land; sub-contractors cheated him, and he, in his honesty, almost ruined himself to right their wrong. Then he opened a little store; here, also, he failed. He was too honest, too sympathizing, too inert. His day-book was a curiosity; he had a vein of humor which no amount of misfortune could ever quench; and he used to enter under the head of "given" all the purchases which he knew were not likely to be paid for. It was at sight of this book, one day, that Jane Miller, for the first and only time in her life, lost her temper with Reuben.

"Well, I must say, Reuben Miller, if I die for it," said she, "I haven't had so much

as a pound of white sugar nor a single lemon in my house for two years, and I do think it's a burnin' shame for you to go on sellin' 'em to them shiftless Greens, that 'll never pay you a cent, and you know it!"

Reuben was sitting on the counter smoking his pipe and reading an old tattered copy of Dryden's translation of Virgil. He lifted his clear blue eyes in astonishment, put down his pipe, and, slowly swinging his long legs over the counter, caught Jane by the waist, put both his arms round her, and said,

"Why, mother, what's come over you! You know poor little Eph's dyin' of that white swellin'. You wouldn't have me refuse his mother anything we've got, would you?"

Jane Miller walked back to the house with tears in her eyes, but her homely fallow face was transfigured by love as she went about her work, thinking to herself:

"There never was such a man's Reuben, anyhow. I guess he'll get interest one o' these days for all he's lent the Lord, first and last, without anybody's knowin' it."

But the Lord has His own system of reckoning compound interest, and His ways of paying are not our ways. He gave no visible sign of recognition of indebtedness to Reuben. Things went harder and harder with the Millers, until they had come to such a pass that when Reuben Miller went after the doctor, in the early dawn of the day on which little Draxy was born, he clasped his hands in sorrow and humiliation before he knocked at the doctor's door; and his only words were hard words for a man of sensitiveness and pride to speak:—

"Doctor Cobb, will you come over to my wife? I don't dare to be sure I can ever pay you; but if there's anything in the store—"

"Pshaw, pshaw, Reuben, don't speak of that; you'll be all right in a few years," said the kind old doctor, who had known Reuben from his boyhood, and understood him far better than any one else did.

And so little Draxy was born.

"It's a mercy it's a girl at last," said the village gossips. "Mis' Miller's had a hard time with them four great boys, and Mr. Miller so behindhand allers."

"And who but Reuben Miller'd ever think of givin' a Christian child such a name!" they added.

But what the name was nobody rightly made out; nor even if it had been actually given to the baby, or had only been talked of; and between curiosity and antag-

onism, the villagers were so drawn to Reuben Miller's store, that it began to look quite like a run of custom.

"If I hold out a spell on namin' her," said Reuben, as in the twilight of the third day he sat by his wife's bedside; "if I hold out a spell on namin' her, I shall get all the folks in the district into the store, and sell out clean," and he laughed quizzically, and stroked the little mottled face which lay on the pillow. "There's Squire Williams and Mis' Conkey both been in this afternoon; and Mis' Conkey took ten pounds of that old Hyson tea you thought I'd never sell; and Squire Williams, he took the last of those new-fangled churns, and says he, 'I expect you'll want to drive trade a little brisker, Reuben, now there's a little girl to be provided for; and, by the way, what are you going to call her?'"

"Oh, it's quite too soon to settle that," said I, as if I hadn't a name in my head yet. And then Mis' Conkey spoke up and said: "Well I did hear you were, going to name her after a heathen goddess that nobody ever heard of, and I do hope you will consider her feelings when she grows up."

"I hope I always shall, Mis' Conkey," said I; and she didn't know what to say next. So she picked up her bundle of tea, and they stepped off together quite dignified.

"But I think we'll call her Darachsa, in spite of 'em all, Jane," added Reuben with a hesitating half laugh.

"Oh, Reuben!" Jane said again. It was the strongest remonstrance on which she ever ventured. She did not like the name; but she adored Reuben. So when the baby was three months old, she was carried into the meeting-house in a faded blue cashmere cloak, and baptized in the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost, "Darachsa Lawton Miller."

Jane Miller's babies always thrived. The passive acquiescence of her nature was beneficial to them. The currents of their blood were never rendered unhealthy by the reflex action of overwrought nerves or disturbed temper in their mother. Their infancy was as placid and quiet as if they had been kittens. Not until they were old enough to understand words, and to comprehend deprivations, did they suffer because of their poverty. Then a serious look began to settle upon their faces; they learned to watch their father and mother wistfully, and to wonder what was wrong; their childhood was very short.

Before Draxy was ten years old she had

become her father's inseparable companion, confidant, and helper. He wondered, sometimes almost in terror, what it meant, that he could say to this little child what he could not say to her mother; that he often detected himself in a desire to ask of this babe advice or suggestion which he never dreamed of asking from his wife.

But Draxy was wise. She had the sagacity which comes from great tenderness and loyalty, combined with a passionate nature. In such a woman's soul there is sometimes an almost supernatural instinct. She will detect danger and devise safety with a rapidity and ingenuity which are incredible. But to such a nature will also come the subtlest and deepest despairs of which the human heart is capable. The same supernatural instinct which foresees and devises for the loved ones will also recognize their most hidden traits, their utmost possibilities, their inevitable limitations, with a completeness and infallibility akin to that of God himself. Jane Miller, all her life long, believed in the possibility of Reuben's success; charged his failures to outside occasions, and hoped always in a better day to come. Draxy, early in her childhood, instinctively felt, what she was far too young to consciously know, that her father would never be a happier man; that "things" would always go against him. She had a deeper reverence for the uprightness and sweet simplicity of his nature than her mother ever could have had. She comprehended, Jane believed; Draxy felt, Jane saw. Without ever having heard of such a thing as fate, little Draxy recognized that her father was fighting with his, and that fate was the stronger! Her little arms clasped closer and closer round his neck, and her serene blue eyes, so like his, and yet so wondrously unlike, by reason of their latent fire and strength, looked this unseen enemy steadfastly in the face, day by day.

She was a wonderful child. Her physical health was perfect. The first ten years of her life were spent either out of doors or in her father's lap. He would not allow her to attend the district school; all she knew she learned from him. Reuben Miller had never looked into an English grammar or a history, but he knew Shakespeare by heart, and much of Homer; a few odd volumes of Walter Scott's novels, some old voyages, a big family Bible, and a copy of Byron, were the only other books in his house. As Draxy grew older, Reuben now and then borrowed from the minister books which he thought would do her good; but the child and he both



loved Homer and the Bible so much better than any later books that they soon drifted back to them. It was a little sad, except that it was so beautiful, to see the isolated life these two led in the family. The boys were good, sturdy, nolsy boys. They went to school in the winter and worked on the farm in the summer, like all farmers' boys. Reuben, the oldest, was eighteen when Draxy was ten; he was hired, by a sort of indenture, for three years, on a neighboring farm, and came home only on alternate Sundays. Jamie, and Sam, and Lawton were at home; young as they were, they did men's service in many ways. Jamie had a rare gift for breaking horses, and for several years the only ready money which the little farm had yielded was the price of the colts which Jamie raised and trained so admirably that they sold well. The other two boys were strong and willing, but they had none of their father's spirituality, or their mother's gentleness. Thus, in spite of Reuben Miller's deep love for his children, he was never at ease in his boys' presence; and, as they grew older, nothing but the contagious atmosphere of their mother's respect for their father prevented their having an impatient contempt for his unlikeness to the busy, active, thrifty farmers of the neighborhood.

It was a strange picture that the little kitchen presented on a winter evening. Reuben sat always on the left hand of the big fire-place, with a book on his knees. Draxy was curled up on an old-fashioned cherry-wood stand close to his chair, but so high that she rested her little dimpled chin on his head. One tallow candle stood on a high bracket, made from a fungus which Reuben had found in the woods. When the candle flared and dripped Draxy sprang up on the stand, and, poised on one foot, reached over her father's head to snuff it. She looked like a dainty fairy half floating in the air, but nobody knew it. Jane sat in a high-backed wooden rocking-chair, which had a flag bottom and a ruffled calico cushion, and could only rock a very few inches back and forth, owing to the loss of half of one of the rockers. For the first part of the evening Jane always knitted; but by eight o'clock the hands relaxed, the needles dropped, the tired head fell back against the chair, and she was fast asleep.

The boys were by themselves in the farther corner of the room, playing checkers or doing sums, or reading the village newspaper. Reuben and Draxy were as alone as if the house had been empty. Sometimes

he read to her in a whisper; sometimes he pointed slowly along the lines in silence, and the wise little eyes from above followed intently. All questions and explanations were saved till the next morning, when Draxy, still curled up like a kitten, would sit mounted on the top of the buckwheat barrel in the store, while her father lay stretched on the counter, smoking. They never talked to each other, except when no one could hear; that is, they never spoke in words; there was mysterious and incessant communication between them whenever they were together, as there is between all true lovers.

At nine o'clock Reuben always shut the book, and said, "Kiss me, little daughter." Draxy kissed him, and said, "Good-night, father dear," and that was all. The other children called him "pa," as was the universal custom in the village. But Draxy even in her babyhood had never once used the word. Until she was seven or eight years old she called him "Farver;" after that, always "father dear." Then Reuben would wake Jane up, sighing usually, "Poor mother, how tired she is!" Sometimes Jane said when she kissed Draxy, at the door of her little room, "Why don't you kiss your pa for good-night?"

"I kissed father before you waked up, ma," was always Draxy's quiet answer.

And so the years went on. There was much discomfort, much deprivation in Reuben Miller's house. Food was not scarce; the farm produced enough, such as it was, very coarse and without variety; but money was hard to get; the store seemed to be absolutely unremunerative, though customers were not wanting; and the store and the farm were all that Reuben Miller had in the world. But in spite of the poor food; in spite of the lack of all which money buys; in spite of the loyal, tender, passionate despair of her devotion to her father, Draxy grew fairer and fairer, stronger and stronger. At fourteen her physique was that of superb womanhood. She had inherited her body wholly from her father. For generations back the Millers had been distinguished for their superb physical organizations. The men were all over six feet tall, and magnificently made; and the women were as much above the average size and strength. On Draxy's fourteenth birthday she weighed one hundred and fifty pounds, and measured five feet six inches in height. Her coloring was that of an English girl, and her bright brown hair fell below her waist in thick masses. To see the face of a simple-hearted child,



eager but serene, determined but lovingly gentle, surrounded and glorified by such splendid physical womanhood, was a rare sight. Reuben Miller's eyes filled with tears often as he secretly watched his daughter, and said to himself, "Oh, what is to be her fate! what man is worthy of the wife she will be?" But the village people saw only a healthy, handsome girl, "overgrown," they thought, and "as queer as her father before her," they said, for Draxy, very early in life, had withdrawn herself somewhat from the companionship of the young people of the town.

As for Jane, she loved and revered Draxy, very much as she did Reuben, with touching devotion, but without real comprehension of her nature. If she sometimes felt a pang to see how much more Reuben talked with Draxy than with her, how much more he sought to be with Draxy than with her, she stifled it, and, reproaching herself for disloyalty to each, set herself to work for them both harder than before.

In Draxy's sixteenth year the final blow of misfortune fell upon Reuben Miller's head.

A brother of Jane's, for whom, in an hour of foolish generosity, Reuben had indorsed to a considerable amount, failed. Reuben's farm was already heavily mortgaged. There was nothing to be done but to sell it. Purchasers were not plenty nor eager; everybody knew that the farm must be sold for whatever it would bring, and each man who thought of buying hoped to profit somewhat, in a legitimate and Christian way, by Reuben's extremity.

Reuben's courage would have utterly forsaken him now, except for Draxy's calmness. Jane was utterly unnerved; wept silently from morning till night, and implored Reuben to see her brother's creditors, and beg them to release him from his obligation. But Draxy, usually so gentle, grew almost stern when such suggestions were made.

"You don't understand, ma," she said, with flushing cheeks. "It is a promise. Father must pay it. He cannot ask to have it given back to him."

But with all Draxy's inflexibility of resolve, she could not help being disheartened. She could not see how they were to live; the three rooms over the store could easily be fitted up into an endurable dwelling-place; but what was to supply the food which the farm had hitherto given them? There was literally no way open for a man or a woman to earn money in that little farming village.

Every family took care of itself and hired no assistance, except in the short season of haying. Draxy was an excellent seamstress, but she knew very well that the price of all the sewing hired in the village in a year would not keep them from starving. And the store would have to be given up, because her father would have no money with which to buy goods. In fact, for a long time most of his purchases had been made by exchanging the spare produce of his farm at large stores in the neighboring towns. Still Draxy never wavered, and because she did not waver Reuben did not die. The farm was sold at auction, the stock, the utensils, and all of the house-furniture which was not needed to make the store chambers inhabitable. The buyer boasted in the village that he had not given more than two-thirds of the real value of the place. After Reuben's debts were all paid, there remained just one thousand dollars to be put into the bank.

"Why, father! That is a fortune," said Draxy, when he told her. "I did not suppose we should have anything, and it is glorious not to owe any man a cent."

It was early in April when the Millers moved into the "store chambers." The buyer of their farm was a hard-hearted, penurious man, a deacon of the church in which Draxy had been baptized. He had never been known to give a penny to any charity excepting Foreign Missions. His wife and children had never received at his hands the smallest gift. But even his heart was touched by Draxy's cheerful acquiescence in the hard change, and her pathetic attempts to make the new home pleasant. The next morning after Deacon White took possession he called out over the fence to poor Reuben, who stood listlessly on the store-steps, trying not to look across at the house which had been his,

"I say, Miller, that gal o' your'n is what I call the right sort o' woman, up an' down. I hain't said much to her, but I've noticed that she set a heap by this garding; an' I expect she'll miss the flowers more'n anything; now my womenfolks they won't have anythin' to do with such truck; an' if she's a mind to take care on't jest 's she used ter, I'm willin'; I guess we shall be the gainers on't."

"Thank you, Deacon White; Draxy 'll be very glad," was all Reuben could reply. Something in his tone touched the man's flinty heart still more; and before he half knew what he was going to say, he had added,

"An' there's the vegetable part on't, too, Miller. I never was no hand to putter with garden sass. If you'll jest keep that up and go halves, fair and reg'lar, you're welcome."

This was tangible help. Reuben's face lit up.

"I thank you with all my heart," he replied. "That'll be a great help to me; and I reckon you'll like our vegetables too," he said, half smiling, for he knew very well that nothing but potatoes and turnips had been seen on Deacon White's table for years.

Then Reuben went to find Draxy; when he told her, the color came into her face, and she shut both her hands with a quick, nervous motion, which was habitual to her under excitement.

"Oh, father, we can almost live off the garden," said she. "I told you we should not starve."

But still new sorrows, and still greater changes, were in store for the poor, disheartened family. In June a malignant typhoid fever broke out in the village, and in one short month Reuben and Jane had laid their two youngest boys in the graveyard. There was a dogged look, which was not all sorrow, on Reuben's face as he watched the sexton fill up the last grave. Sam and Jamie, at any rate, would not know any more of the discouragement and hardship of life.

Jane, too, mourned her boys not as mothers mourn whose sons have a birthright of gladness. Jane was very tired of the world.

Draxy was saddened by the strange, solemn presence of death. But her brothers had not been her companions. She began suddenly to feel a sense of new and greater relationship to them, now that she thought of them as angels; she was half terrified and bewildered at the consciousness that now, for the first time, they were near to her.

On the evening after Sam's funeral, as Reuben was sitting on the store steps, with his head buried in his hands, a neighbor drove up and threw him a letter.

"It's been lyin' in the office a week or more, Merrill said, and he reckoned I'd better bring it up to you," he called out, as he drove on.

"It might lie there forever, for all my goin' after it," thought Reuben to himself, as he picked it up from the dust; "it's no good news, I'll be bound."

But it was good news. The letter was from Jane's oldest sister, who had married only a few years before, and gone to live in a sea-port town on the New England coast. Her husband was an old captain, who had

retired from his seafaring life with just money enough to live on, in a very humble way, in an old house which had belonged to his grandfather. He had lost two wives; his children were all married or dead, and in his loneliness and old age he had taken for his third wife the gentle, quiet elder sister who had brought up Jane Miller. She was a gray-haired, wrinkled spinster woman when she went into Captain Melville's house; but their life was by no means without romance. Husband and home cannot come to any womanly heart too late for sentiment and happiness to put forth pale flowers.

Emma Melville wrote offering the Millers a home; their last misfortune had but just come to her knowledge, for Jane had been for months too sore and despondent to communicate with her relatives. Emma wrote:

"We are very poor, too; we haven't anything but the house, and a little money each year to buy what we need to eat and wear, the plainest sort. But the house is large; Captain Melville and me never so much as set foot up-stairs. If you can manage to live on the upper floor, you're more than welcome, we both say; and we hope you won't let any pride stand in the way of your coming. It will do us good to have more folks in the house, and it ain't as if it cost us anything, for we shouldn't never be willing, neither me nor Captain Melville, to rent the rooms to strangers, not while we've got enough to live on without."

There was silence for some minutes between Reuben and Jane and Draxy after this letter had been read. Jane looked steadily away from Reuben. There was, deep down in the patient woman's heart, a latent pride which was grievously touched. Reuben turned to Draxy; her lips were parted; her cheeks were flushed; her eyes glowed. "Oh, father, the sea!" she exclaimed. This was her first thought; but in a second more she added, "How kind, how good of Aunt Emma's husband!"

"Would you like to go, my daughter?" said Reuben, earnestly.

"Why, I thought of course we should go!" exclaimed Draxy, turning with a bewildered look to her mother, who was still silent. "What else is the letter sent for? It means that we *must* go."

Her beautiful simplicity was utterly removed from any false sense of obligation. She accepted benefaction as naturally from a human hand as from the sunshine; she would extend it herself, so far as she had

power, just as naturally and just as unconsciously.

There was very little discussion about the plan. Draxy's instinct overbore all her father's misgiving, and all her mother's unwillingness.

"Oh, how can you feel so, Ma," she exclaimed more than once. "If I had a sister I could not. I love Aunt Emma already next to you and father; and you don't know how much we can do for her after we get there, either. I can earn money there, I know I can; all we need."

Mrs. Melville had written that there were many strangers in the town in the summer, and that she presumed Draxy could soon find all the employment she wished as seamstress; also that there were many opportunities of work for a man who was accustomed to gardening, as, of course, Reuben must be.

Draxy's sanguine cheerfulness was infectious; even Jane began to look forward with interest to the new home; and Reuben smiled when Draxy sang. Lawton and Reuben were to be left behind; that was the only regret; but it was merely anticipating by a very little the separation which was inevitable, as the boys had both become engaged to daughters of the farmers for whom they had been working, and would very soon take up their positions as sons-in-law on these farms.

The store was sold, the furniture packed, and Reuben Miller, with his wife and child, set his face eastward to begin life anew. The change from the rich wheat-fields and glorious forests of Western New York, to the bare stony stretches of the Atlantic seaboard, is a severe one. No adult heart can make it without a struggle. When Reuben looked out of the car windows upon the low gray barrens through which he was nearing his journey's end, his soul sank within him. It was sunset; the sea glistened like glass, and was as red as the sky. Draxy could not speak for delight; tears stood in her eyes; and she took hold of her father's hand. But Reuben and Jane saw only the desolate rocks, and treeless, shrubless, almost—it seemed to them—grassless fields, and an unutterable sense of gloom came over them. It was a hot and stifling day; a long drought had parched and shriveled every living thing; and the white August dust lay everywhere.

Captain Melville lived in the older part of the town near the water. The houses were all wooden, weather-beaten, and brown, and

had great patches of yellow lichen on their walls and roofs; thin rims of starved-looking grass edged the streets, and stray blades stood up here and there among the old sunken cobble-stones which made the pavements.

The streets seemed deserted; the silence and the somber brown color, and the strange low plashing of the water against the wharves, oppressed even Draxy's enthusiastic heart. Her face fell, and she exclaimed involuntarily, "Oh, what a lonesome place!" but, checking herself, she added, "but it's only the twilight makes it look so, I expect."

They had some difficulty in finding the house. The lanes and streets seemed inextricably tangled; the little party was shy of asking direction, and they were all disappointed and grieved more than they acknowledged to themselves that they had not been met at the station. At last they found the house. Timidly Draxy lifted the great brass knocker. It looked to her like splendor, and made her afraid. It fell more heavily than she supposed it would, and the clang sounded to her over-wrought nerves as if it filled the whole street. No one came. They looked at the windows. The curtains were all down. There was no sign of life about the place. Tears came into Jane's eyes. She was worn out with the fatigue of the journey.

"Oh dear, oh dear," she said, "I wish we hadn't come."

"Pshaw, mother," said Reuben, with a voice cheerier than his heart, "very likely they never got our last letter, and don't know we were to be here to-day," and he knocked again.

Instantly a window opened in the opposite house, and a jolly voice said, "My gracious," and in the twinkling of an eye the jolly owner of the jolly voice had opened her front door and run bareheaded across the street, and was shaking hands with Reuben and Jane and Draxy, all three at once, and talking so fast that they could hardly understand her.

"My gracious! my gracious! Won't Mrs. Melville be beat! of course you're her folks she was expecting from the West, ain't you? I mistrusted it somehow as soon as I heard the big knock. Now I'll jest let you in the back door. Oh my, Mis' Melville 'll never get over this; to think of her be'n' away, an' she's been lookin' and lookin', and worryin' for two weeks, because she didn't hear from you; and only last night Captain Melville he said 'he'd write to-day if they didn't hear.'"

"We wrote," said Draxy, in her sweet,

low voice, "we wrote to Aunt Emma that we'd come to-day."

"Now did you!" said the jolly voice. "Well, that's jest the way. You see your letter's gone somewhere else, and now Mis' Melville she's gone round to—" but the rest of the sentence was inaudible, for the breathless little woman was running around the house to the back door.

In a second more the upper half of the big old-fashioned door had swung open, to Draxy's great delight, who exclaimed, "Oh, father, we read about such doors as this in that Knickerbocker book, don't you remember?"

But good Mrs. Carr was drawing them into the house, giving them such neighborly welcome, all the while running on in such voluble ejaculatory talk that the quiet, saddened, recluse-like people were overwhelmed with embarrassment, and hardly knew which way to turn. Presently she saw their confusion and interrupted herself with—

"Well, well, you're jest all tired out with your journey, an' a cup o' tea's the thing you want, an' none o' my talk; but you see Mis' Melville 'n me's so intimate that I feel's if I'd known you always, 'n I'm real glad to see you here, real glad; 'n I'll bring the tea right over; the kettle was a boilin' when I run out, 'n I'll send Jim right down town for Captain Melville; he's sure to be to the library. Oh, but won't Mis' Melville be beat," she continued, half way down the steps; and from the middle of the street she called back, "'an she ain't coming home till to-morrow night."

Reuben and Jane and Draxy sat down with as bewildered a feeling as if they had been transported to another world. The house was utterly unlike anything they had ever seen; high ceilings, wainscoted walls, wooden cornices and beams, and wooden mantels with heads carved on the corners. It seemed to them at first appallingly grand. But presently they observed the bare wooden floors, the flag-bottomed chairs, and faded chintz cushions, the row of old tin utensils, and plain, cheap crockery in the glass-doored cupboard, and felt more at home.

"You know Aunt Emma said they were poor too," said Draxy, answering her own unspoken thought as well as her father's and mother's.

Reuben pushed his hair off his warm forehead and sighed.

"I suppose we might go up stairs, mother," he said; "that's to be our house, as I understand it."

Draxy bounded at the words. With flying steps she ascended the stairs and opened the first door. She stood still on the threshold, unable to move from astonishment. It was still light enough to see the room. Draxy began to speak, but broke down utterly, and bursting out crying, threw herself into the arms of her father who had just reached the top of the stairs.

"Oh, father, it's all fixed for a sitting-room! Father dear, I told you!"

This was something they had not dreamed of. They had understood the offer to be merely of rooms in which they could live rent-free. In fact, that had been Captain Melville's first intention. But his generous sailor's heart revolted from the thought of stripping the rooms of furniture for which he had no use. And so Emma had re-arranged the plain old-fashioned things, and adding a few more which could be spared as well as not, had fitted up a sitting-room and two bedrooms with all that was necessary for comfort. Reuben and Jane and Draxy were all crying when Mrs. Carr came back with her pitcher of smoking tea. Reuben tried to explain to her why they were crying, but she interrupted him with,

"Well, now, I understand it jest 's if 'twas to me it 'd all happened; an' I think it's lucky after all that Mis' Melville wasn't here, for she's dreadful easy upset if people take on. But now you drink your tea, and get all settled down 's quick 's you can, for Captain Melville 'll be here any minute now I expect, an' he don't like tantrums."

This frightened Draxy, and made a gloomy look come on Reuben's face. But the fright and the gloom disappeared in one minute and forever when the door burst open, and a red-faced, white-haired old man, utterly out of breath, bounced into the room, and seizing Reuben by the hand gasped out, puffing between the words like a steam-engine:—

"Wreck me, if this isn't a hard way to make port. Why, man, we've been looking for some hail from you for two weeks, till we began to think you'd given us the go-by altogether. Welcome to Melville Harbor, I say, welcome!" and he had shaken Reuben's hand, and kissed Jane, and turned to Draxy all in a breath. But at the first full sight of Draxy's face he started and felt dumb. He had never seen so beautiful a woman. He pulled out a red silk handkerchief and wiped his face nervously as she said, "Kiss me too, uncle," but her warm lips were on his cheek before he had time to analyze his own feelings. Then Reuben began to say some-



thing about gratitude, and the old sailor swore his favorite oath again: "Now, may I be wrecked if I have a word o' that. We're glad enough to get you all here; and as for the few things in the rooms, they're of no account anyhow."

"Few things! Oh, uncle," said Draxy, with a trembling voice, and before he knew what she was about to do she had snatched his fat, weather-beaten old hand and kissed it. No woman had ever kissed John Melville's hand before. From that moment he looked upon Draxy as a princess who had let him once kiss hers!

Captain Melville and Reuben were friends before bed-time. Reuben's gentle simplicity and unworldliness, and patient demeanor, roused in the rough sailor a sympathy like that he had always felt for women. And to Reuben the hearty good cheer, and brisk, bluff sailor ways were infinitely winning and stimulating.

The next day Mrs. Melville came home. In an incredibly short time the little household had adjusted itself, and settled down into its routine of living. When, in a few days, the great car-load of the Millers' furniture arrived, Capt. Melville insisted upon its all going to the auction-rooms excepting the kitchen furniture, and a few things for which Jane had especial attachment. It brought two hundred dollars, which, in addition to the price of the farm, and the store and its stock, gave Reuben just nineteen hundred dollars to put in the Savings Bank.

"And I am to be counted at least two thousand more, father dear, so you are not such a very poor man after all," said Draxy, laughing and dancing around him.

Now Draxy Miller's real life began. In after years she used to say, "I was born first in my native town; second, in the Atlantic Ocean!" The effect of the strong sea air upon her was something indescribable; joy seemed to radiate from her whole being. She actually smiled whenever she saw the sea. She walked on the beach; she sat on the rocks; she learned to swim in one lesson, and swam so far out that her uncle dared not follow, and called to her in imploring terror to return. Her beauty grew more and more radiant every day. This the sea gave to her body. But there was a far subtler new life than the physical—a far finer new birth than the birth of beauty,—which came to Draxy here. This, books gave to her soul. Only a few years before, a free library had been founded in this town, by a rich and benevolent man. Every week

hundreds of volumes circulated through all families where books were prized, and could not be owned. When Draxy's uncle first took her into this library, and explained to her its purpose and regulations, she stood motionless for a few moments, looking at him—and at the books; then, with tears in her eyes, and saying, "Don't follow me, uncle dear; don't mind me, I can't bear it," she ran swiftly into the street, and never stopped until she had reached home and found her father. An hour later she entered the library again, leading her father by the hand. She had told him the story on the way. Reuben's thin cheeks were flushed. It was almost more than he could bear too. Silently the father and daughter walked up and down the room, looking into the alcoves. Then they sat down together, and studied the catalogue. Then they rose and went out, hand in hand as they had entered, speaking no word, taking no book. For one day the consciousness of this wealth filled their hearts, beyond the possibility of one added desire. After that, Draxy and her father were to be seen every night seated at the long table in the reading-room. They read always together, Draxy's arm being over the back of her father's chair. Many a man and many a woman stopped and looked long at the picture. But neither Draxy nor her father knew it. At the end of two years Draxy Miller had culture. She was ignorant still, of course; she was an uneducated girl; she wept sometimes over her own deficiencies; but her mind was stored with information of all sorts; she had added Wordsworth to her Shakespeare; she had journeyed over the world with every traveler whose works she could find; and she had tasted of Plato and Epictetus. Reuben's unfailing simplicity and purity of taste saved her from the mischiefs of many of the modern books. She had hardly read a single novel; but her love of true poetry was a passion.

In the mean time she had become the favorite seamstress of the town. Her face, and voice, and smile would alone have won way for her; but, in addition to those, she was a most dexterous workwoman. If there had only been twice as many days in a year, she would have been glad. Her own earnings in addition to her father's, and to their little income from the money in the Bank, made them comfortable; but with Draxy's expanded intellectual life had come new desires: she longed to be taught.

One day she said to her father, "Father dear, what was the name of that canal com-



tractor who borrowed money of you and never paid it?"

Reuben looked astonished, but told her.

"Is he alive yet?"

"Oh, yes," said Reuben, "and he's rich now. There was a man here only last week who said he 'd built him a grand house this year."

Draxy shut her hands nervously. "Father, I shall go and get that money."

"You, child! Why it's two days' journey; and he'd never pay you a cent. I tried times enough," replied Reuben.

"But I think perhaps he would be more likely to pay it to a woman; he would be ashamed," said Draxy, "especially if he is rich now, and I tell him how much we need it."

"No, no, child; I shouldn't hear to your going; no more would mother; and it would be money wasted besides," said Reuben, with unusual sternness for him.

Draxy was silent. But the next morning she went to the railway station and ascertained exactly how much the journey would cost. She was disheartened at the amount. It would be difficult for her to save so much out of two years' earnings. That day Draxy's face was sad. She was sewing at the house of one of her warmest friends. All her employers were her friends, but this one was a woman of rare intelligence and culture, who had loved Draxy ever since the day she had found her reading a little volume of Wordsworth, one of the Free Library books, while she was eating her dinner in the sewing-room.

"Why, child," she exclaimed, "what are you doing!"

"Oh, ma'am, I don't take any longer for my dinner," said poor Draxy, "but I do love the poetry so, and I have so little time to read."

That night when Draxy went home she found a beautiful copy of Wordsworth's poems waiting for her. Written on the fly-leaf were the words, "For Draxy Miller, with the cordial regards of Mrs. White." From that day Draxy always received double pay for all sewing she did in Mrs. White's house, and was comfortably clothed from her wardrobe.

"What is the matter, Draxy?" said Mrs. White on this morning, "you look ill."

"No, ma'am," said Draxy.

"But I am sure you are. You don't look like yourself."

"No, ma'am," said Draxy.

Mrs. White was an impulsive woman.

She seized the work from Draxy's hands, and sat down before her.

"Now tell me," she said.

Then Draxy told her story.

"How much did this man owe your father?" asked Mrs. W.

"Twenty-five hundred dollars," said Draxy.

"That is worth trying for, dear. I think you are right to go. He will pay it to you on sight if he is a mortal man!" added Mrs. White, mentally. But she went on—"Thirty dollars is very easily raised."

"Oh, twenty will do," interrupted Draxy.

"No; you ought not to go with less than thirty," said Mrs. W.; "and you shall have it. All your friends will be glad to help."

Draxy looked her gratitude, but said nothing. Not the least of her charms, to the well-bred people who employed her, was her exquisite reticence, her gentle and unconscious withdrawal into herself, in spite of all familiarity with which she might be treated.

A few days later Mrs. White sent a note to Draxy with the thirty dollars enclosed, and this note to Mr. Miller:—

"MR. MILLER—DEAR SIR:—

"This money has been contributed by Draxy's friends. You do not know how much we all prize and esteem your daughter and wish to help her. I hope you will be willing that she should use this money for the journey on which her heart is so set. I really advise you as a friend to let her make the effort to recover that money; I think she will get it.

"Truly, your friend,

"A. WHITE."

This note brought tears of pride to Reuben's eyes. Draxy watched him closely, and said:—

"Father dear, I should like to go to-morrow."

Her preparations had already been made. She knew beforehand that her cause was won; that her father's sense of justice would not let him interfere with her appropriation of the gift to the purpose for which it was made.

It was on a clear cold morning in January that Draxy set out. It was the second journey of her life, and she was alone for the first time; but she felt no more fear than if she had been a sparrow winging its way through a new field. The morning twilight was just fading away; both the east and the west were clear and glorious; the east was

red, and the west pale blue; high in the west stood the full moon, golden yellow; below it a long narrow bar of faint rose color; below that, another bar of fainter purple; then the low brown line of a long island; then an arm of the sea; the water was gray and still; the ice rims stretched far out from the coast, and swayed up and down at the edges, as the waves pulsed in and out. Flocks of gulls were wheeling, soaring in the air, or lighting and floating among the ice fragments, as cold and snowy as they. Draxy leaned her head against the side of the car and looked out on the marvelous beauty of the scene with eyes as filled with calm delight as if she had all her life journeyed for pleasure, and had had nothing to do but feed and develop her artistic sense.

A company of traveling actors were seated near her; a dozen tawdry women and coarse men, whose loud voices and vulgar jests made Draxy shudder. She did not know what they could be; she had never seen such behavior; the men took out cards and began to play; the women leaned over, looked on, and clapped the men on their shoulders. Draxy grew afraid, and the expression of distress on her face attracted the conductor's notice. He tapped her on the shoulder.

"I'll take you into the next car, Miss, if you don't like to be near these people. They're only actors; there's no harm in them, but they're a rough set."

"Actors," said Draxy, as the kind conductor lifted her from one platform to another. "I never thought they were like that. Do they play Shakespeare?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," said the conductor, puzzled enough; "but I dare say they do."

"Then I'm glad I never went to the theater," thought Draxy, as she settled herself in her new seat. For a few moments she could not banish the disturbed and unhappy feeling which these people's behavior had caused. She could not stop fancying some of the grand words which she most loved in Shakespeare, repeated by those repulsive voices.

But soon she turned her eyes to the kindling sky, and forgot all else. The moon was slowly turning from gold to silver; then it would turn from silver to white cloud, then to film, then vanish away. Draxy knew that day and the sun would conquer. "Oh, if I only understood it," sighed Draxy. Then she fell to thinking about the first chapter in Genesis; and while she looked upon that

paling moon she dreamed of other moons which no human eyes ever saw. Draxy was a poet; but as yet she had never dared to show even to her father the little verses she had not been able to help writing. "Oh, how dare I do this; how dare I?" she said to herself, as, alone in her little room, she wrote line after line. "But if nobody ever knows, it can do no harm. It is strange I love it, though, when I am so ashamed."

But this morning Draxy had that mysterious feeling as if all things were new, which so often comes to poetic souls. It is at once the beauty and the burden, the exhaustion and the redemption of their lives. No wonder that even common men can sometimes see the transfiguration which often comes to him before whose eyes death and resurrection are always following each other, instant, perpetual, glorious. Draxy took out her little diary. Folded very small, and hid in the pocket of it, was a short poem that she had written the year before on a *Tiarella* plant which had blossomed in her window. Mrs. White had brought it to her with some ferns and mosses from the mountains, and all winter long it had flowered as if in summer. Draxy wondered why this golden moon reminded her of the *Tiarella*. She did not know the subtle underlying bonds in nature. These were the *Tiarella* verses:—

My little *Tiarella*,  
If thou art my own,  
Tell me how thus in winter  
Thy shining flowers have blown.  
Art thou a fairy smuggler,  
Defying law?  
Didst take of last year's summer  
More than summer saw?  
Or hast thou stolen frost-flakes  
Secretly at night?  
Thy stamens tipped with silver,  
Thy petals spotless white,  
Are so like those which cover  
My window-pane;  
Wilt thou, like them, turn back at noon  
To drops again?

Oh, little *Tiarella*,  
Thy silence speaks;  
No more my foolish question  
Thy secret seeks.  
The sunshine on my window  
Lies all the day.  
How shouldst thou know that summer  
Has passed away?  
The frost-flake's icy silver  
Is dew at noon for thee.  
O winter sun! O winter frost,  
Make summer dews for me!

After reading these over several times

Draxy took out her pencil, and very shyly screening herself from all observation, wrote on the other side of the paper these lines :

THE MORNING MOON.

The gold moon turns to white ;  
The white moon fades to cloud ;  
It looks so like the gold moon's shroud,  
It makes me think about the dead,  
And hear the words I have heard read,  
By graves for burial rite.

I wonder now how many moons  
In just such white have died ;  
I wonder how the stars divide  
Among themselves their share of light ;  
And if there were great years of night  
Before the earth saw moons ?

I wonder why each moon, each sun  
Which ever has been or shall be,  
In this day's sun and moon I see ;

(To be continued.)

I think perhaps all of the old  
Is hidden in each new day's hold ;  
So the first day is not yet done !

And then I think—our dust is spent  
Before the balances are swung ;  
Shall we be loneliest among  
God's living creatures ? Shall we dare  
To speak in this eternal air  
The only discontent ?

Then she shut the book resolutely, and sat up straight with a little laugh, saying to herself, "This is a pretty beginning for a business journey !"

Far better than you knew, sweet Draxy ! The great successes of life are never made by the men and women who have no gleam of poetic comprehension in their souls.

OUR EDUCATIONAL OUTLOOK.

THE traditional vanity of the American people, based upon the position given us by the results of the Revolutionary War, has led us to believe that since the United States has the best system of government in the world, so we are superior in all other respects.

Hence the belief in the general superiority of all our institutions has become axiomatic, and the one who questions it is regarded very much as a Galileo declaring that the world does move. Unfortunately, the facts in the case do not always sustain us in any such belief, and we have to endure the mortification of seeing the thin web of unquestioned superiority, by which we are trying to shield ourselves, torn rudely away by the irresistible logic of facts. Among other fallacies into which this habitual self-conceit has led us, is the conclusion that our educational system is as good as any in the world, if not the best, and that we rank first among educated nations. We had adopted this opinion so unhesitatingly and confidently that the lessons taught us by the census of 1850-60 fell unheeded, and failed to awaken us to action, and it is only when the facts brought out by the census just taken have exerted their full force upon us, that we can hope for any practical results.

It may seem strange to us, and in a measure unaccountable, that a people which began its national life less than one hundred years ago, with a population almost univer-

sally educated, and which realized to an unusual extent the benefits of general intelligence, should within less than a century have become so unmindful of its birthright, so blind to its own best interests, as to allow one-fourth of its entire adult population to be unable to read and write. Yet such seems to be the fact. Basing our estimates upon the census of 1860, which is even more complimentary to us than that of 1870 so far as completed, we find, that excluding the slaves, more than nine per cent. of our population were returned as illiterate, and including them, as they are now citizens, twenty per cent. This was before the war of secession, and while the school systems of the Southern States were in full operation. Since 1863 these States have practically been without any school advantages, and the greater part of their youth has grown up in ignorance. Since the war the attention both of the government and Northern philanthropy have been directed exclusively to educating the blacks, and during the most prosperous times of the Freedmen's Bureau and the Freedmen's Aid Society, only one-half the annual increase of adults was reached at all ; so that, in spite of all the labor of that army of patriotic teachers who went South to teach the freedmen, the adult blacks who cannot read are many thousands more to-day than when the war closed. We are hardly educating the annual increase of the colored children, to say nothing of the

millions of adults who are now in ignorance, and who ought not to be left to live out their lives in our Republic in their present condition. Besides this, for every black thus educated, five white children were growing up in almost total mental darkness.

So this vast outlay of benevolence and charitable labor was sufficient to only slightly ripple the surface of this stream of ignorance, much less check it. Now that the government is about to withdraw its supporting hand, and the efforts of an overstrained charity are beginning to flag, how are we to even hold the ground we have thus far gained, to say nothing of carrying the war into the camp of the enemy? We have nothing to hope from the Southern whites, as they have more than they can do to educate their own children, and little inclination, even if they had the means, to educate the children of their former slaves. Most of the Northern States need all their energies to keep down and lessen their own illiteracy. Everything seems to conspire to hand them over once more to the bondage of total ignorance. Is the labor of educating an oppressed and degraded race so great that we, as a government and people, must give it up in despair? Such are the present condition and prospects of the millions of dark-skinned wards of the nation, recently presented with the priceless gift of recognized manhood and political equality.

In regard to our white population, we are unwilling to believe, that ten years ago, before the war had crowded upon us additional thousands of illiterates at the South, only ten out of every eleven of our adult population could read. Yet the census of 1860 gives this as our condition, and without doubt, that of 1870, when the tables of illiteracy are made up, will show a greater proportion of illiterates. Of the 605,000 persons who attained their majority in 1860, 55,000 could not write their names. What an army of ignorance to have quartered upon us every year. When we consider the natural aversion to reporting inability to read, and the hundreds of thousands who, although they may be able to spell out a few words, yet cannot read from an ordinary newspaper so as to gain any information, and so are, practically, uneducated, we find the army of ignorance would be greatly increased.

Horace Mann, unquestioned authority on educational matters, says: "Thirty per cent. must be added to all statistical tables of illiteracy, to arrive at the truth." Making

this allowance, are we not justly startled by the array of ignorance which faces us? The illiteracy in the different States and Territories varied, in 1860, from two or three per cent. in Utah and some of the Eastern States, to eighty-four per cent. in New Mexico, where it is not probably any less to-day, as there has not been a public school, nor even a school-house, in the entire Territory in the last twenty-five years. In this same territory a recent vote on establishing free schools stood *37 for, 5,016 against*. The Southern States, as an aggregate, had forty-eight per cent. of adult illiterates, and probably the proportion is much greater now.

If we turn to our present school population we find but little to encourage us. From the reports of the State superintendents for the year 1869-70, omitting seven of the Southern States which make no reports, we find about 10,500,000 persons classed as "school population." Of these about 6,700,000 are registered in the public schools. If to this number we add 500,000 for those attending private schools, we still have left 3,300,000 reported as not attending long enough to have their names registered. If to these numbers we add 1,000,000, as the school population of the States not reporting, and of these 800,000 as not attending, we have of 11,500,000 children in our land of a school age, 4,100,000 who do not darken the doors of any school-house during the year.

Allowing that one-fourth of this number may have a primary education, and we yet have more than one-fourth the population of our land growing up in ignorance. But many of those who are registered attend only a few days, or so irregularly that they learn but little. This irregularity amounts to so much in the aggregate that the *average* of attendance is less than 4,000,000, which leaves 7,000,000 who do not come at all, or attend irregularly. In the State of New York, where the schools are now free, but little more than three-fourths of the school population are registered, while in the best educated States only eight-ninths are known to attend at all. The statistics of sixteen of our largest cities, where educational privileges are supposed to be the best, show that the average attendance at the public schools is only forty-four per cent. of the school population, while only fifty-two per cent. are enrolled at all. Allowing eight per cent. for those attending private schools, we have left forty per cent. of our city children who

never enter a school-house during the year. At this rate of decrease, within the next twenty-five years more than half the people of the United States would be unable to read or write. What we are gaining at the North is more than balanced by what is being lost at the South. This is the logic of facts, and it is far from consoling to those who look upon our country as the leader of the world.

If we compare our general intelligence or educational methods with those of the Germanic States or Switzerland, we suffer by the contrast. In Holland, Belgium, Bavaria, Saxony, Prussia, and Switzerland, we find education almost universal, and educational laws which are universal in scope and far-reaching in power—laws which secure to every child, no matter how poor, the benefits of a good education, and then compel him to receive them. As long ago as 1845, in Prussia ninety-eight men in every hundred could read and write; and probably, under their strict educational laws, enforced for twenty-five years, illiteracy has not very greatly increased. How is it that while both are working for the same results, they succeed and we fail? We have given an intelligent population, nearly one hundred years' working of our American system, and as a result a large increase in illiteracy, and a strong existing tendency in the same direction. Where, and in what, have we failed? If it is the fault of our system, in what is it defective, and how can it be improved?

In few countries in the world do we find institutions of learning so numerous or so munificently endowed by private enterprise as in our own. We have more than four hundred schools which claim the name of college or collegiate institute, while our academies, seminaries, and other private schools are numbered by thousands. At many of these education is free to all who apply. In nearly all the States school funds have been created by legislative enactments, which are more or less sufficient for the purposes for which they were intended. In several the doors of the school-house stand invitingly open, and its privileges are free to all who would enter and enjoy them. In the United States, exclusive of six of the Southern States, more than \$60,000,000 per year are provided by State authority for school purposes, an average of nearly six dollars for the schooling of each child, which is only a little less than New York State pays, and more than half the States paid for the

last year. Massachusetts, with less than 1,500,000 inhabitants, pays more per year for public education than France with her 30,000,000. Yet, in spite of all our outlays for education, we find, particularly in our large cities, that although the temple of learning may be erected at every street corner, and its advantages be made free to all, thousands of children will never enter its ever-open doors to drink at its pleasant fountains, but will squander the hours of childhood and youth playing in the gutter, or schooling themselves in such lessons of vice as will prepare them in after years for a course of crime. To us it may seem incredible that parents could be so unmindful of the interests of their children as to allow them to neglect the opportunity to acquire an education, much less positively keep them out of the schools. Yet thousands of parents are not only indifferent in regard to the education of their children, but not a few actually prevent it. In accordance with our American idea, we have for nearly a century tried the voluntary method, both in regard to establishing schools and attendance upon them, and find it is not a success. In answering the question, "What shall we do next?" let us note some of the defects of our present plan of education, and what changes can advantageously be made.

We have no national system of public education. The whole matter is left to the inclination of the individual States, and they adopt such measures as they see fit, or none at all. Thus we find the provisions for schools, commencing with the good systems of New York and Massachusetts, and dwindling down, through various grades of merit, to Texas, which, practically, has none at all. Some States have superintendents, others have none; some have free schools, and even compel attendance; many give some State aid, and still others none at all, trusting to rate-bills and the voluntary efforts of each district. There are as many educational policies as there are States, each acting entirely independent of all the others. Our educational interests lack a head,—a common controlling purpose,—concert of action—everything which goes to make up a complete system. As well expect an army to fight a successful battle without a general to command, with each regiment fighting in its own way, or shirking the battle if disposed, as to hope that our present independent State action in regard to education can combat successfully with the forces of ignorance.



The general government ought to take as much interest in the cause of education as in the development of a coal mine, for an intelligent community is worth more to a nation than mountains of coal and iron. Our government now spends its money and bothers its brains over taxes, tariff, harbor improvements, and the like, and never seems to think or care whether the children of the land are growing up in ignorance. The United States Senate spent more time last spring trying to find out how and where the *New York Tribune* obtained a copy of the treaty with England, than it ever has upon the educational interests of the country. What moral or any other right has our general government to fritter away its time upon such matters, with a zeal worthy the inquisitiveness of some ancient village spinster, while we are gradually drifting away into ignorance? We need a United States law in regard to education, applying alike to all the States, a thousand times more than we ever needed a Fugitive Slave Law. What is the primary idea of a government? It must be an organization which exists for the benefit of the community at large, and, unless it confers this general benefit, it is unworthy the name it bears. Now what can be more to the advantage of a nation in every respect than universal education? Napoleon built up the material interests of France, and King William educated every Prussian in his domain, and, when the contest came, what was the result? A complete and overwhelming victory of the school-house over the workshop, of educated mind over uneducated muscle. The lesson is written out for us so plainly that any fool almost can read it? Let us not be rashly unmindful of its teachings.

The necessity of national attention to education, as well as to agriculture or commerce, has been urged upon government frequently, and, until within a few years, unsuccessfully, since the time of Washington. The almost universal agitation of this question among educational men finally led to the enactment of a law by Congress, in March, 1867, establishing a Department of Education, "for the purpose of collecting such statistics and facts as shall show the condition and progress of education in the several States and Territories, and of diffusing such information respecting the organization and management of school systems and methods of teaching as shall aid the people of the United States in establishing and maintaining efficient school systems,

and otherwise promoting the cause of education throughout the country." First established as an independent department, it was soon reduced in rank and made an appendage to the Department of the Interior, where it is now only an office for collecting statistics and other information.

We trust the time is not far distant when our general government will take vigorous action in this matter, enact educational laws which shall provide an elementary education for every child in the land, and see that every child receives the benefit of it. If we had such a law, \$50,000,000 per year, a sum which is annually squandered by Congress in grants of land to speculators and railroad monopolies, in addition to the \$60,000,000 now raised by State authority, would be abundant to give at least three months' schooling per year to every child in the United States. This would give ten dollars per child for education, and the State of New York under her free-school system now pays but seven dollars. Let the law have power to enforce attendance, and the most difficult part of this problem is solved. How can \$50,000,000 be better expended? It would be worth more to us than thousands of such purchases as Alaska, or volcanic islands in the Caribbean Sea.

But, it is asked, how can we receive such an immense addition of scholars without a vast outlay for buildings, for the seatings of our school-houses are not sufficient for those who now attend? Easily. In all grades below the high school, let one class of pupils attend three hours in the morning, and another class in the same rooms, and to the same teacher, three hours in the afternoon. In this way we can educate double the number of children without any additional expense for buildings or instructors, and with benefit to both pupils and teachers. Three hours per day is time enough for children to be in school, and, if properly taught, they will learn as much in three hours as to prolong the time to five or six, when their minds become weary, and school is not a pleasure but a burden. This would allow time enough for the children of the poorer classes, who are now kept entirely from school, to labor seven or eight hours daily toward their own support. A plan similar to this has been used successfully in cotton-mills in Massachusetts, and it has just been adopted by an overwhelming popular vote in Louisville, Kentucky.

It is of great importance that our national system should include compulsory attend

ance. To us Americans, who boast so much of our liberty, the word compulsory sounds unpleasantly. We love to feel that we can do as we like, and freedom of thought and action is the corner-stone of our institutions; but no one of us has any right, moral or political, because he so wishes, to do what will be for the injury of the public. This is the license of the desperado, not the liberty of the citizen. What right has Paddy O'Flinn, just over from the bogs of Ireland, to bring up his family of ten in utter ignorance, when the probabilities are, that if he does, the public will have to take care of one or two of them as criminals or paupers? No man has any more right because this is a free country, and he so wishes, to thrust upon the world a family of ignorant children, than he has to keep a mad dog, because he is not afraid of being bitten himself. To a certain extent children *do* belong to the State, as it assumes the responsibility of them after they become men and women, when that of their parents ceases; and hence she has the right to see that they are prepared for the responsibilities which the attainment of majority brings: that they are fitted to become useful citizens, instead of vagrants or criminals.

How else than by the strong fostering hand of the government can a healthy public opinion be formed at the South, where ignorance and prejudice are now so strong that school-houses are being burned, school-teachers whipped and driven away, and all educational privileges gradually broken up? How else are we to bring the poor, ignorant, helpless blacks, now "fellow-citizens" with us, up to the standard of manhood?

When could we expect education from the voluntary action of those degraded people of New Mexico, who lately rejected free schools by a vote of 37 to 5,016? Compulsory attendance upon free schools accompanies and renders effective the best school systems of Europe, and makes them the power for good that they now are. If it was enforced in this country to-morrow, the respectable part of the community would rejoice, and nearly all the complaints would come from those who are constantly vibrating between the county-house and the jail. England has just awakened to her danger, —when she finds she has 8,000,000 illiterate adults, that half her children are growing up in ignorance, that poverty and crime are rapidly increasing,—and has recently established free schools and compulsory attendance.

Statistics the world over show that ignorance, poverty, and crime are own brothers. Our jails and State prisons are filled from the ranks of the ignorant. Of the 1,000,000 paupers in England, not one in twenty has ever attended school. Ninety-five per cent. of her criminals cannot read or write, while only one in two hundred of them has what may be called an education. Spain and Italy, on account of their general ignorance, are filled with beggars and petty criminals, and the entire land is cursed with a bitter poverty, and this under a sky and in a climate where Nature has lavished her blessings with an unsparing hand. Intelligence introduces prosperity and happiness, whether to the individual or the nation. The lowest estimates allow that education increases the value of labor at least twenty-five per cent. The productions of our labor amount annually to hundreds of millions of dollars. Increase this by one-fourth, and you have more than enough to defray the expense of education, and all the advantages of an intelligent public remaining. Countless arguments might be brought forward to show that universal education is *policy* for a nation as a mere matter of economy, but the statement will hardly be questioned.

Our system, as we have been pleased to call it, of education has failed, in that for the great majority of our youth it has been utterly aimless. To be sure, our seminaries and colleges, for the most part, have been the open doors through which young men pass into professional life, but what does our education provide for the great multitude of young men and women who never see the inner walls of a college? Simply nothing. It turns them out into the world without the ability to do anything, opens no avenue of skilled employment for them, and only makes them too proud to labor with their hands, as they might have done without its influence. It merely deprives them of the taste for labor, and gives them nothing in its place. But more than this. Little Johnnie Jones is told by his admiring school-mistress, or fond mamma, how Lincoln, who was a poor boy, finally became President; how Johnson, the son of a poor North Carolina corn-cracker, came to live in the White House at Washington. The stories of countless others, who commenced with nothing and became great men, are poured into his youthful ears, until he is certain he must have been intended for a United States Senator at least, if not for a President. As he grows older, he forgets that Lincoln split

rails, Johnson rejuvenated worn-out pantaloons, and Grant peddled cord-wood in the streets of St. Louis, but thinks that to be great he must shun work, dabble in politics, and hang around grog-shops. He would rather sit in idleness all day on the steps of some corner grocery, and wait for a chance shilling, than work in the garden back of it for a certain dollar. Such men spend their lives in attending caucuses, getting up political excitements, and playing whippers-in for some successful politician. Out of every 1,000 of them 999 never get higher than county sheriff, while the majority make a questionable living, and end their lives in the jail or poor-house. It is all right to teach boys to be ambitious, but do not forget the most important part, that honest success always implies labor. Toil is the pathway to honor. To remedy this aimlessness and unfitness for life with which our education leaves our youth, we need more *craft* schools, where boys can become practical engineers, chemists, printers, machinists, and even farmers. The machinist would be none the worse if he should spend his evenings over Euclid instead of lager; the blacksmith, if he knew how to drive home and clinch an argument in metaphysics as skillfully as a horse-shoe nail; or the dentist, if he could extract hidden Greek roots with the same facility as grumbling molars. Educated men would dignify any of these employments, and make them sought and not shunned by those worthy to fill them. A man who wants to run an engine ought to be educated for his business, just as much as a lawyer for his profession. We are a patient and long-suffering people, or we would never permit ourselves to be blown up by hundreds by ignorant engineers, who know nothing more of the monsters which they control than enough to feed them with wood and water, and oil up their creaking joints; or suffer ourselves to be sent to our graves by striplings in short jackets, who give us arsenic for paregoric, and strychnine for the elixir of life. The time is coming, and we trust is not far distant, when all these positions of responsibility will be filled by men of education, and can be filled by none others; when ignoramus will be obliged either to fit themselves for their proposed labors, or seek other employments.

That the necessity for such special training is beginning to dawn upon us, is evident from the rapidity with which the so-called scientific schools are being established and

filled with students. But they are merely the advance-guard of the great number of *craft*-schools which we will yet have to supplement our elementary education.

When a young man is to be turned out to fight the battle of life, he ought to be provided with a weapon for the warfare. It would be just as sensible to send a regiment of soldiers into battle with broomsticks for guns, as to turn young men and women into the world empty-handed. They can only do as the soldiers would,—seize upon the first thing they can lay their hands on, and club their way for a little while before hastening to the rear.

The cause of general education will receive a powerful impetus when the superiority of educated men is recognized and appreciated. What inducement can we hold out for boys to educate themselves, when many kinds of artisans are better paid than professional men? The head cook in the Parker House, in Boston, has a salary of \$4,000 per year, while President Eliot, of Harvard College, has only \$3,000. The salaries of the educators of our land will not average \$600 per year, while any good mechanic can earn as much or more.

An illustration or two will show us why this is so. Deborah Simpkins, because she thinks herself above helping her mother skim milk and wash dishes in the summer, and can spell, read, write, and "cipher" a little, inflicts herself upon twenty-five embryo men and women as their instructor, when she is no more fitted for the work than she is for flying to the moon, and the trustees take her because "she will come for three dollars per week and board to hum—'mazin cheap." In the same way her brother Hezekiah, because he is either too weak or too lazy to cut cord-wood, as his brothers do, persuades some school committee to quarter him in their school-house for the winter months. If mind only had one-thousandth part the explosive power of steam, how many school-houses would be blown to atoms under the management of such bunglers! No profession could sustain itself against such competition.

What would become of lawyers or doctors if any greenhorn could try his hand at a case whenever he wished? Teaching will become a profession only when educators are obliged to prepare themselves for their work, and no lady then need blush to be known as a "school-marm." The normal schools established in most of the States are helping to make teaching a profession, but

there is much more to be done which is entirely beyond their control. The character and acquirements of those who are in a profession make the standing of that profession.

In Prussia none except graduates of their colleges and the government normal schools are allowed to teach even in the common schools, and there teachers are among the most universally respected in the land. As a natural result, their instructors, even in the primary schools, are men and women of education and refinement. If in this country the number of authorized public training schools was doubled or tripled, and a law was provided that after five years no one could teach without a certificate from one of them, the profession would soon be freed from that large class who teach only for a term, because they are too lazy to work at other employments. It would soon be filled with those who would be earnest in their work, and have at least inclination enough for it to be at the expense of acquiring the necessary qualifications. By a similar course almost any occupation which requires skill may be made a profession, and filled with men educated for that business. For instance: suppose that the law allowed no one to compound medicines unless he had a diploma from some recognized institution, showing that he had the necessary qualifications, how many years would it be before this branch of business would be filled by men fitted for their work? You could count them on the fingers of one hand.

How criminally unfitted for their work many are, we have only too frequent instances. How many lessons like that of the *Westfield* do we need before we will learn wisdom?

Educated men and women will be found to fill positions as soon as the positions are brought up to the level of those who are to occupy them.

But aside from these questions of progress there is another, more vital still. Not only our prosperity but our very existence as a Christian nation depends upon an intelligent body politic. We have founded our institutions upon the corner-stone of man's capacity for self-government, and the political equality of manhood. We are trying

the grand but solemn experiment of committing man into his own hands, to govern himself, and have, for our encouragement, an almost unbroken line of failures, with hardly a success, along the whole pathway of past ages. We commenced with the central idea that, to succeed, intelligence and virtue are indispensable. Upon this as a foundation we have built our national edifice, and have made it a prouder thing to be an American, than in those olden days it was to be a Roman citizen. A high degree of intelligence is absolutely essential to the success of a Republic. All classes must be educated, because the genius of our institutions demands not a restricted but a universal suffrage, and this of educated men. Nothing makes public order so difficult, property so unsafe, and government in every department so costly, and at the same time so unreliable, as ignorance and its accompanying vices. Universal suffrage simply necessitates universal education. The question of the final destiny of this Republic is before us of the present generation. It is a choice between ignorance and anarchy, or intelligence and liberty. An ignorant Republic is a political chimera. Law-makers who cannot read, voters who cannot interpret their ballots, and citizens who have no idea of the principles of the government under which they live, and of which they are a part, are only a foundation of sand upon which it were madness to build a State and hope for perpetuity.

A well-known educator forcibly says: "Ignorance is the parent of vice, the opponent of progress, the bane of the Republic, a destroying element in society, the precursor of death and decay. Has society no power to protect itself? Has the Republic no right to live? Shall she continue to nurse in her bosom the viper which will one day sting her to death? If these questions are not answered by the representatives of the people—answered by the enactment of wise and just laws providing for the education of all the children of the nation—the future historian will answer them for us, when he portrays the downfall of a once mighty nation, which forgot its origin, derided its destiny, sold its birthright, and ended its career in shame and disgrace."

## FREDERIC MISTRAL, THE PROVENÇAL POET.

THE traveler journeying by post in the old times from Geneva to Lyons left his carriage, as suggested by Mr. Murray, at a certain point to see the "Perte du Rhone," where the arrowy river disappears beneath the solid rock and courses through a subterranean channel for a considerable distance before it reappears, reminding one of the far-off mystery of its remote glacier origin.

Thus the Provençal tongue of the Troubadours, long lost to literature except as a legend, has come to light again in our day and generation, and the prophet's rod which smote this rock of the ages was the filial love of a young poet, a poor gardener's boy of St. Rémy, a little town in the department of the "Bouches du Rhone." "That his mother might enjoy beautiful thoughts expressed in melodious language" Joseph Roumanille wrote the sweet poems dear to thousands who, like his mother, understand no other language but their native Provençal.

Frederic Mistral, who went to school to Roumanille as a little boy, and still calls him master, has, however, won for himself and his mother-tongue a wider renown, though perhaps not a more enduring fame.

He was born at Maillane, in the department of the "Bouches du Rhone," in 1830, and went through a course of study at Montpellier, where he obtained a University degree. He afterwards studied law at Avignon and was admitted to the bar at Aix, but has since gratified his taste for seclusion and his love of literary labor by retiring to the neighborhood of St. Rémy, where he leads the quiet life of a country gentleman amid the familiar haunts of his childhood. Here is laid the scene of his poem "Mirèio," for which the Academy decreed him in 1861 a prize,—a gold medal of 2,000 francs. In 1868, at a solemn festival given at St. Rémy in honor of the revival of the Provençal language and literature, Frederic Mistral was the hero of the day and the most striking of all the orators on this occasion, when many Parisian celebrities had come together to do honor to their brother poets of the South.

Later, Mistral ran the gauntlet of a visit to Paris, where he found cordial recognition in spite of his having boldly declared that the French language was as inadequate and unfitting to Provençal poetry as the coat of a Parisian dandy would be to a brawny, sunburned reaper.

After a month spent in Paris, says Anselme Mathieu of Vaucluse, one evening as Mistral and I were walking on the quai, he exclaimed suddenly: "I have had enough of this, and I want to see my mother;" so we arranged our departure for the next morning, and agreed that he should go that evening and take leave of Lamartine. Dumas and Mistral went in together. Lamartine greeted them gayly and courteously, and said: "Sit down, poets; I must read to Mistral what I think of his book," and before all the assembled guests he read aloud the "Fortieth Evening" of his "Course of Literature." After the reading, Mistral rose from his seat to embrace his kind friend and generous appreciator, but emotion choked his utterance and he fell back in his chair fairly overcome.

In "Mirèio" Mistral has certainly vindicated the claim of modern Provençal to express the pure, artless passion of the children of the South, to whom love is the breath of life, and not the fitful, feverish glow of our cold northern climate and temperament. The author himself has furnished a French version, which is printed on the opposite page to the Provençal text, and it has been translated into English by Miss Harriet W. Preston, of Massachusetts.

The scene of the poem is laid in the Arabia Petraea of France, a region unique in its physical geography and remarkable for having preserved many curious old customs and superstitions. Not far from Arles, between the Rhone, the mountains, and the sea, stretches a district about fifteen miles square, covered with loose round stones of all sizes, from that of a man's head to that of a little pebble, loose and water-worn, but lying so close together that there is hardly any more vegetation between them than on the shingle of a beach. This inhospitable land is traversed by the Canal of Craponne, and here and there along its banks the soil has been cleared and cultivated, and the houses of wealthy farmers are seen through the long alleys of the mulberry-trees on which their silk-worms are fed. In one of these large "mas" or "métairies" lived the child Mirèille (Mirèio) whose beauty was the pride of a province famed for the loveliness of its women. Vincent, a handsome, enthusiastic boy, son of a brave old soldier of Napoleon, now earning his bread as a traveling basket-maker, is in love with her, and she one evening, enthralled by the wonderful stories of adventure he has told her, says



to her mother that "she would willingly pass all the night and all her life long hearing him talk." But she is rich and Vincent is poor, and when the basket-maker asks her in marriage for his son, who has been emboldened by Mireille's artless confession of love for him, the rich farmer insults in his wrath the old soldier, who shakes the dust from his feet as he leaves the door, and prophecies woe to the purse-proud parents. His predictions, alas, are realized: Mireille, poor, passionate pilgrim, flies at dawn from the shelter of her father's roof in quest of aid and comfort where Vincent has once told her to seek it in time of need. Miles away lies "La Camargue," a large delta formed by the bifurcation of the Rhone. Its great, silent, unbroken plains, its "mirage," its lagoons, its strange vegetation, and its large roaming herds of oxen and wild horses, remind the traveler of the Pampas of South America. The soil is so impregnated with salt that in summer the ground is covered with a saline efflorescence resembling snow. Its only village, *Les Saintes Maries de la Mer*, lies on the sea-coast between the mouths of the Rhone. Here, according to a venerable tradition, the three Maries landed after the death of Jesus, and their relics, preserved in the little church, attract every year on the 25th of May, the anniversary of their landing, a countless concourse of pilgrims from all parts of Provence and lower Languedoc. To this shrine, across the flinty, treeless country, the desperate girl hurries on foot, breathless and bare-headed, beneath the pitiless blaze of the fierce southern sun. Fainting and sun-struck, she falls at last on the sea-shore almost within sight of the village. The lapping water revives her after a while, and, giddy and reeling, she reaches the church and prostrates herself before the shrine, only to die there in presence of her agonized parents and heart-broken lover, who have traced and followed her all the weary way. As she dies she sees in a delirious ecstasy the three Maries, the sainted mariners, who wait to waft her soul to its heavenly home. Is the old legend here repeated a Provençal version of the story of Niobe and her children? The poem is rich with beautiful descriptions of scenery and curious old customs and superstitions, and there are scattered through it idyllic passages unequaled in modern poetry for beauty of conception and feeling melodiously expressed. For instance, the leaf-gathering amid the branches of the mulberries, and the scenes with the rich suitors

discarded by Mireille in all the conscious pride of her young love. In the third canto occurs the song of "Magali," sung by one of the "Maids of Baux," as, with her young companions, she strips the cocoons from the branches. The following translation by the Rev. Charles T. Brooks does no injustice to the sweetness and simplicity of the versification:

## MAGALI.

O Magali ! my darling dearest !  
 Out from thy casement sweetly lean !  
 A morning serenade thou hearest  
 Of violin and tambourine.  
 The stars in Heaven shine bright and keen,  
 The air is at its clearest,  
 But pale the morning star shall be  
 At sight of thee !

"Thy morning serenade goes by me  
 Unheeded as the morning breeze,  
 While, like a slippery eel, I hie me  
 Beneath the rocks in shining seas."  
 —O Magali ! if thee it please  
 As fish to fly me,  
 Then I a fisherman will be,  
 And fish for thee !

"O no ! when thou the shore dost follow,  
 And fling thy net the prey to seize,  
 I, as a bird, o'er hill and hollow  
 Will fly away to the inland trees."  
 —O Magali ! and shouldst thou flee  
 Swift as a swallow,  
 Then I will be a fowler free,  
 And hunt for thee !

"The quail and the partridge that cringe and  
 cower,  
 For them mayst set thy snare with ease ;  
 I, in the grass, will hide that hour  
 Among the modest anemones."  
 —O Magali ! if thee it please  
 To be a flower,  
 The morning brooklet I will be  
 That drowneth thee !

"Glide as a brook through bush and bower !  
 I'll be a cloud and sail with ease  
 To far America that hour,  
 And there enjoy my liberties !"  
 —O Magali ! and shouldst thou flee  
 To Indian tower,  
 A breeze of the sea I straight will be,  
 And carry thee !

"And shouldst thou be the storm wind blowing,  
 'Twill but prolong thy agonies ;  
 For I will set warm currents flowing,  
 Ice-melting sunshine of the seas !"

—O Magali ! and shouldst thou be  
Hot sunshine glowing,  
A lizard green thou'lt find in me  
To drink up thee !

"And shouldst thou be the salamander,  
Through bush and brake that darts and flees,  
Then I, pale moon, through heaven will wander,  
Whose orb the enchanter gladly sees !"  
—O Magali ! if thee it please  
Full moonlight squander,  
A veil of tender mist I'll be,  
And mantle thee !

"And shouldst thou be a mist-cloud tender,  
Thy disappointments shall not cease ;  
I'll be the Rose, whose thorns defend her,  
Breathing her fragrance all in peace !"  
—O Magali ! wear, if thou please,  
The rose's splendor,  
Then I the butterfly will be  
That kisses thee !

"Well, quickly dart, fly, flutter, hover,  
Swift as the butterflies or bees,  
Beneath a huge oak's barky cover  
I'll hide among the forest trees !"  
—O Magali ! not even these  
Shall cheat thy lover ;

For I an ivy vine will be  
Entwining thee !

"And think'st thou, now thine arms are round  
me,  
A shady tree alone they seize ?  
I in Saint Blasin's cell have found me  
A refuge from thy witcheries !"  
—O Magali ! no nunnery  
With peace hath crowned thee ;  
Father Confessor I will be,  
And list to thee !

"Nay, if the mandate overleaping  
Thy entering step our cloister sees,  
There shalt thou hear the sisters, weeping,  
Chant o'er my corpse death's Litanies !"  
—O Magali ! if thee I see  
In pale death sleeping,  
To the cool earth I changed will be,  
Then clasp I thee !

"Ah, now I see what thou hast spoken  
Was not in jest, thou noble youth ;  
Take from my hand this ring in token,  
Forever, of my love and truth !"  
—O Magali ! O word of sooth !  
The morn has broken,  
The stars have paled, O Magali,  
At sight of thee !

#### TOPICS OF THE TIME.

##### The Conservative Resources of American Life.

WE are witnessing, in these passing days, new demonstrations of the Conservative influences and resources of American life. Reflecting persons are sometimes scared by the liberty and latitude which our institutions confer upon every kind and class of men, and are filled with the gravest apprehensions while contemplating the tendencies of society to corruption and extravagance, or other forms of vice and folly. With a press whose liberty is absolutely unbridled ; with the privilege of universal self-direction and self-service unwatched and untouched by the police ; with a freedom of speech and movement that more frequently forgets than remembers that there is such a thing as law, and with an underlying conviction and consciousness that human nature is selfish, and that great masses of society are almost hopelessly degraded, it is not wonderful that there are thinking men who look despondingly into the future, and who load their lips with prophecies of evil.

Last year, a gentleman who had been at both the sieges of Paris, and who had spent much time in Europe, was present during the Orange riot in New York, and witnessed its suppression. He was filled with wonder at the ease with which it was handled, the lack of all apprehension of a dangerous outbreak

on the part of the people of the city, and with the fact that everybody went to bed on the night of the riot and slept soundly, in the confident expectation of finding the city in perfect peace the next morning. Such an event in any capital of Europe would have aroused the intensest suspicions on the part of the government, and led to the most jealous and efficient precautions, while the people, greedy for change and ready for anything that would give them liberty, if only for a day, would have been roused into a fury of sleepless excitement. In Paris, it would have been the signal for a revolution. In New York, opposed by a militia called out from among the people themselves, it never had the chance to do any damage except to the misguided men who were engaged in it.

A year ago, New York City was in the hands of a gang of such gigantic thieves as the world has rarely produced, in all its centuries of fruitful wickedness. There was no ingenuity of corrupt expedient that had been left untried, in the achievement and retention of power. There was no scheme of plunder too bold and shameless for them to undertake. They had suborned judges, and bribed legislators, and tampered with administration. Their tools and servants were in offices of trust. Their paid bullies were a terror at every polling-place. Surrounded by every appointment and feasted by every ministry of luxury, they

defined public sentiment and public punishment, and laid their plans for the future with the confidence of integrity, and half deceived themselves with the thought that they were gentlemen. But the press, in its fearless liberty, laid hold of them, dragged them forth from their strongholds of crime and shame, and exposed them to the execration of the men they had wronged and robbed. The scepter dropped from their hands, and, in a few brief months, the whole infamous gang have become either fugitives from justice, or anxious and trembling culprits before its bar. The Prince of Erie was shot, but his days would have been numbered without the punctuation of the pistol.

No scheme of iniquity can stand under the exposure of a faithful press. The little pencil of Nast alone, when employed in a thoroughly righteous cause, is more powerful than armies of men and millions of money. It is the habit of some good men to bemoan the licentiousness of the press, and its undignified and often disgraceful quarrels and personalities; but, with all its faults, it is the very bulwark of the public safety. Without the press, the great metropolis would be to-day in the hands of the King. Without the press, there would have been no revolution in the affairs of Erie. Indeed, without the press—perfectly untrammelled—there can be no hope of the perpetuation of the liberties of the country. That power which kings and emperors fear, and seek to regulate and control, is the power which alone can preserve the republic. Monarchs recognize its voice as the voice of the people, and the republic that fails to do the same becomes its own enemy.

In contemplating society, we easily detect certain tendencies that seem to have no end except in disaster or destruction. "Whither are we drifting?" is the questioning cry. There is prevailing and increasing infidelity to the marital vow; there is growing of lavish luxury; there is deepening and spreading corruption in high places; there is augmentation of desire to win wealth without work; there is a fiercer burning of the fever of speculation; there is a lengthening reach and strengthening grasp upon power on the part of great corporations, whose effect is to limit the liberty and diminish the prosperity of the people. We mark these tendencies to enormous and disastrous evil, and it seems as if nothing could avert its near or distant coming; but, at last, the people turn their eyes upon the disease that threatens greatest danger, the press in tones of thunder speaks the voice of the popular conviction and reprehension, and all in good time the wrong is righted, the drift toward destruction is arrested, and the agents of mischief are reformed or rendered powerless. This is the lesson of the last ten years of American life, and it is full of hope and promise. We are not likely to encounter anything more terrible in the future than those evils—political and social—which this conservative power has arrested in their course, or expelled. We drift toward a precipice, but when the waters quicken, and we feel ourselves tossing among the rapids, we spring

to the oars, and with free, strong arms we row back to broader waters and sweeter and safer shores. We have the strongest faith in the conservative power of our free American life, and, with all our tendencies to evil, we firmly believe that we have the strongest government and the safest society of any great people whose life helps to weave the current history of Christendom.

#### Ethetics at a Premium.

OUR good Americans who flock to Europe every year usually return prepared to talk about the absorption of the new world in practical affairs, and the lack of the esthetic element in American life. It is not to be expected, they say, in a tone which carries any amount of patronage and pardon with it, that a people who have forests to fell, and railroads to build, and prairies to plant, and cities to rear, and mines to uncover, and a great experiment to make in democratic government, should have time to devote to matters of taste. These latter things come with accumulated wealth and centuries of culture. We are necessarily in the raw now. The material overrules the spiritual. The whole nation, under the stimulus of a greed for wealth and the wide facilities for procuring it, is base. The almighty dollar is the national god; but it is confidently expected and predicted that we shall do better by and by. Let us see if there are not a few evidences that the better day is dawning.

New York has her Central Park, in which may be seen more genuine art and taste than have been devoted to any other park in the world. The Champs Elysées of Paris, the Thiergarten of Berlin, and Hyde Park in London, are all inferior to the Central Park in every respect. Now, to show how the element of taste in our life is surpassing the element of use—how the spiritual predominates over the material and practical—we have only to refer to our docks. It must be a matter of the serene satisfaction and the most complacent pride that we, who have the reputation of being a city of money-getters and worshippers of the useful and the material, can point to our docks as the dirtiest, the most insufficient, and the least substantial of any possessed by any first-class city on the face of the globe. To the strangers who visit us from abroad we can proudly say: You have accused us of supreme devotion to the material grandeur of our city and our land. Look at our rotten and reeking docks, and see how little we care for even the decencies of commercial equipment, and then, if you can get safely on shore, come up to our Central Park, and forget all the coarser elements of life in the appointments and atmosphere of taste which will then surround you!

Have we not just founded a Metropolitan Museum of Art? Have we not established the nucleus of a collection which is to go on gathering to itself the contributions of the world and the ages? Are not our capitalists hoarding money for it? Do not our merchant princes go on piling up their millions with

the proud design of remembering it in their wills? Nay, is not America the great art market of the world? Do we not run Rome as we would run a mill? Have we not transformed Munich, with her thousand artists, into a manufactory? Is not all Paris under tribute to us? Is it not our gold that makes yellower than sunshine the air in the studios of Florence? Yet we are accused of supreme devotion to the material, and this, too, in face of the fact that our city markets would be accounted a disgrace to any city in Christendom! We do not even undertake to have markets that are decently clean. The costliest viands that crown our feasts come from realms foul with impure odors, and from stalls past which a clean skirt never sweeps without disaster. To the caitiff who should accuse us of a gross and sensual life, and of devotion to the matters of eating and drinking, we would say: look at Fulton Market,—the meanest shed that ever covered a city's food,—and then, when you have seen how little we care for even the appearance of cleanliness, go with us to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, to a hundred private galleries on Fifth and Madison Avenues, and to the walls of drawing-rooms that are covered with millions of dollars worth of pictures, and acknowledge that the esthetic holds us in absolute thrall, while we take no care for what we eat and what we drink!

New York a city devoted to the material! Why, it has not a single well-kept street! There is not one street in the whole city that is as clean any day as every principal street of Paris is every day. There are scores of streets that are piled with garbage from one end to the other. There are scores of streets so rough with worn-out pavements that no ordinary carriage can be driven through them at a rapid rate without the danger of breaking it. There are streets by the hundred that hold people so thoughtless of even the common decencies of life, that they keep their ash-barrels constantly upon their sidewalks, where they stand in long rows,—lines of eloquent monuments—testifying to the absorption of our citizens in purely esthetic pursuits. When we pass from such streets as these into houses holding the best-dressed men and women in the world, surrounded by every appointment of tasteful luxury,—men and women whose feet press nothing but velvet, and whose eyes see nothing but forms of beauty (except when they happen to look out of the window), we may well point the finger of scorn at those who taunt us with being devoted to the gratification of our senses. New York devoted to the senses! Why, it is not even courteous to the senses: it does not hold its nose!

We might proceed with the illustrations of our point, but they would be interminable. We might show how we have so left out of consideration the matter of utility in the erection of beautiful churches that we have spent all our available money without giving half our people sittings, and in doing so have

made the sittings so expensive that not half of them are occupied. There is money enough invested in churches in New York to give every man and woman a sitting, and support the ministers, without costing a poor man a cent. Can this justly be called supreme devotion to practical affairs? Our love of fine architecture has even led us to forget our religion; and yet we are accused of having no love of art! Why do the Jenny Linds and Sontags and Nilssons come here to sing if there is no love of art here? But we forget. The musical illustration belongs to Boston. We regret that we have not, for the purposes of this article, Gilmore and his twenty thousand, but we cannot have everything; and it is enough to know that we have arrived at that pitch of civilization which enables us to hold an even head with Rome, whose atmosphere of art is malaria, or with old Cologne, whose exquisite cathedral bathes its feet in gutters that reek with the vapors of disease, and the nastinesses of a people absorbed in making Cologne water, and in the worship of eleven thousand virgins, none of whom are living.

#### Rum and Railroads.

We hear a great deal in these days of the influence of railroad corporations in public affairs,—of their power to control large bodies of men and shape the policy of States. That danger lies in this power, there is no question. In many States it has been the agent of enormous corruption, and in some it has lorded it over legislature, judiciary, and executive alike. With abounding means at its disposal, it has done more to corrupt the fountains of legislation than any other interest; and more than any other interest does it need the restraining and guiding hand of the law, on behalf of the popular service and the popular virtue.

There is one influence of railroads, however, that has not been publicly noticed, so far as we know, and to this we call attention.

There is an influence proceeding from the highest managing man in a railroad corporation which reaches further, for good or evil, than that of almost any other man in any community. If the president or the superintendent of a railroad is a man of free and easy social habits; if he is in the habit of taking his stimulating glass, and it is known that he does so, his railroad becomes a canal through which a stream of liquor flows from end to end. A rum-drinking head man, on any railroad, reproduces himself at every post on his line, as a rule. Grog-shops grow up around every station, and for twenty miles on both sides of the iron track, and often for a wider distance, the people are corrupted in their habits and morals. The farmers who transport their produce to the points of shipment on the line, and bring from the depots their supplies, suffer as deeply as the servants of the corporations themselves.

This is no imaginary evil. Every careful observer must have noticed how invariably the whole line of a railroad takes its moral hue from the leading man of

the corporation. Wherever such a man is a free drinker, his men are free drinkers; and it is not in such men persistently to discountenance a vice that they persistently uphold by the practices of their daily life. A thorough temperance man at the head of a railroad corporation is a great purifier; and his road becomes the distributor of pure influences with every load of merchandise it bears through the country. There is just as wide a difference in the moral influence of railroads on the belts of country through which they pass as there is among men, and that influence is determined almost entirely by the managing man. There are roads that pass through none but clean, well-ordered, and thrifty villages; and there are roads that, from one end to the other, give evidence, in every town upon them, that the devil of strong drink rules and ruins. The character of ten thousand towns and villages in the United States is determined, in a greater or less degree, by the character of the men who control the railroads which pass

through them. These men have so much influence, and, when they are bad men, are such a shield and cover for vice, that always keeps for them its best bed and its best bottle, that nothing seems competent to neutralize their power.

The least that these corporations—to which the people have given such great privileges—can do, is to see that such men are placed in charge as will protect the people on their lines of road from degeneracy and ruin. To elect one man to a controlling place in a railway corporation whose social habits are bad, is deliberately, in the light of experience and of well-established facts, to place in every ticket-office and freight-office, and every position of service and trust on the line, a man who drinks; to establish grog-shops near every station; and to carry a moral and industrial blight along the whole line of road whose affairs he administers. "Like master like man;" and like man his companion and friend, wherever he finds him in social communion.

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#### THE OLD CABINET.

THE Editor came in early, bringing a fresh copy of *Maga*. It was next month's number. This month's is always stale. It was early in the spring, but he had made up pretty much all the summer numbers, was busy far on into the autumn, and a little anxious about Christmas. When it actually arrived last year, he said it seemed as if it must be next year's Christmas. Perhaps it is well for an editor to live in advance of his times.

I asked him if his best contributions always came from known authors. No, he said. Occasionally a young writer, of whom he has never heard, sends an exceptionally good poem or story; but most of the new names in his table of contents have been of writers who have served an apprenticeship, perhaps anonymously, in the dailies, or weeklies, or quarterlies. The best essays, the brightest stories, and the poems with the greatest lift, have generally come from experienced writers, although their names may not in all cases have been familiar to the public.

With pathetic patience he has searched longingly thousands of MSS. in strange hand-writings. But one don't mind the dust-heap when one catches the glint of the diamond! And there is more joy in the sanctum over one genius that is found than over ninety and nine first-class contributors who need no finding. His most serious disappointment has been a promising first story or poem, followed by drivel. He never cries *Eureka* nowadays until he is sure. He sat down the other day, and wrote to the latest "promising" new-comer, begging her not to fail him. Please be a genius, he pleaded, almost with tears in his eyes.

AFTER the editor went out, we fell to talking about stories. "The editor sent back my last story," said

the Young Writer, "because it had 'no point.' But I see people come upon and go off the stage of life with as little apparent purpose as the characters in my story. I'm tired of this everlasting preachment. I should like to know what the moral of *Jane Eyre* is?"

It takes a genius, I answered, to make a purposeless story effective. Charlotte Brontë did not plume herself upon her inability to write a book for its moral. And though honoring philanthropy, "I voluntarily and sincerely veil my face," she said, "before such a mighty subject as that handled by Mrs. Beecher Stowe's work, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*." But then she could write—*Jane Eyre*.

... While there should be a purpose in every work of art (as art's value lies in something outside of itself), it seems to be in the nature of things that each work of genius, though lacking the original and informing purpose, should have its beneficent lesson. In so far as the moral sense of the artist or auditor is refined or cloyed will the lesson be enforced or heeded. The painter brings you a bit of landscape; though he may have set about its painting with no special motive, still if he is a genius—master of method and lord of the aim—it is a piece of nature; the spirit of the woods and of the hills is in it, and that is the Spirit Eternal. All the better if he has striven to express a grand idea, for in this new meeting of the human and the divine we shall have a lesser incarnation, with its gospel of peace and goodwill.

HERE spake the critic: "I think stories are the most pestilent evil of the day. I am going to say my say against them before long, in good earnest; although I know it will be siding with Mrs. Partington against the Atlantic Ocean."



I did not care to go into an extended argument in favor of fiction. But I called the critic's attention to the spectacle one witnesses on the evening train from New York every Saturday evening. If you come over in the train-boat, you find a motley crowd of men and boys, from ten to seventy years old, who have hurried away from their shops and offices, crossed in the early boat, and crowd about the lamp at each end of the car, poring over the serial in the *New York Excruator*. It shows the hunger there is for this kind of mental pabulum. You can't stop the supply of trash. Would you hinder that of wholesome food? And is not the love of fiction, in some form, inbred in human nature?

Of course there are stories and stories. But how could the truths that George MacDonald, for instance, has preached to the world have been given so wide currency in any other shape?

"Fudge," said the critic, "*Wilfrid Cumberland* is a novel for women"—(Some people seem to think that is the severest thing that can be said about a book)—"Weak in plot and distracted by untimely psychological dissertations."

I agree that in the matter of construction the master nods sometimes. But in that sleep what dreams! Some paragraphs of MacDonald have more of inspiration for me than whole volumes of the most accomplished plot-makers of the day.

... Then, on this side the water we have Mrs. Whitney, and Mrs. Stowe and Hale, and Miss Alcott and Eggleston and the rest. Is there not something morally and intellectually bracing in one of Eggleston's stories? Do you remember *Huldah the Help*, and *Priscilla* and *Ben*, and have you read *The Hoosier Schoolmaster*? Eggleston himself is a sort of Hoosier MacDonald. Like the great Scotchman, he has dropped the "Rev.," taken the world for his parish and the novel for his pulpit. He has MacDonald's religiousness; his earnest purpose; something of his sublime contempt for all that is narrow and false; but besides he has a grit and a bluff heartiness that are altogether of the West. Here is a glorious passage from *The Hoosier School-master* :—

"The memory of the Helper, of his sorrow, his brave and victorious endurance, came when stoicism failed. Happiness might go out of life, but in the light of Christ's life Lappiness seemed but a small element anyhow. The love of woman might be denied him, but there still remained what was infinitely more precious and holy, the love of God. There still remained the possibility of heroic living. Working, suffering, and enduring still remained. And he who can work for God and endure for God, surely has yet the best of life left. And, like the knights who could only find the Holy Grail in losing themselves, Hartsook, in throwing his happiness out of the count, found the purest happiness, a sense of the victory of the soul over the tribulations of life. The man who knows this victory scarcely needs the encouragement of the hope of future happiness. There is a real heaven

in bravely lifting the burden of one's own sorrow and work."

Somebody asked the Critic if he called that sort of thing "pestilential evil."

... There are those who put a slight upon the novelist's talent. But even they must acknowledge that we find the highest in every art seeking expression in story. So the controversy is narrowed to the question between prose and verse. We may not agree with those who rank prose above all other arts. There seems, at least, to be something more lasting in the poetic form. A poem is packed tight for a long journey. We have some rather ancient specimens of the historical novel, however; and in these days the art of prose story-telling is approaching perfection. Indeed George Eliot with the novel and Bret Harte with the short story seem to have almost made a new art of it, and the term "Idyl," applied to some of Harte's prose sketches, is not without reference to the form as well as to the substance.

THE talk about those who possess both the accomplishment of verse and prose led to an hour with MacDonald—the Editor having returned with a copy of *Within and Without*.<sup>\*</sup> The publishers call it a "Thrilling Story in Verse," and certainly as a novel it has more of rush and continuity than some of his prose works.

Julian, a count who, because of a love sorrow, has taken monkish vows, wearies of the narrowness and vulgarity of the convent life, escapes out into the world, and instinctively wanders towards his home and Lilia. He arrives at his castle, and is told that Count Membroni, having been rejected by Lilia, has worked her father's worldly ruin, and caused his imprisonment for debt. She is sheltered by an honest couple who once were almost pensioners of hers. Julian watches, and rushes in just in time to kill Membroni, who is brutally dragging Lilia to his carriage. The hero takes the lady to his castle and sends the money for the relief of her father. She falls into a fever, and in her wanderings reveals her constant love for him. He tells her of his having been a monk, yet asks her to become his wife and flee with him to England. She is greatly troubled at the thought of marrying one who has taken monastic vows. But while she hesitates, the mob, led by a spy from the convent, storms the castle. The lovers hasten to the river-side, where the Count's boat lies in readiness. After a lapse of five years the scene opens in London. A child, Lily, has been born to them. They are poor. The mother gives music-lessons, and is much away from home. They grow strangely apart—she saying: "He is too good for me, I weak for him;" "I would he were less great and loved me more." He complaining,

<sup>\*</sup> *Within and Without*, by George MacDonald, LL.D., author of "*Wilfrid Cumberland*," "*Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood*," etc., Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

"She has thought  
That I was tired of her, while more than all  
I pondered how to wake her living soul."

The sympathy that she fails to receive from her husband is extended to the poor mistaken wife by Lord Seaford. A moment of bewilderment—and she spurns his advances; then in remorse turns her back upon her home. As Lord Seaford suddenly sets out for Europe, it is supposed that they have gone together. With Lily nestling in his arms Julian roams the streets in a vague, restless quest. The child dies, and he resolves to leave London in search of his wife. But he is worn and ill. A letter from Lilia which reaches him on his death-bed is unopened, and Seaford's protestations of Lilia's innocence are made to ears almost insensate. Julian gazes at him blankly. A light begins to grow in his eyes. It grows till his face is transfigured. It vanishes. He dies. But in a dream the poet sees father, mother, and child reunited—"the three clasped in infinite embrace."

The story is exciting enough; but it is in another view that the poem is most significant. There are two themes of which MacDonald never tires—what has been called, with some but not entire appropriateness, the religion of doing—and the Fatherhood of God. These run like threads of silver and gold through all the fabric of his writings, and in this his longest and most dramatic poem, the Divine Fatherhood is the inspiring and pervading thought. In Julian's darkest hour, it is not doubt lest there be no God that tortures his soul—but the agony of a life lost from its father-life.

"I am as a child new-born, its mother dead,  
Its father far away beyond the seas.  
Blindly I stretch my arms and seek for him:  
He goeth by me, and I see him not.  
I cry to him: as if I sprinkled ashes,  
My prayers fall back in dust upon my soul."

"I thought I heard an answer: Question on.  
Keep on thy need; it is the bond that holds  
Thy being yet to mine. I give it thee,  
A hungering and a fainting and a pain,  
Yet a God-blessing. Thou art not quite dead  
While this pain lives in thee. I bless thee with it.  
Better to live in pain than die that death."

"If thou wert less than truth, or less than love,  
It were a fearful thing to be and grow  
We know not what. My God, take care of me.  
Pardon and swathe me in an infinite love  
Pervading and inspiring me, thy child."

He sees God revealed in human form—revealed—  
but as in nature:—

"I see the man; I cannot find the God.  
I know his voice is in the wind, his presence  
Is in the Christ. The wind blows where it listeth;  
And there stands Manhood: and the God is there,  
Not here, not here. [Pointing to his bosom.]"

Later his child comes to him:—

As a little Christ from heaven to earth,  
To call him *father*, that his heart may know  
What *father* means, and turn its eyes to God!

And at last, on Christmas morning, the full meaning of the divine manhood floods his soul:—

"Now the Divine descends, pervading all.  
Earth is no more a banishment from heaven;  
But a lone field among the distant hills,  
Well plowed and sown, whence corn is gathered home.  
Now, now we feel the holy mystery  
That permeates all being: all is God's;  
And my poor life is terribly sublime.  
Where'er I look, I am alone in God,  
As this round world is wrapt in folding space;  
Behind, before, begin and end in Him:  
So all beginnings and all ends are hid;  
And He is hid in me, and I in Him."

"I sought my God; I pressed importunate;  
I spoke to Him, I cried, and in my heart  
It seemed He answered me. I said, 'O, take  
Me nigh to thee, thou mighty life of life!  
I faint, I die; I am a child alone  
'Mid the wild storm, the brooding desert night.'  
'Go thou, poor child, to Him who once, like thee,  
Trod the highways and deserts of the world.'  
'Thou sendest me then, wretched, from thy sight!  
Thou wilt not have me—I am not worth thy care!  
'I send thee not away; child, think not so;  
From the cloud resting on the mountain peak,  
I call to guide thee in the path by which  
Thou mayst come soonest home unto my heart.  
I, I am leading thee. Think not of Him  
As He were one and I were one; in Him  
Thou wilt find me, for He and I are one.  
Learn thou to worship at his lowly shrine,  
And see that God dwelleth in lowliness.'  
I came to Him; I gazed upon his face;  
And lo! from out his eyes God looked on me!"

But I know what some of the critics will say about the poem—

"Men from whose narrow bosoms  
The great child-heart has withered."

"After all," remarked the Editor, "doesn't MacDonald say these things better in his own marvellous prose?"

I think that on the whole MacDonald expresses himself more naturally, and therefore comes closer to us, in his novels than in his longer poems. But we are grateful for the thought, no matter what happens to be the form. And in the songs and sonnets scattered through this drama, the thought and the form go hand in hand:

"Hark, hark, a voice amid the quiet intense!  
It is thy Duty waiting thee without.  
Rise from thy knees in hope, the half of doubt;  
A hand doth pull thee—it is Providence;  
Open thy door straightway, and get thee hence;  
Go forth into the tumult and the shout;  
Work, love, with workers, lovers, all about;  
Of noise alone is born the inward sense  
Of silence; and from action springs alone  
The inward knowledge of true love and faith.  
Then, weary, go thou back with failing breath,  
And in thy chamber make thy prayer and moan;  
One day upon *His* bosom, all thine own,  
Thou shalt lie still, embraced in holy death."

I know not where else, save perhaps somewhere in MacDonald, can be found subtler expression of the philosophy of avertedness, the truth that the best that can come to us in our meditations will strike more surely and swiftly into our souls while busy in the work that is given us to do.

There is a haunting echo from the infinite shore in that wonderful song with its burden of "Love me, beloved!"

"Love me, beloved! for I may lie  
Dead in thy sight, 'neath the same blue sky;  
The more thou hast loved me, the less thy pain,  
The stronger thy hope till we meet again;  
And forth on the pathway we do not know,  
With a load of love, my soul would go."

And well this poet knows "the hurt, the hurt, and the hurt of love!"

"Hurt as it may, love on, love forever;  
Love for love's sake, like the Father above,  
But for whose brave-hearted Son we had never  
Known the sweet hurt of the sorrowful love."

THERE is something tragic in the fate of my friend Alpha. He has achieved every accomplishment calculated to make a man shine in intellectual society; he is traveled; he is cultured; he is scintillant with gesture, theory, anecdote, compliment, allusion. He is up in opera, painting, etiquette, protoplasm. He has not only the manners of good society, but that deprecatory assumption of all-wisdom; that insufferable condescension; that indescribable air of unconscious self-consciousness which constitute the flower of refined worldliness. But, O Nemesis! In the eyes of that very society to which he has sacrificed his soul, he is that one unlovely thing—a bore.

## NATURE AND SCIENCE.

### Dust in Cities.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL states that almost the whole of the dust in rooms is of organic origin, and prominent among these organic bodies is horse manure. The removal of this offensive contamination from the air of infected localities has been the subject of careful experiment and investigation by the London Board of Health. Not only have the droppings been removed from the streets, but the surfaces of the pavements have also been purified by jets of water thrown by steam-power, whereby all the crevices between the stones forming the pavements have been cleansed. In some districts the practice has been adopted of covering all surfaces that are soaked with foul organic materials with a layer of fresh earth. This has been attended with the most satisfactory results. The Val de Travers asphalt pavement is however regarded by Sir Joseph Whitworth, the great English authority on all questions connected with street economy, as offering the most promising relief from such organic dust, since its introduction will tend to hasten the employment of hot-air engines with India rubber tires for all the purposes of street traffic, and the source or cause of the contamination will of necessity disappear.

### Destruction of the Germs of Disease.

As the result of a series of experiments on the destruction of low forms of life by heat, Dr. Crace Calvert demonstrates that the germs of disease will withstand a temperature of 300 degrees Fahrenheit. Exposure to such a heat as this injures the fibers of all kinds of cloth so seriously that they are unfit for further use. It is therefore evident that the mere agency of heat cannot be depended upon for the destruction of the germs or corpuscles attached to the clothing of persons who have suffered from any contagious disease.

The necessity for a change in opinion regarding the power of chlorine gas to accomplish this purpose is urged in a recent report of the New York Board of Health on the disinfection of clothing and rooms

that have been exposed to contamination by small-pox. In the report in question carbolic acid is especially recommended for the disinfection of clothing and bedding, and sulphurous acid gas prepared by burning sulphur for the disinfection of rooms. The latter substance especially seems to have the power of utterly destroying the germs of small-pox, while chlorine frequently fails altogether or only accomplishes the object in an imperfect manner.

### Crossing the Channel.

THE success of the Suez Canal and of the Mont Cenis Tunnel has brought forward numerous proposals for the improvement of the means of crossing the English Channel. One of these is to construct a tunnel one hundred feet below the bed of the sea, in the clay that underlies the chalk, and so avoid all the troubles and accidents that might arise from the leakage of seawater into the tube. The estimated expense of this operation is forty millions of dollars. The question of ventilation, which is a serious matter in such a scheme, it is proposed to meet either by shafts of iron rising at suitable intervals to a sufficient height above the level of the sea, or by propelling the trains by atmospheric pressure, and thus while introducing fresh air avoid the formation of foul air by the fires of locomotives. Other projects consist in laying tubes of iron or masonry on the bed of the sea and ventilating these by shafts communicating with the air. In one of these plans it is proposed to use the shafts as light-houses. A tube-like corridor or roadway floating at a depth of forty feet below the level of the sea, and kept in place by great chains and anchors, has also been proposed. Floating bridges, with gigantic draws, and bridges of enormous span, with arches of sufficient height to permit the passage of ships in all weathers, have also been suggested. Last, and perhaps the most practicable of all, is the scheme of employing enormous vessels or flat-boats which may take a whole train on board and deliver it safely on the opposite shore.

#### Internal Temperature of the Earth.

THE experiments of Signor Barelli on the Alpine Tunnel, result in showing a rate of increase in the temperature equivalent to one degree in every ninety-one feet of descent—a considerable variation from the results usually obtained. In the report on the measurement of the temperature it is stated that when the blast which opened communication between the Italian and French works was fired, the smoke was drifted out at once by a current which set toward the Italian end, and which was favored in its movement by a difference of level of 435 feet in favor of the Italian end. The shaft therefore acts somewhat like a chimney, and it is to be hoped this will favor its proper ventilation, a result most devoutly to be prayed for by those who have ever made the transit of the Alps by the railway which passes over the mountains.

#### Hints on House Building.

A PAPER on this subject, read by Edward Roberts, F.S.A., before the Royal Institute of British Architects, closes as follows:—

1. Never allow pervious drains in pervious soils.
2. Never allow a cesspool or drain near a well.
3. Never select gravel as a building-site if well-drained clay can be obtained.
4. Never allow drinking water to be drawn from a cistern supplying a water-closet.
5. Never allow waste-pipes to be inserted into water-closet traps.
6. Never allow rain-water to run to the ground if it is required above.
7. Never allow water to stand in pipes exposed to frost.
8. Never allow pipes to be fixed so that they cannot empty themselves.
9. Never ventilate except by pipes or tubes; inlets and outlets being of equal size.
10. Never use glazed earthenware pipes for upward flues.
11. Never allow chandeliers to be the exclusive light merely because it has been customary.

#### Spots on the Sun.

IN a communication to the Astronomical Society Mr. Proctor gives reasons for the belief that the spots on the sun are produced by volcanic action, which is for the time intensified by the proximity of some planet.

The tides in an ocean were supposed by Sir John Herschel to provoke the volcanoes on its shores. The close proximity of the moon to our planet is also thought to stimulate them to increased activity. The belts of Jupiter in 1860, and again recently, were strangely disturbed during changes in the solar envelope. May not such curious sympathies and reactions of masses on each other, and their singular relations to volcanic action, lead to an explanation of phenomena that are otherwise very mysterious?

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#### Influence of Violet Light on Plants.

GENERAL A. J. PLEASANTON has made a series of experiments on the growth of grapes in light transmitted through violet glass. The results obtained by him under these conditions are very surprising, both as regards the rapidity of the growth of the vines and also in the amount of the yield of fruit.

A similar series of experiments was made some years ago by Professor J. W. Draper on pea-plants. In this investigation the light was passed through the violet blue of ammonia-sulphate of copper in No. 1; through chromate of potash yellow in No. 2; through open air in No. 3; through the red of sulphocyanate of iron in No. 4; while No. 5 was shut in a dark closet. After three days No. 1 was three times its former height, and the leaves had doubled in number. No. 2—Not quite twice its former size; no new leaves. No. 3—Twice its former size; no new leaves. No. 4—Four and a half times its former size, and double the number of leaves. No. 5—Three and a half times its former size, with yellowish leaves. In these experiments it was found that an increase in the amount of moisture in the air accelerated the growth greatly.

M. Bert, who has recently made an investigation into this subject, states as the result of his experiments that all lights of isolated colors are ultimately injurious to plants, but blue light less so than any other.

#### Elevation of Polar Lands.

REGARDING this change of level, Mr. Howarth remarks: "Not only is the land around the Pole rising, but there is evidence to show that the nearer we get to the Pole the more rapid the rise is. This has been demonstrated most clearly in the case of Scandinavia by Sir Charles Lyell, who carefully gauged the rise at different latitudes from Scania, where the land is almost stationary, to the northern parts of Norway, where the rise is four feet in a century. While in Spitzbergen and the Polar Sea of Siberia, if in the memory of seal-fishers and others, the water has shallowed so fast as to have excluded the right whale, we may presume that the rate of emergence continues to increase until it reaches its focus at the Pole, as it certainly diminishes until it disappears toward the south, between the 56th and 58th parallels of latitude."

#### Adulteration of Gas.

SINCE the amalgamation of the gas companies in London, the sophistication of the gas has proceeded at such a rate that the *Builder* thinks that as London milk consists of water colored by a little of the product of the cow, so the material furnished by the gas companies is common air illuminated by a little carburetted hydrogen, to which mixture a liberal supply of brimstone is added gratis.

In contradistinction to this, it is of interest to record the improvement in the manufacture of gas by Dr. Eveleigh's process, in which the distillation of the

coal is carried on at a lower temperature than that usually employed, and with a consumption of two-thirds of the old quantity of fuel has yielded 11,000 cubic feet of eighteen-candle gas from one ton of Newcastle coal.

#### Food in Sieges.

DURING the siege of Paris, many of the members of the Academy of Sciences devoted their talents and energies to the discovery of new methods of preparing food, in order that nothing should be lost. Prominent among these was M. Dubrunfaut, who paid especial attention to the artificial manufacture of butter and milk. The latter article of diet he regards as a mere emulsion of fatty matter in water, and proposes to imitate it by adding to half a pint of water an ounce and a half of cane or grape sugar, one ounce of albumen prepared from white of eggs, and about twenty-five grains of subcarbonate of soda. These are agitated with about an ounce of olive or other oil, at a temperature of 130° F., and the resulting pasty emulsion, on being treated with its own bulk of water, forms a liquid possessing the general appearance of milk. This artificial product was employed as a substitute for the genuine article during the recent siege of Paris, and it is proposed to administer it to the calves on dairy farms, and thereby increase the amount of the natural fluid available for the wants of man.

Another suggestion of M. Dubrunfaut is, that tainted meat may have the disagreeable odor entirely removed by frying, after which it may be employed in the preparation of various dishes.

#### Ice.

THE regelation or reuniting of fractured surfaces of ice is one of the agencies that nature employs in the movement of the great glaciers or ice rivers of lofty mountains. A very instructive experimental illustration of this singular property may be performed by placing a piece of ice on coarse wire gauze, and submitting it to pressure, when it slowly passes through the gauze and reunites on the under side, forming a solid block marked with lines of air-bubbles that correspond to the tracks through which the wires have passed.

The formation and preservation of ice in such countries as Bengal, where the temperature rarely falls below 50° F., is accomplished through the agency of ice-fields. The principle involved is to secure the most rapid radiation and evaporation possible. This is done by placing a thin stratum of water in shallow dishes of porous earthenware, which are arranged at sunset side by side on a bed of perfectly dry straw. The water in the vessels is quickly cooled, partly by radiation to the sky and partly by evaporation through the porous material of which the dishes are made, and ice soon forms on the surface of the liquid. It is said that on nights when the wind is favorable, and the evaporation and consequent cooling

thereby hastened, it is no uncommon occurrence to secure five tons of ice per acre from these fields.

#### A New Hygrometer.

THOSE who have attended chemical lectures will remember that marks made on paper with chloride of cobalt are almost invisible, but that on exposing the paper to warmth—as, for instance, holding it in front of a fire—the marks at once become visible. This change is owing to the varying color of this salt under variations of moisture and temperature, and it was at one time utilized for the purposes of correspondence when it was desired to hide the communication from the eyes of all but those for whom it was intended. The plan usually followed under these circumstances was to fill the lines of the paper with ordinary writing, and then write the secret communication between the lines in a chloride of cobalt ink. When ordinarily dry this became invisible, but on warming it and so drying it completely, the color became sufficiently distinct to enable the reader to decipher the marks with ease.

This property of the chloride of cobalt to change its color has also been applied to the preparation of such chemical toys as fire-screens, in which portions of the views by which they are illuminated appear or disappear according as they are warmed or cooled. It is now proposed to employ it in the construction of an hygrometer which shall, by its changes in color, indicate changes in the quantity of moisture in the air.

#### Brilliant Lights.

THE brilliancy and purity of the calcium and other oxy-hydrogen lights is well known, and the desirability of introducing them has been very generally discussed. Though there are many advantages to be gained by the use of such lights, these are seriously reduced in importance by their exceeding brilliancy, rendering them painful to the eyes, and by the possibility of accident in the hands of the careless. We therefore propose, without expressing any opinion regarding the practicability of introducing these oxy-hydrogen lights, to relate certain improvements that have of late been made, whereby their expense is greatly reduced.

One of the oxy-hydrogen lights is formed by passing oxygen into the flame of burning coal-gas. The latter we may regard as hydrogen united with carbon or charcoal, and it is ordinarily obtained by the distillation of the soft or bituminous coals. It is now proposed to prepare such a gas by forcing hydrogen to unite directly with carbon. This is readily accomplished by passing the hydrogen at a certain temperature through coke saturated with naphtha, or some allied substance that is rich in carbon; but the great difficulty in the way is the expense attending the generation of the hydrogen. For this purpose many different processes have been proposed, one of the most promising of which is that of M. Giffard, who states that it may be prepared at the rate of seventy cubic feet per minute by alternately passing steam and dry



carbonic oxide gas over red-hot iron. The steam oxidizing the iron furnishes hydrogen, and when no more gas evolves the iron oxide is reduced to the metallic state and prepared for use again through the agency of the carbonic oxide gas, which may be made at a very cheap rate.

For the preparation of the oxygen required to produce the vivid combustion many processes have of late years been devised. Among these is that of M. Mallet, who obtains it by alternately moistening the chloride of copper in the air, and then heating it to 400° F. The copper salt, under these circumstances, alternately absorbs oxygen from the air and then surrenders it, the action being similar to that in the case of the permanganates of soda and potassa.

#### Memoranda.

PROF. OWEN, in a recent article, says: "Physiology can affirm no other than that bipeds enjoying (?) 800 years of life could not belong to our species."

Typhoons move in a parabolic rather than a circular course is the result arrived at by a careful investigation of the phenomena connected with the fearful storm of September last.—(Mr. Frank Armstrong.)

The Suez Canal, among its other curiosities, presents the traveler with the extraordinary spectacle of vast flights of flying-fish, which at times suddenly appear in the vicinity of the vessel and as suddenly disappear.

The iron consumed in the United States is year by year coming in greater quantity from Great Britain. Out of 900,000 tons exported by that country last year, 156,757 tons were taken by the United States against 97,586 tons in the year preceding. In October last the quantity imported from this source was 82,174 tons, or more than the whole product of the iron-works of this country during that month.

Lobos Islands Guano is stated by a commission in the interest of the Peruvian Government to be equal, if not superior, to that from the Chincha Islands.

Xylonite, which is prepared by the action of nitric acid on woody fiber, is made into a sheeting or tissue impermeable to water, which may be used as a substitute for india-rubber in the manufacture of all waterproof articles.

Poisoned air, that so frequently gains access to rooms from the sewers, is the cause of many an attack of fever. All contamination from this source may be avoided by relieving the pressure on the traps of the waste-pipe by means of a tube communicating with the open air at the top of the house.

Asbestos is now used as a packing for the piston-rods of steam-engines. Its power of resisting the action of heat fits it admirably for this purpose.

Railway dust is, according to a recent analysis, composed chiefly of iron. No less than fifty per cent. of a quantity that collected on a newspaper was

found to consist of fine particles of this metal, which were easily separated by a magnet. The rest is chiefly finely divided fragments of cinders.

The teeth in the insane are prone to undergo certain changes. Dr. Langdon Down, who read a paper on this subject recently before the Odontological Society, states therein that from the examination of nearly one thousand cases he has found that he could in the majority of instances state the period at which the imbecility or insanity began.

Explosions in gas-tubes made of copper are not of infrequent occurrence where such tubes are employed. A recent accident of this kind at the station at Liège in France was caused by the contact of a file with the interior coating of the pipe, and the serious consequent injuries led to an investigation of the cause, when it was found that the coal-gas in passing through the copper tube had formed an explosive dark-colored acetate of copper.—(Journal de l'Eclairage.)

The extraction of oil from wool, without injury to its texture, is now successfully accomplished through the agency of bisulphide of carbon. Large quantities of oil are by the same agent obtained from bones, from different kinds of oil-cake, and from the press residues of cacao and olives.

The depopulation of the Arctic coasts by the removal of the chief means of subsistence of the inhabitants is a question involving only a short time, if the rate of destruction of the seals and walrus is not soon diminished.

Conflagrations have frequently originated in England from the ignition of the illuminating gas at the meter by a lightning spark. It is therefore advisable always to establish a good connection between the lightning-rods and the gas or water mains outside of the building.—(H. Wilde.)

The cutting of all kinds of hard substances is now accomplished by means of a fine blast of sand. The principle is the same as that involved in the new process of engraving glass by a similar blast.

Cane-sugar when exposed to light in sealed tubes is converted into grape-sugar or glucose. The solution should be as concentrated as possible.—(M. Raoult.)

A powerful disinfectant, especially adapted to the destruction of insects, is prepared by passing sulphurous acid into alcohol.

Sponge paper, made by adding finely divided sponge to paper pulp, has been used in France for dressing wounds. It absorbs water readily and retains moisture for a long time; it is therefore applicable to many purposes in the arts and manufactures.

Collectors of insects, and amateurs, were, at a recent meeting of the Entomological Society, advised to be on their guard against tricky dealers, who manufacture new varieties by dipping various insects into aniline and other colors.

The South Kensington Museum has, from the time

it was first opened up to February 10th, 1872, received no less than 11,155,501 persons within its doors. What an instrument for the diffusion of practical knowledge!

The Ecole Polytechnique of Paris is in future to be a civil institution only, and to be attached to the Public Works Department. Its courses are to be confined to civil engineering and chemistry.

The hard excrescences on the roots of young grapevines are produced by a species of *aphis*, or plant-louse.—(W. Campbell.)

The codling moth, when in its state of larva, may be entrapped by winding bandages of straw, hay, or cloth around the trunks of the fruit-trees.—(Professor Riley.)

The insane in the Surrey County Asylum, England, have been treated to a course of private theatricals

with excellent results. The patients were spectators, not performers.

Sensitive flames, which can be made to respond to certain notes, have for some time been scientific playthings. It is proposed by M. Barry to make such a flame by igniting gas after it has passed through a wire gauze placed about two inches above the opening of a gas-burner.

Dynamite has been used in France for blasting timber, and also for breaking up large defective castings. In Denmark it was recently employed in bursting through a very hard bed or layer that obstructed the final completion of an artesian well.

In aerating distilled water for the purposes of the table on ships, the nearer the temperatures of the air and liquid approach each other, the more readily do they combine.—(G. W. Baird, U. S. N.)

## HOME AND SOCIETY.

### Ill Winds that may blow Good.

IN view of the exhaustive way in which the "Irish help" seems, individually or collectively, to sound the whole gamut of discord and inefficiency, the weary and disheartened housekeeper may be pardoned for disagreeing with Hamlet, and declining to rather bear the ills she has than fly to others which she knows not of. Anything for a change. The results of the late Civil War promise to open a loop-hole of escape. It is to be regretted that some intelligent and organized action has not been taken to invite northward, and, in case of necessity, to bring here, a supply of the well-trained servants whom political and social convulsions have thrown out of employ, or to whom the changed state of affairs promises a wider and more remunerative field in our Northern society. With all their faults, the colored race possess two or three admirable recommendations for this class of work. They have, when properly disciplined, an excellent faculty for detail, with the accompanying merits of neatness and good taste in household minutiae; and, secondly, they show the most singular aptness and eagerness for imitating the personal habits and manners of their betters. Your true dandy cherishes as his dearest ideal the thought of being a gentleman, and with this moral lever may be humanely manipulated to endless desirable results.

Since the late Franco-German War, there is prospect that another valuable element may be added to our working population in this regard. Quantities of honest, laborious country people, or dwellers in the small towns of Alsace, Lorraine, and the districts most sadly ravaged by the war, are either arriving here or seriously contemplating emigration. To these people the objections usually made to the conventional French servant do not apply. The regular professional

French valet, or *femme de chambre*, is a creature of city life and metropolitan perversion, shrewd, alert, plausible, and *polite*, so long as it seems to pay, but apt to be tricky, passionate, selfish, and unprincipled. The agricultural and manufacturing class now tending hitherward are likely to bring with them something of rustic simplicity and faith, if they still show much of rustic ignorance and awkwardness. One of this class is bustling around our table and raising clouds of dust under our editorial nose as we scribble this article. Excellent Joséphine! what a queer, uncouth, hearty, fresh, and unconventional specimen of humanity it is! Her capacity for work—such as it is—is boundless, and equally so her good-nature. In the thousand little casualties and *contretemps* of house-work, her simple wonder at what a clever friend once called the natural depravity of inanimate objects charms away half the irritation excited by her blunders, and the gurgling, merry ring of her infectious laughter completes the cure. Where her sister "Biddy" would be aristocratically indignant at not having the pick of the market and the run of the store-closet, and hint strongly at the use of the parlor on "off evenings" to receive the "young gentleman that's paying her attentions," meek Joséphine quietly stays her hearty rustic appetite on the slender remains of a very economical housekeeping, and placidly sews or meditates through the long evenings in blissful disregard of balls and beaux and basement entries. And to crown all—*O sancta simplicitas*—what a whiff of rural innocence there lay in the letter she smilingly brought us the other day from her old parents in the Vosges, written by the village schoolmaster, urging her to consider *ses malvres* as her second parents in everything, and to be a good and faithful girl to them, and strictly charging her to impress on her employers that any dereliction

of duty must be straightway laid before them, the home government, at two thousand miles' distance!! A trait somewhat foreign, we venture to opine, to the Celtic constitution!

In short, Joséphine is a type of a new, interesting, and most useful class of emigrants, as yet unspoiled by the rampant insubordination of metropolitan life. We mean to keep her so if we can, and in the mean time, if she has any cousins like her, it is to be hoped they may come after.

#### The Rights of some Women.

WE have in mind two among the most agreeable women we have ever met, both in manners and general cultivation, who are fitted personally to adorn any drawing-room, and who can converse intelligently on any subject which may be broached there, but who are not in general society, in the town where they live, simply because one of them is a dressmaker and the other a milliner. Both devote their evenings to reading and study; they travel, they hear the best music, and are familiar with the best thoughts of the day; and to the few who are really acquainted with them, they are valued friends. But they are not often invited—because nobody thinks of it. Can society afford to do without such women as these? And their case is not exceptional. It is true that there are scores of young girls in our shops whose breeding and whole appearance are very questionable, and who could not be received, at present, into polite society. But do we hold out any inducements to them to cultivate themselves? Do they see that those in their position who have become refined and intelligent are any better off, socially, than themselves? Nay, may not they seem rather worse off, as having lost a taste for one kind of society, and failed to obtain admission to another?

But, it may be answered, we have church sociables for these very people. Yes, we have; and most of them are very poor affairs indeed. Would it do you much good, if you were a shop-girl, to go once a month to tea, at a church parlor, and be waited on with condescending assiduity by Mrs. Jones, who never speaks to you in the shop except to give an order? Or do you even care much for her kinder and more thoughtful neighbor, whom you always like to serve, because of her gentle ways, when she urges you to come to these sociables and "get acquainted," and never would think of asking you to her house for that purpose, no matter how unexceptionable your English and your dress?

Our rule is not so revolutionary as it seems. We do believe in an arrangement of society which shall permit the introduction of all worthy to take a place in it; a society where, at least for those not native to it, the qualifications shall be refinement and intelligence. Some are in who ought to be out, no doubt; but this cannot be helped. It is for those who are out and ought to be in that we now speak.

#### Hints for House-Furnishing.

WITH the return of Spring the hearts of house-keepers are turned to their houses. It is astonishing how dingy now appear articles of furniture that have hitherto quite satisfied us; how we long to renew the freshness of our rooms as the earth renews her verdure. It is easy enough to do this where there are unlimited means at command,—to do it, at least, in a certain way,—but to do it satisfactorily requires no less taste than money. Some of the ugliest rooms we have ever seen, have been those on which no expense has been spared. The compensations of a limited income may often be seen in the thoughtfulness which it compels both in dress and house-furnishing. Very few of the tradesmen concerned with the fitting up of interiors are to be wholly trusted in matters of taste. It is worth while for all, especially those of moderate means, to make these things a study; to educate the eye, as far as possible, so that they may not make mistakes of color and form which they cannot afford to repair speedily.

Philip Gilbert Hamerton, in his last book of desultory but charming *Thoughts About Art*, drops many useful hints on the decoration and furnishing of houses. "A house," he says, "ought to be a work of art, just like a picture. Every bit of furniture in it should be a particle of a great composition, chosen with reference to every other particle. A grain of color, a hundredth of an inch across, is of the utmost importance in a picture, and a little ornament on a chimney-piece is of the utmost artistic importance in a house. A friend of mine, who really understands painting, is so exquisitely alive to harmony of color, that I have seen him exclude a penholder from a large room because its color was discordant. This may be carrying matters a little too far, but the principle is correct. There should, of course, be some dominant color in every room, and whatever fails to harmonize with it should be kept as much as possible in the background if it be impossible to exclude it." But the harmonies of color, according to Mr. Hamerton, are just what are least understood, and he goes on to teach us by illustrations from Nature, that blue and green, contrary to the milliner's dictum, are, or may be, in exquisite harmony when used in the decoration of our houses.

#### Walls and their Coverings.

IN the old days of wainscots, when every room of any pretensions to elegance was banded with light or dark wood to a height of three or four feet from the base, it was far easier to effectively ornament the portion of wall left uncovered, than it is when an unbroken surface sweeps, as now, from floor to ceiling.

If the pattern which covers this surface be large and positive, the effect is to lessen the apparent size of the room, and confuse with vulgar repetition. If, on the contrary, it is small and inconspicuous, there is a wearisome effect of monotony displeasing to a trained eye. Even if the paper be of plain tint, and intended

merely as a background for pictures, etc., the effect is enhanced by contrast and breaks in surface. There are various methods to produce this result, as for instance:—

A space corresponding to the ancient wainscot is left to the height of three or four feet above the floor, and filled in with paint or paper of solid color, harmonizing or contrasting with that which is used on the upper part of the wall. This is usually topped with a wooden moulding to serve as a "chairing," above which the lower tint of plain gray, pearl, green, is repeated in subdued pattern, the surface being broken at top and bottom by a narrow band of contrasting color.

Or again: the paper, which is of any quiet shade, is relieved above and below by a broad band of velvet paper in rich, deep color, which, running also up the corners of the room, frames the paler tint, as it were, into a number of large panels. This plan is sometimes carried out very effectively.

Another way is to paper in three horizontal bands, the lower being of dark brown, simulating wainscot, the next of plain green or fawn, as background for a line of pictures, and the upper of delicate, fanciful pattern, finished at the cornice by soft fresco tints.

Of these three plans we should recommend the first to people of moderate means and tastes. It costs no more to paper the lower part of a wall with plain paper than with figured, the strip of moulding at top adds little to the expense, and the prettiness and effect of the whole is infinitely enhanced by the use of a cheap and simple method.

Paint *versus* Paper is a point on which rival house-keepers disagree. Very beautiful results can certainly be attained by paint, but the really beautiful ones are laborious and usually expensive. Kalsomine, which is a process of water-coloring, gives extremely pretty effects, and for ceilings, cornices, or any place not exposed to much rubbing and scraping, is sufficiently permanent. The process of *sanding* paint and painting over the sand produces a depth and richness of color only equalled by velvet paper, and far superior to that in durability.

Stenciling on wood, on rough plaster, and on paint is so cheap and excellent a method of decoration that we wonder it is not more often resorted to. A row of encaustic tiles are often set, in England, as a finish at top of wainscoting. These tiles, which are but little used among us, are susceptible of many graceful applications to the ornamentation of houses, and we hope the time will come for their fuller introduction on this side of the ocean.

The tone of the ceiling should be lighter than that of the wall, and the tone of the wall lighter than that of the floor. Attention to this simple law would obviate the distressing effect occasionally produced in modern houses, when, by reason of the lightness of the carpet and the heaviness of the fresco, the room seems in danger of falling in upon itself and its inhabitants.

#### Sick-room Papers.—No. 2.—The Nurse.

VENTURING on a few plain axioms which all nurses, however limited in scope and ambition, should accept and remember, we note the following:—

Secure your patient's confidence. If he learns to doubt your memory or discretion, and feels obliged to keep the run of the medicines and the doctor's rules in his own head, so as to be able to remind *you*, he might as well have no nurse at all.

Watch his fancies. These "fancies" are often the most valuable indications of what will conduce to recovery. Not that they are always to be relied upon, still less indulged. But an observant nurse will discriminate and judge for herself.

Be quiet in movement and in voice. How a sick person learns to hate the fussy nurse, the loud nurse—the nurse that rustles. But "slowness is not gentleness, though it is often mistaken for such: quickness, lightness, and gentleness are quite compatible." It is not the absolute noise that harms a patient, it is the strain on his attention and nerves. A long, whispered consultation in the room or passage just out of his hearing, does him more injury than a drum in the street below his window.

Don't fidget. Don't weary the invalid with your mental processes. Irrresolution is what sick persons most dread. People who "think outside their heads" should never be nurses.

Conciseness and decision, especially in little things, are necessary for the comfort of the sick—as necessary as the absence of hurry and bustle. A sick person should not be called upon to make up his mind more than once upon any matter. As well demand that he digest two dinners.

Divert. "A patient can just as much move his leg when it is fractured as change his thoughts when no external help from variety is given him." And this sameness is one of the main sufferings in sickness, just as the fixed posture is one of the main sufferings of the broken limb.

If you read aloud, don't drag and don't gabble. Above all, don't read bits out of some book which happens to interest yourself, in the vain hope of thereby entertaining your invalid. Few things create a more painful tension for weak nerves than this very common habit.

And lastly,—with all reverence be it spoken,—dismiss from your mind and speech the habit of laying upon "Providence" the blame which is due to human carelessness and human inefficiency. Providence—under the dearer and closer name of God—is with us in sickness as in health. But, to close with some of the best and bravest words spoken in our day: "He lays down certain physical laws. Upon his carrying out those laws depends our responsibility (that much-abused word), for how could we have responsibility for actions, the results of which we could not foresee—which would be the case if the carrying out of His laws was not certain? Yet we

seem to be continually expecting that He will work a miracle—i. e., break His own laws expressly to relieve us of responsibility.

#### The Cultivation of Annuals, etc.

THE skillful gardener understands the importance of giving annuals and perennials sufficient room in order to develop well the form of the plant and the size, beauty, and richness of the flowers. If they stand in thick masses in the bed each plant will be feeble in growth and bear comparatively few flowers, small and imperfectly developed. The contrast between such flowers and those that are set out with from six to twelve inches between them will show the amateur gardener how desirable is space in their culture. Asters, Phlox, Delphiniums, Amaranthus, Stocks, etc., should be planted a foot apart; Petunias require two or three feet; Verbenas the same. Smaller plants should be six inches apart.

Some annuals grow in a handsome, symmetrical form; others are stragglers, and are much improved by pinching in the longer shoots before they grow ungainly. Balsams, for instance, need pinching in. Asters require but little of it, as their habit is graceful.

There are so many varieties offered to the selection of the amateur florist, that she can easily choose those which are sufficiently hardy to adapt themselves to any soil; but that in which their culture will be the most successful is a mellow loam, deep and rich, and the more finely it is pulverized the less will the plants suffer from a drought.

All seeds will germinate quickly in a very fine soil, well mixed with leaf-mould or thoroughly decayed compost manure. The first requisite is fresh seeds whose vitality has not been injured by too long keeping, or by dampness. Then for two or three days after planting they should be shaded with newspapers and kept well moistened until they sprout; and when transplanted they should be moved after night-fall, or on a showery day, and then protected from the sun for a day or more.

In answer to the question, "What shall I plant?" we venture to enumerate a few from among the numerous varieties, which are "novelties" for 1872.

The *Amaranthus bicolor albiensis*, with its slender purple stems terminated in rosettes of a bright blood-red, is most lovely and effective. The *Amaranthus salicifolius* grows like a pyramid to the height of about two and a half feet, its leaves forming bright-colored plumes giving it a very picturesque appearance; so graceful is its habit, so rich its hues, that it produces a fine effect either growing in vases as single specimens, or grouped *en masse* with other ornamental foliaged plants.

The *Ageratum Larreauxi* is a rose-colored variety of this species from Buenos Ayres. It is very pretty for house culture, blooming the first season from the seed; and if covered will live over the winter, as its habit is perennial.

*Campanula laciniatus* is a fine biennial growing about two feet high. Its shining foliage is deeply serrated and closely veined with white, while its large cup-shaped flowers are of a rich blue, making it a strikingly handsome plant.

*Delphinium nudicaule* is a beautiful species from California, its flowers, varying in color from a rich scarlet to nearly crimson, and dazzling the eye with their brightness. It is a hardy perennial, and blooms early in the summer, and will flower the same season it is sown, if planted early enough. Then there are six new kinds of *Echeveria metallica* offered for our selection. Succulent plants are quite the fashion now as edgings to picturesque designs and in sub-tropical gardening, for they stand our dry summers without injury and grow in beauty under our hot suns.

*Echeveria secunda glauca* possesses silvery leaves and scarlet flowers.

*E. Sanguinea* is a distinct species, with dark reddish-brown leaves, and is easy of culture.

*Matricaria eximia grandiflora* is a splendid "novelty," its flowers being very large and double, of snowy whiteness, and resembling those of the double-feverfew. This is a decided acquisition.

*Mimulus duplex atropurpureus* is a rich, dark maroon in color, one flower growing within another.

*Phlox Heynholdii cardinalis* is a new variety of Drummond's Phlox, with intense scarlet flowers and large, dark-green foliage. This plant is very robust, and so rare is it that fifty cents are asked for five tiny seeds.

*Scabiosa nana striata* is a new double kind, with flowers striped like a carnation: this is a decided "novelty."

*Solanum habridum compactum* is a rich, beautiful plant, growing a foot and a half in height and bearing clusters of small white flowers, which form into large bright red berries. It is equally lovely for house culture or lawn decoration.

*New Victoria Stocks* are an improvement upon one of the most desirable of summer flowers: two flowers are combined in one calyx, thus forming immense flower-spikes in eight different colors.

*Tropeolum speciosum*, a native of Chili, is of a deep scarlet. It is a hardy perennial, and will stand northern winters if well covered.

*Zanchneria Roel* is a new flower discovered by Dr. Roel among the Sierra Nevada; its flowers are very abundant and of a scarlet hue; its habit is compact, and it will flower the first season. It also makes a most charming plant for in-door culture.

*Zinnia Haageana flore pleno* is a double-flowered variety of the Mexican species; its color is a deep orange margined with yellow, and its flowers are fine for drying, as they retain their color perfectly.

*Zinnia tagetiflora* fl. pl. has quilled petals like an Aster, and is a very brilliant annual.

#### Relishes for Tea.

JOHN often comes home from his office or counting-



room half famished, and is hardly satisfied with tea and toast for his evening repast; he does not care for "sweets," but will be happy over a dainty slice of some compound of meats. The following are all well-tested receipts:—

**SPICED VEAL.**—Chop three pounds of veal steak, and one thick slice of salt fat pork, as fine as sausage-meat; add to it three Boston crackers, rolled fine; three well-beaten eggs; half a teacup of tomato catsup; a tea-spoonful and a half of fine salt; a tea-spoonful of pepper; and one grated lemon. Mould it into the form of a loaf of bread, in a small dripping-pan; cover with one rolled cracker; and baste with a tea-cupful of hot water and melted butter, with two table-spoonfuls of the butter. Bake for three hours, basting every little while (this makes it moist). Make the day before it is desired for the table; slice very thin, and garnish with slices of lemon and bits of parsley.

**MELTON VEAL.**—This is a standard dish at the Melton Races in England, and is composed of alternate slices of veal and ham. Butter a good-sized bowl, and slice as thin as possible six hard-boiled eggs, then line the bowl with the slices. Place in the bottom a layer of raw veal steak in thin slices, and sprinkle over it a small quantity of salt, pepper, and grated lemon-peel; proceed in the same way with thin slices of raw ham, but leave out the salt. Fill up the bowl in this manner. Cover it with a thick paste of flour and water, so stiff as to be rolled out. Tie a double cotton cloth all over the top, and boil three hours, putting it into boiling water at the first, and keeping the water just below the level of the bowl. When cooked, take off the cloth and the paste, and let the

veal stand until the following day; then turn it on to a platter, and cut very thin after it comes to the table; garnish with sliced lemon and parsley. It is "a dainty dish" to set before a king. It is also delicious as a side dish for dinner, and makes a good breakfast.

**POTTED SHAD.**—Cut a fine shad into three or four pieces, omitting the tail and head; place a piece in a small stone jar, sprinkle well with salt, and whole allspice, and whole pepper-corns; fill up the jar in this manner, and cover the shad with sharp cider vinegar. Cover the jar with a stiff paste, and bake in a slow oven for three or four hours. If the vinegar is strong it will dissolve all the small bones of the shad, and the large one should be removed before baking. This will keep, in a cool place, if tightly covered, for five or six weeks; so it is well to pot three or four shad at once. It is a delicious relish for either breakfast or tea.

**POTTED BEEF.**—Take eight pounds of lean rump steak, put it into a stone jar, with a tea-cup of boiling water, a level table-spoonful of salt, a tea-spoonful of pepper, and a few whole allspice, with one onion chopped fine. Cover with paste and bake for three hours. Turn out all the liquor, and take out the meat into the chopping-bowl. Pound it fine with the pestle; season with half a tea-cup of catsup. Taste it, and if not highly seasoned add more salt and pepper. When perfectly fine press into moulds, or small cups; and if desired to be kept for six weeks, cover the tops with melted butter so thickly that no meat is seen. Wet the moulds or cups with water, and the beef will turn out in form.

## CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

### The Yellowstone National Park.

THE hungry patrons of cheap restaurants down town must occasionally have been edified by the notice posted conspicuously over the counter, that "all pastry consumed in this establishment is made on the premises." Without committing ourselves to the general principle of protection for home manufactures, we may afford to rejoice at any measure tending to encourage the practice of doing our own pleasuring within our own borders. The recent Act of Congress concerning a singularly picturesque tract of land known as the Yellowstone region, will call attention to the unexampled richness of Montana and Wyoming Territories as a field for the artist or the pleasure tourist, while it aims to ensure that the region in question shall be kept in the most favorable condition to attract travel and gratify a cultivated and intelligent curiosity. By the Act, some 2,500 square miles of territory at the head-waters of the Yellowstone river are set apart as a National Park (1) with a Superin-

tendent (the Secretary of the Interior) authorized to take all measures to keep the region in such condition as most fully to answer its purpose of a gigantic pleasure-ground. Verily a colossal sort of junketing-place! The Yankee in the story-book claimed that America could boast of bigger lakes, larger rivers, louder thunder, and forked lightning than any other country. If any one doubt this hereafter, we shall refer him to the Yellowstone Park. Everything in it seems on a scale out of all proportion to ordinary experience and conventional habits of thought. While European potentates spend millions on millions of francs to dig out little rills or lakes, or painfully heap up little nuggets of rock-work in their artificial pleasure-grounds, Nature has given us one here, ready made, which dwarfs every other, natural or manufactured. As little children of a holiday afternoon amuse themselves with building dams, cutting canals, and raising mud hillocks in the cabbage garden or the gutter, so here the Titans and Æons of the elder

world seem to have refreshed themselves, in some leisure cycle of geologic growth, with playing at scenery. They did it lustily and *con amore*. Why should we waste ourselves in unpatriotic wonderment over the gorge of the Tamina or the Via Mala, when Nature has furnished us with the Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone, in which the famed Swiss ravines would be but as a crevice or a wrinkle? Why run across the sea to stifle and sneeze over the ill odors of Solfaterra, when we can spoil our lungs or our trowsers to better effect, and on an incomparably larger scale, with the gigantic boiling springs and geysers of Montana? And why strain and stiffen our backs in staring up at Terni or the Schmadribach, which are but as side-jets and spray-flakes to the Titanic majesty of Wyoming Lower Falls?

Of the detailed wonders which we here only hint at, no reader of our Magazine for the last year or two will need to be reminded. It will not be forgotten that along with our descriptions and illustrations of this curious tract, the suggestion was made which has been carried out in the recent action of Congress. A contemporary publication has lately discussed with some gravity the question whether the tide of mountain travel can ever be expected to set westward,—whether Americans or Europeans, turning away from the familiar terrors of the Alps, may be drawn to whet their appetite for adventure on the peaks and ravines of the Sierras, and Shasta or Mount Tyndall come to be as fascinating to the all-conquering cragsman as the Lyskamm or the Matterhorn. The present disclosures certainly tend to render it probable. When the North Pacific road, as we are led to hope will be the case, drops us in Montana in three days' journey, we may be sure that the tide of summer touring will be perceptibly diverted from European fields. Yankee enterprise will dot the new Park with hostleries and furrow it with lines of travel. That the life will for some time to come be frightfully rough, the inconveniences plentiful, and the dangers many and appalling, is likely enough. But that is just the spice which will most tickle the palate of our adventurous tourists and men of science.

#### Greenough's "Portia."

MODERN sculpture, along with its kindred arts, shows the tendency of an introverted and metaphysical age. In portrait or imaginative busts, for example, the artist no longer relies on the broad lines and masses, the grander and simpler elements of his classic predecessor. He strives for more delicate methods, and picturesque expression—the suggestion of color and surface—the fitful play of feature and the subtler indication of character which heretofore were held rather the appropriate province of the painter. Especially is this noticeable in the device so frequently employed in later years of drilling out the iris of the eye, leaving a slight projection of marble at the outer edge of the opening to catch the high light, and thus, with the darkness of the hollow behind it, produce a

deceptive resemblance to the natural iris with its gleaming pupil.

Mr. R. S. Greenough's bust of "Portia," now or lately on exhibition at Schaus' Gallery, is a noble bit of work, but hardly the rounded and perfect Portia. The head is of the fair North Italian oval, the brow broad, high, and somewhat square, the nose classically straight, but finer of line than the classic standard, the cheeks delicately tapering to the fine-cut chin, which with the mouth occupies an almost disproportionately short space in the vertical measure of the profile. The effect of this is heightened by the pulpy fullness of the lips, which are wreathed with an arch, or almost a mocking smile, and the rich, sensuous modeling about the corners of the mouth; the whole giving to the lower part of the face an expression which would be voluptuous but for the delicate humor and genial sweetness which the artist has contrived to mingle with its healthy animalism. Blending with but balancing this is the thoughtful serenity of the brow, lit by the calm but smiling beauty and *sparkle* of the eye, in which the little artistic device above alluded to does good service.

The whole makes up a lovely creation—a beautiful woman, gentle, genial, perceptive, and self-poised; calm with the calmness of a normal temperament and clear brain, and warm with the flush of youth and a rich life-enjoying nature. It is the woman to jest with Nerissa over her suitors, to make sweet surrender of herself and fortune in the famous

"You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,"

or to plot and carry out the teasing whim of the rings. We miss in it the broad, firm grasp of thought, the penetrative imagination, and the clear executive ability which made the court scene possible, and which speak in every line of Portia's graver utterances. Shakespeare's Portia is both imaginative and practical—a wise woman and a strong one. Mr. Greenough's is merely serene, fanciful, and humorous—a woman to wander with over life's flowery meads and golden heights, not—demonstrably at least—one to face its sterner emergencies, its darker grief or catastrophe.

#### Music.

A HASTY glance over the musical annals of the past month shows one or two features noteworthy in themselves, and suggestive in the promise they hold out for the future. As we pen this notice our ears still catch the last echoes of the music from "Roberto," with which Christine Nilsson closes her cycle of one hundred appearances in Opera on this side the ocean. It would be labor wasted to aim at new statements or more profound appreciation of the great singer, and her potent charm over our feelings or our imagination. Out of the mass of conflicting opinion and statement which her visit here has called forth two facts stand out in unmistakable distinctness. That she is, on the whole, a noble executant, seems

admitted even by those who except and carp at what they allege as special points of technical shortcoming. Her great merit, in this respect, is indisputably the valuable quality of *vocal emission*. Whatever her merits or demerits in other regards, in purity of tone formation, in the admirable way in which she *gets her voice out of her*, Christine Nilsson has exceptional power. And when we consider how strong is the sway of this silvery purity of tone—this *spiritual spontaneity* of musical utterance—over the feelings and imagination of susceptible people, it is not strange that she should exercise upon her auditors a fascination which passes from the artistic to the personal, and blends the warmer tones of individual sentiment with the calmer aesthetic judgment.

This personal spell is only deepened by her dramatic skill. She has little of the effusive passion of the conventional Italian school, but, instead, a calm and thoughtful depth of conception, which appeals to the cultivated taste far more powerfully than the spasmodic and superficial intensity of Verdesque sentiment. Miss Nilsson's peculiar power is quite as much temperamental and individual as artistic in the narrower sense. She represents the force of a clear brain and strong, healthy, magnetic nature, quite as much as that of a merely perfected technique.

This exceptional element of power goes far to explain the unusual success of the whole engagement in America. Mr. Strakosch, for almost the first time in operatic annals, has *made money*—and plenty of it—by his enterprise. For his merits in introducing us to the greatest of lyric artists we can cheerfully wish him joy of it—hardly for any other. His subsidiary artists—Capoul, Cary, and Jamet—are excellent in their departments, and Duval, Brignoli, and Barré, along with marked deficiencies, have some very estimable and pleasing qualities. But all these, of themselves alone, would hardly have made head against the poverty of appliance so noticeable in the material mounting of his representations, and the meagerness and general lack of novelty in the repertoire. We are promised by one manager or another wonderful things next season with Kellogg, Lucca, Patti and the rest, but the ruling powers will do well to consider the hint we have dropped, not merely from our own observation, but as the well-digested dictum of the best contemporary opinion. American audiences are growing in taste and knowledge, and are beginning, now if never before, to claim something of that breadth of choice and conscientious thoroughness and symmetry of detail which is so great a charm of the continental stage at its best estate.

This gradual advance in taste is pleasantly evident in the renewed popularity, this winter, of the chamber concert, which for some years past seems to have fallen into comparative disfavor. The warm recognition of such performers as Mehlig, and Mills, and Hoffman, and Damrosch, and Sarasate, and Bergner, the audiences which have forced the artists to relinquish the cramped quarters of Steinway's smaller

Hall, and betake themselves to the continental proportions of the larger, all show that our New York public can count an ever larger class of cultivated people who love music simply, purely, and for its own sake. The fact is full of promise. Music, if it means anything, means vital culture—an enlarging and elevating influence for brain and soul as well as a mere sensuous excitement, or dainty refinement of the superficial taste. In no form is this influence so perceptible as in chamber music. The concert vocalist may charm by grace of manner or sentiment, exquisite technique, and personal magnetism. The opera brings to its aid the extraneous enticements of fashion and toilet, of light, color, and scenic effect. But the piano-forte recital, the stringed trio or quartette, sets before our attention the chaste and unadorned beauty of the art in its purest expression. In no way can we study so well the absolute musical thought of the composer, no other melodic language speaks so clearly to the higher faculties of musical appreciation, or leaves so durable a result. Pity that the subtle grace which inheres in this most delightful form of musical interpretation should not meet its imaginative correspondence in beauty and fitness of locality. Those who remember the chaste and simple, yet harmonious architecture and decoration of some of the best smaller concert-rooms in Europe—to wit, such halls as the Berlin Sing-Akademie or the concert hall of the Schauspielhaus, will long for the time when we may see them imitated or bettered here. The chamber concert, they will feel, can never reach its finest expression till the claims of the eye and ear shall be more discreetly consulted in so ordering our material surroundings that we may commune with Beethoven and Mendelssohn, Schumann, or Chopin, or Heller in absolute repose of body and mind, with no disturbing influence, of sight or sound, to interrupt the closeness of our attention or the serenity of our enjoyment.

#### Robert and William Chambers.

THE Chambers Brothers are so closely associated, in the minds of all who know anything concerning the honorable position in the world of letters to which they mounted hand in hand, and which they have so long occupied together, that it is hard to think of that fraternal partnership as being in any way interrupted. Interrupted, however, it has been by the most inevitable of interruptions; and, in the comely volume just issued from the press of Scribner, Armstrong & Co., the surviving brother William tells, with appreciative and discriminating tenderness, the story of his brother's life. But to tell that story was to tell the story of his own career as well; and so the book is, as its title indicates, almost as much autobiography as memoir.

A most wholesome and profitable book it is, and freshly entertaining too,—not to be read by any one without deep sympathy and interest in the manly struggle against great odds of poverty and adversity, by which

these brave souls rose to honorable fame and usefulness. It is no doubt true that among those characteristics which are considered distinctively Scotch, there are some which are attractive chiefly by their grotesqueness, and some which are not attractive at all; and there are glimpses of these peculiarities in the characters who are incidentally introduced to us in Mr. Chambers's very readable narrative. But it is also true that there are to be found among the Scotch, as hardly anywhere else, examples of sturdy integrity without defect of churlishness or narrowness, with great sweetness and refinement of nature, and with wonderful tenderness and earnestness of spirit. It is with this better sort of characters that the book before us has most to do; it is to this sort, indeed, that these two brothers themselves belong. It often happens that, with those who are called self-made men, there is a lack of modesty or an excess of arrogance, an audacious disregard of the tastes and opinions of their fellows, which makes them more or less odious, and prevents them from being held up, for example, as models to young men. But if ever there were self-made men in the truest and fullest sense of that phrase, these two brothers were. And one searches the story of their lives in vain to discover that they gained success by unworthy artifice, by any other than honest and laborious industry, making the world better as they lifted themselves. If any parent wishes to give his son a book which, more than dozens and scores of ordinary Sunday-school books, will help him to be patient, industrious, trustful and true, let him have this story of the life of Robert Chambers. And if any one wishes the wholesome entertainment which comes from the study of a cheerful, hopeful, victorious life passed amid all sorts of people, odd and admirable, lowly and lofty, and amid great vicissitudes of fortune, from the extreme of penury and hardship to the extreme of large and honorable influence and usefulness, he will find it here more than in any book which has come under our notice for a long time.

#### August Blanche.

THE English-reading world owes much to the patient and painstaking translators who have given us some glimpses of the treasures which have lain buried in Northern language and literature. The homely, hearty tales of Fredrika Bremer, the charming stories and artless autobiography of Hans Christian Andersen, and the dramatic novels of Marie Schwartz, might have longer remained undiscovered to us but for the modest, yet loving hands which have unfolded to us the charms which have been concealed in the wrappings of an unknown tongue. When the world is older, wiser, and more thoughtful, it will do tardy justice to the conscientious labors of translators. Now we are only glad to avail ourselves of the results of their thankless toil, and enter into the fields which are thus freely thrown open. Of the Scandinavian writers whose works come last to us in the garb of an Eng-

lish translation, the name of August Blanche is unfamiliar; but it will anon become a household word, if the first book from his pen, laid before the American reader, is any fair representative of what shall follow. We have now only *The Bandit*, translated from the Swedish by Selma Borg and Marie A. Brown, two ladies who have won considerable repute by their translations of the novels of Madame Schwartz; but this work is enough to indicate that the writer has rare power, vivid imagination, and a great heart.

In Swedish literature August Blanche holds a high place. He was born in 1811, studied law at Upsala University, forsook law for literature, and before his death, which occurred but recently, created many works which form a considerable part of the rich literary stores of his own land. Of his comedies "*The Foundling*," "*The Rich Uncle*," and "*A Tragedy in Wimmerby*," have obtained a lasting place among the acted plays of Sweden, and are reckoned with the best of their school. Other dramatic productions there were, romantic and tragic; but on his novels chiefly rest his claims to fame and literary achievement. Of these his most popular works are: *Pictures and Stories from Stockholm Life*, *The Apparition*, *The Bandit*, *The Son of the North* and *The Son of the South*, and *The Stories of the Chorister in Danderyd*. Best beloved by the people, possibly, were the condensed tales or miniature stories, a series of Teniers-like sketches-in-little, which appeared in his illustrated paper during 1857-8. These are *The Coachman's Stories*, *The Minister's Stories*, etc. Most of his works have been translated into German, but *The Bandit*, now brought out by G. P. Putnam & Sons, is the first which has ever been translated directly from the Swedish into English.

As we shall read much of Blanche, we hope, it may be interesting to know that he was a great, warm-hearted man—a man of the people, pre-eminently. Endowed with wealth of gold, as well as with wealth of intellect, he seems to have lived for the benefit of his race—for the saving, healing, and comfort of those who needed saviour, physician, and comforter. In the Diet of 1859, 1862, and 1865, where he stood as the chosen representative of the burgher class, he wrought and spoke eloquently (for he was an orator as well) for abolition of the death penalty, against conscription, in favor of religious freedom in Sweden, and lifted his hand against every form of oppression and invasion of popular liberty. Compact, commanding, and of substantial port, he seemed, say the chroniclers, an embodiment of the great genial class which he represented. He was a man of the people.

Blanche's style, as a writer, is affected by the traits which we have thus briefly sketched. His diction is clear, pellucid, simple, and direct. Yet, underneath the lucidity of his language throbs a warmth which belongs only to a large and generous nature—quick to perceive and resent injustice, and ready to seize on any possible excuse to palliate the sins and

crimes of the outcasts, the neglected and the miserably poor. Without mawkish and morbid sympathy with the sin, he has pity and pardon for the sinner. His dramatic power is very great, and the "situations" of his first translated novel, now before us, are effective and uncommonly picturesque. The story reads like a drama, and moves on without a dull scene or a page of tame dialogue.

Personal magnetism and hearty zeal in countless schemes for the relief of humanity, doubtless, had much to do with the extraordinary popularity which Blanche seems to have won in his native land. But one can see, by glancing through the pages of the works which are now passing into English literature, that he wrote, as well as wrought, for that within us which is the best of us. In a speech on the Conscription Act he said: "To such an extent does it spur and ennoble man to believe himself more than a mere delver and digger, who toils for the necessity of the moment—to believe himself indispensable to the country he calls his Fatherland—that this belief may be said to have its deepest roots in man's breast." To such belief, such roots of sentiment does Blanche continually appeal; and the finer sensibilities and nobler motives of men are touched by his charming hand. For with his subtlety of invention and powerful imagination walks a good and honest purpose.

#### A Monument for the Fatherland.

A GRAND national monument, commemorative of German victories and German unity, is now the subject of discussion in the Fatherland. And we notice that the German Consul-General in New York has called on his countrymen in this city and country to come forward in aid of the enterprise. Germany is already famous for splendid monuments, as is attested by those to Luther and Frederick the Great, by the stupendous "Bavaria" at Munich, and the Walhalla on the Danube. But this last is to tower above all these in significance and value, and is to stand as an eternal Watch on the Rhine, on the mountain side of the Niederwald, whence it can overlook that portion of the valley where the conflict between the Teuton and the Gaul has been fiercest, and where the former has most firmly held his ground.

The originators of the enterprise invite suggestions as to the form of the monument—one that will best represent to posterity the spirit of the present age. There is a strong inclination to erect a gorgeous temple, monumental in its architecture, containing the statues of leading men. Such impersonations, it is thought, will be more effective and acceptable than anything of an allegorical character. On the other hand, it is urged that it would not be becoming to thus apotheosize living men. Even the Emperor is said to be averse to the erection of a monument raised to himself while he is still alive. It is suggested, therefore, that the present generation build a noble edifice, and adorn it with the statues of Charlemagne, Barbarossa, etc., and add to the collection

effigies of heroes as they shall step from the stage of action with the final indorsement of the nation.

#### Northern Africa.

ROHLFS, the famous German explorer of Africa, has lately been entertaining and instructing his countrymen in Berlin by a series of popular lectures on his explorations of Northern Africa, which, he thinks, with proper treatment, might again be turned into the paradise that some portions of it were under the Carthaginians and Romans. He has found on the Gulf of Sidra, west of Tripoli, the site of the garden of the Hesperides and the river of Lethe, and he has a strong desire to see his countrymen eating the golden apples so famous in ancient story. He declares that Central Africa is as rich as India, and that a grand highway to the Kingdom of Soudan might easily be constructed across the desert from a port to be established on the site of ancient Carthage. He would encourage German emigration thither, and thus found an independent colony that might in time be a nucleus for operations that would turn all Central Africa into a German India. To this end the Germans have already a strong foothold in the friendship now existing between the Emperor William and his sable majesty of Soudan, to whom the German ruler recently sent some magnificent presents, which were received with all the pomp and circumstance that the African monarch could command. Bismarck and all his countrymen are said to be listening most seriously to these stories and suggestions, and are beginning to feel that their mission is to regenerate Africa and open it to the civilized world. This would be a great task, but the Germans understand Africa thoroughly, for their scholars and geographers have been quietly exploring it for twenty years, and are now no strangers to its hidden recesses and its secluded treasures.

#### The new Volume on Arabia.

IT seems strange, until one comes to think about it, that a land so near to the great highways of commerce and of empire as is the Arabian peninsula, should have been so long and so utterly secluded from the knowledge of the civilized world. The waters of the Mediterranean, so thronged with traffic and with travel, almost touch the inhospitable shores. The frequent steamships of one of the greatest of navigation companies plow the waters of the Red Sea, under the very shadow of the stern Arabian mountain walls by which those waters are shut in. And the voyager on business or on pleasure, on his way to India and the far East, passes within sight of the port of Mecca and within a few score miles of the sacred shrine of the prophet. And yet it is only within a few years that we have known anything accurately even of the inhabitable coasts of Arabia; and until Mr. Palgrave's adventurous and successful exploration of the interior, it was as much a *terra incognita* as the interior of Africa.

Of course when one remembers that great physical



obstacles have hindered travel, and that the fanatical ferocity of Moslem intolerance has been united with the reckless cruelty of Bedouin brigandage, it is no longer wonderful that explorers have kept clear of Arabia. But the narrative of exploration, now that we have it, is all the more intensely interesting. Mr. Bayard Taylor's compilation of *Travels in Arabia* forms the third of the Library of Illustrated Travel and Adventure now being published by the house of Scribner, Armstrong & Co. By far the largest part of the volume is given to Mr. Palgrave, who is easily chief among travelers in Arabia, and who combines with great courage and skill and patience (to which his success is so largely due), uncommonly effective vividness and picturesqueness of style in the narration of his adventures. This volume, with its carefully selected illustrations, is in some respects the most interesting that has yet appeared in the series, and will be widely and profitably read.

#### Electricity.

To multitudes the telegraph is a perpetual miracle, and electricity less a natural phenomenon than a name to conjure by. The unschooled, debarred from any practical examination of the nature of electrical action by lack of opportunity, and from any theoretical study of the subject by the technicalities of the science, are given over to such vague notions of the mysterious cause of the wonders they witness, as they may pick up from newspaper scraps of uncertain origin, from chance conversations with those who know but little more than themselves, and, worse than all, from the misleading circulars scattered broadcast over the land by quacks. To what extent people are deceived by the last may be judged from the rich harvests reaped by these pretenders. As for the conjuring part, every editor's book-shelf shows how frequently the word "electricity" is invoked by would-be philosophers to explain the conduct of the universe. Correct information is the only antidote for these evils, and this, so far as the useful application of electricity is concerned, is given in a popular way in Mons. Baile's volume of the Illustrated Library of Wonders,—*Electricity*, (Scribner, Armstrong & Co.). After a brief introduction touching the discoveries of Galvani and Volta, Mons. Baile traces the history of the Telegraph, the invention of Morse's and other machines, describes the action of the battery and the uses of the different instruments employed in telegraphy, the construction of aerial and submarine lines, and closes his first book with a review of the different telegraphic systems that have been devised, together with their applications. Book second is devoted to the induction machine, its history and uses, and the efforts that have been made to use electricity as a motive power. Book third to the electric light, its nature and applications. Book fourth to electro-plating, its history, processes, uses, and so on. The editor, Dr. Armstrong, adds an interesting chapter supplying the omissions of the

author, and reviewing some of the more important American discoveries and inventions in this department of science and art—achievements that European scientists have been quick to appropriate and slow to acknowledge.

#### Novels.

ISN'T it almost time for at least a brief surcease in the stream of morbid novels? Three new books which lie on our table suggest the question, while they represent, respectively, three widely differing regions of the literary field, and curiously contrasted traits of strength or weakness. The authors are, for this occasion, to quote Douglas Jerrold, "in the same boat, but *with different skulls*," and it might be hard to find a sharper unlikeness in likeness than that which exists between the shallow platitude of Mrs. Westmoreland, the clear, logical, lawyer-like intellect of Wilkie Collins, and the gorgeous imagery of Mrs. Prescott Spofford. *Heart Hungry*, by the first author, is a dime novel, differing little from other dime novels except in its partial glorification, if that be possible, by a muslin cover. It is, apart from this factitious recommendation, a curiously insignificant, not to say trashy work, and in no sense worth serious criticism, except for the aid it furnishes in pointing the moral we wish to enforce as to the unhealthy current so noticeable in modern fiction. It is all about an impulsive young woman who marries an unimpressible husband, and is thenceafter sorely tried with promptings of wild affection for a fascinating and dramatic blackguard of the name of D'Estaing, which she nevertheless resists with just the right blending of alternating weakness and heroism to tide the reader through some three hundred pages of pestiferous nonsense, to see the amiable ruffian comfortably poisoned off by his own hand in prison, where he lies on a charge of murder, and to die broken-hearted but forgiven, and, unreasonably enough, regretted, by an adoring circle of husband and friends. Of plot, characterization, dialogue, and situation, it is impossible to say anything in commendation. The language, in especial, for its cheap and tawdry vulgarity quite challenges competition. The whole work is composed from and to the level of the sentimental shop-girl, and while almost any such could have written it, we are glad, for the credit of a very useful class of young women, to believe that the more intelligent of them would put it aside with yawning distaste.

Wilkie Collins's new novel, *Poor Miss Finch*, recently published by Messrs. Harper & Bros., is a very different matter. Of the skillful construction of the story, no one who has read Mr. Collins's former works will need assurance. Nor are we inclined to reproach it with anything like immoral tendency. Much the contrary. The teaching, so far as there is any such in the book, is good; it is only in a certain painful extravagance and exaggeration of the moral or sentimental situation, a something wounding to the finer

æsthetic susceptibility, that we find cause for protest. The picture of *Lucilla*, who, after life-long blindness, finds on recovering her sight that no person or thing corresponds to her imaginative conception, and, turning with horror from her disfigured lover, rushes to the arms of his handsome brother only to find later that her heart's subtle promptings contradict the lying testimony of her eyes, and to accept cheerfully the returning blindness which sets her at ease again with her instincts—this picture is, to be sure, psychologically probable and artistically good. The same is partially true of the timid and irresolute Oscar, though his quiet surrender to the apparent necessity of the situation, and withdrawal from competition with his brother and rival, Nugent, is a little superhuman in its self-renunciation. But there is something excessively ugly, and, to our thinking, no little improbable, in the sudden break-down in Nugent's once apparently fine character. There is something at once æsthetically bad and morally painful in the minute picture of sullen, obstinate, yet passionate selfishness with which a man, presumed a gentleman, pursues a deception on an innocent girl just cured of her blindness, with the distinct intent of substituting himself not only in her affections, but in her memory and belief, for his twin brother. The network of event and human agency by which this at first seems possible but is at last baffled, and the blind girl restored to her rightful lover, is elaborated with the author's usual ingenuity, but it woefully lacks simplicity and probability. The whole story, interesting, and in some regards true as it is, is in its general feeling sickly even to sadness, and can hardly be ranked as healthy reading.

With Mrs. Spofford's *Thief in the Night*, sent us by Messrs. Roberts Bros., we come back to the good old problem of misplaced and criminal attachment. All the well-known factors are there. A good-hearted, unsuspecting, and uxorious husband,—a careless, discouraged, world-weary wife, and a magnetic and rather unprincipled *amico di casa*, who has loved fair Mrs. Beaudesfords before her marriage, and now tempts her to forget her duties. The husband, detecting their attachment, with exceptional generosity opens his veins, in the ancient Roman fashion, to make way for a union between his friend and his wife. Over the bedside of the apparent suicide, the wife, who has been guilty only in thought and by an erring fancy, discovers the weakness and nothingness of Gaston's personal fascination, and the real value of the affection which has been growing up in her heart for her husband. Beaudesford, like the Scotchwoman who was roused from a state of coma by her husband's exclamation: "Try her w! a compliment," is so stimulated by this assurance of unhopedor regard from his wife, aided by the medical appliances of Dr. Ruthven, that he incontinently recovers, Gaston is forgiven, and general harmony restored.

The first elements of this bit of domestic drama are natural, and, in the sense of frequent occurrence,

normal enough. But the factors once stated, the working out of the problem is neither one nor the other. However dramatically intense, a narrative can hardly be æsthetically or logically praiseworthy which requires for its development the utmost possible degree of blindness, stupidity, and wrongheadedness on the part of the actors. Catherine, a sensible but undramatic critic would suggest, had no business to marry Mr. Beaudesfords not loving him, for the purpose of keeping her family in luxury. Gaston, knowing his own feelings, had no business to stay in the Beaudesfords mansion. She, knowing his feelings and her own, had no business to keep him there. Beaudesfords had no business to kill himself to allow a new deal of the matrimonial cards; and finally, to cap the climax of inconsistency, though it might sound harsh to say that Mrs. Beaudesfords had no business to find out that she had loved her husband all along, it is certainly a little extraordinary that she should have done it just then and there.

In the telling of her story the author has shown her well-known power of imagery, and almost more than her usual wealth of sensuous description. The dialogue is pointed and vigorous, but affected. The overdramatic unreality of the characters, their situations and their actions, will not be acceptable to those who long for a fresher, more hopeful, more healthy style of fiction in place of the gaslight and staginess of the modern sentimental novel.

MRS. AMES's novel (*Eirene; or, a Woman's Right*, Putnam & Sons) has the first of virtues—it is readable. For a novel may explain all mysteries and contain all knowledge, and if it have not interest it is nothing. Interest, like charity, covers a multitude of sins. Not that its mantle need be stretched in the present case, for *Eirene* has not many sins to be covered.

Indeed, its most serious offense is that the personal Eirene has no discoverable sins at all. Nor can you imagine that from the teething miseries of her irresponsible babyhood to the heartbreak of her youth, so much as a querulous cry has been wrung from her deepest pain. We always felt that Agnes Wakefield would be rather depressing to live with; but she becomes of the earth completely earthly when compared with Eirene. And it seems quite fitting that such abstract and utter goodness should pass out of our sight by translation into the sublunary heaven of marriage with a De Peyster.

This unreality of the heroine (which makes her walk through the pages like an embodied *Manual of Advice to Young Ladies*) suggests both the strength and the weakness of the book. It is a first novel, and the author, apparently feeling that those homely things which she knew best were not fine enough to please a fastidious public, has drawn some phases of social life and certain characters from her imagination. Thus her portraits are admirable and her creations weak. Tilda Stade is excellent. Farmer Smoot, just

touched in with half a dozen strokes, lives and breathes. Moses Lopiloly we have dickered with. All the Vales, except Eirene, once lived near us in the country. Even Mrs. Mallane we have seen, and Paul, with a minus sign or two and a plus sign or two, equals a not uncommon type of young man. But of these persons Mrs. Ames is not specially fond. Her heart goes out to goodness and truth, to pure manliness and dutifulness. She gives them form, the fairest she can conceive, and calls them a woman. She scorns pettiness, meanness, selfishness, deceit. She clothes these too with a body, and calls them a woman, and the one creation seems to us as impossible as the other. And De Peyster, on whom much loving labor has been expended, is a shadow of shadows. Again, the local coloring of Hilltop and Busydale could hardly be better. The whole episode of Harper's Ferry is thoroughly admirable, and we make no doubt that Mrs. Ames knew all these by heart. While we do not hesitate to say that in the observation of a long life in and near Boston we have seen nothing like the representative Beacon street drawing-room, nor the representative Maynards and Prescotts who inhabit it.

Perhaps the greatest triumph of the book is the episode of Harper's Ferry to which we have referred. Without doubt the most dramatic period of our national history is that comprised within the decade between 1859 and 1869. Neither novelist, poet, painter, nor dramatist can afford to ignore it. On the other hand, so to use it that it shall not deepen horror, hate, vindictiveness, the deep division between North and South which the war left, requires both marvelous skill and marvelous charity. These Mrs. Ames has brought to the task. Loyal in every fiber of her being and loving the Union, apparently, next to her God, she has yet told her story with such sweetness and pathos and large humanity that we cannot imagine blue coat or gray coat reading it without some access of pity and allowance for the other.

Mrs. Ames never commits fine writing. Save an occasional carelessness, her style is idiomatic, graceful, and clear. Her nature seems grave rather than joyous, and there are few touches of humor in her book. But those are so delightful that they make her niggardliness in this respect seem miserliness rather than poverty.

Finally, we seldom come upon an American novel which is worth finding fault with. The sum of offense with most of them is that they exist at all. But *Eirene* has so much thorough excellence, aims so high and so nearly reaches its aim, is so healthful and vigorous, that we can pay it the high compliment of candid criticism. We could wish that it might be read by every young girl whom we know.

"An American Girl Abroad."

DICKENS, at the farewell dinner given him in New York, told a charming story of a young American

lady, who, being in London, felt a strong desire to see the famous reading-room of the British Museum. The friends with whom she was staying assured her that it could not be done, as the Museum was closed for a week, while her visit would last but three days. Thereupon she went off at once to the Museum, alone, unintroducted, and presented herself to the stern porter as an American lady with but few hours in London, when the gates flew open before her and she saw all that she desired.

Miss Trafton's sparkling little book makes this legend altogether probable, and even suggests her as the heroine thereof. At least she did fifty things quite as extraordinary and apparently as futile, with equally happy results. And the sign by which she too conquered was the Declaration of Independence. The adjective which qualifies the title-line seems to us clearly one of supererogation. Who but an American girl would propose to make the Grand Tour in three months or so, without male friend or courier to clear the way for her; ay, and do it, too, with inexhaustible enjoyment and much profit?

The route over which our American Girl passed was worn with travel as the steps to shrines. Not one new object, not one new face, not one phenomenal appearance did she encounter anywhere. And yet the book is as fresh as if it concerned the land of the lotus-eaters, and much more lively. For however old the object of contemplation, this keen young Western mind thinks its own shrewd thoughts about it, and tells them with a child-like simplicity that is delightful.

Not speaking any continental tongue, she arrives in strange cities at midnight with a serene confidence that she shall somehow "manage," which of course she does. And it is evidently this good-natured reliance on the good-nature of the world which made it so agreeably civil to her. Her bright laugh rings out with such heartiness against her own ridiculousnesses, that it is quite impossible to join it. On the contrary, you so wholly approve of her whimsical walks and ways, that you close the book in the settled conviction that the only really satisfactory way to travel in Europe is in the character of the "Unprotected Female" who knows no language but her own.

*Nannie and Our Boys* (Congregational Publishing Society) does not escape all the vices of its class, but has so many redeeming virtues—among which are a sprightly style and a wholesome preaching of "pluck"—that we hope to see still better books from the same young and promising author.

A NEW edition, in one volume, royal 8vo, has just appeared of Dr. Ezra M. Hunt's *Bible Notes for Daily Readers* (Scribner, Armstrong & Co.). This work has been found very useful by those in need of a concise yet comprehensive commentary, not polemical but containing "the pith and marrow of Biblical criticism." In its new form, it will be still better adapted to the purpose for which it was intended.

\* By Miss Adeline Trafton. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1875.

## ETCHINGS.

## THE ABSENT-MINDED MAN.



1. Wonders why his cuffs don't fit.



2. Salt fails to answer the purpose of sugar in coffee.



3. Makes a little mistake as to overcoat.



4. Forgets his purse and has to go afoot.



5. Wonders what has become of his spectacles.



6. The family photograph-album serves the purposes of a hymn-book.